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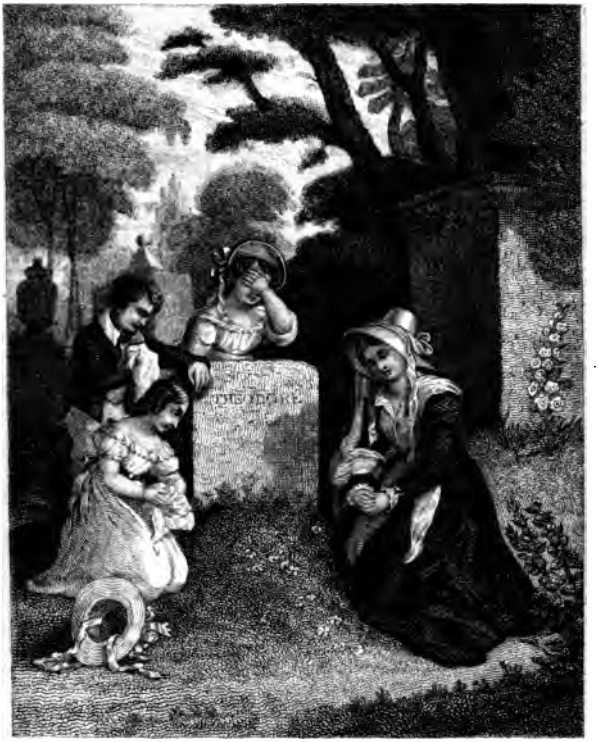

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

THE WORKS
OF
Mrs. SHERWOOD.

Uniform Edition

Vol. VI.

THE STRANGER AT HOME.

New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

1854.

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

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THE ONLY UNIFORM EDITION EVER PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

"THE GOVERNESS."

THIS little tale was published before the middle of the last century, and is said to have been written by a sister of the celebrated Fielding.

It is remarkable as having been one of the first books of the kind prepared purposely for children; and in this view it may, perhaps, be found not uninteresting to the present generation of children, since it not only contains an exact and lively picture of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but was probably the favourite companion of their youthful days.

The editor was induced to undertake the revisal of this work by a parent who is now no more. It was, indeed, one of the last tasks allotted her by that dear parent; and on this account she has been prevailed upon to complete it, although, on a close perusal, she found it necessary to make more alterations in it than she at first intended.

Several fairy tales were incidentally introduced into the original work; and as it is not unlikely that such compositions formed at that period one of the chief amusements of the infant mind, a single tale of this description is admitted into the present edition. But since fanciful productions of this sort can never be rendered generally useful, it has been thought proper to suppress the rest, substituting in their place such appropriate relations as seemed more likely to conduce to juvenile edification.

In the body of the work fewer liberties have been taken. There the original story is preserved nearly throughout; while the old-fashioned manners and modes of speaking have been carefully retained.

THE GOVERNESS, &c.

There lived, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the southern parts of England, a gentlewoman whose name was Teachum. She was the widow of a clergyman, with whom she had lived nine years in that delightful harmony and concord which the marriage state frequently affords, when both parties are humble and cheerful Christians. Two little girls, whom she had endeavoured to bring up in the nurture and fear of the Lord, had greatly added to their felicity; insomuch that Mrs. Teachum, during the life of her husband, very frequently, with great gratitude to God, professed herself to be one of the happiest of women. But it pleased the Father of mercies, during one period of her life, to exercise this excellent person with many severe trials, no doubt in order to bring her the nearer to himself.

Mr. Teachum was a truly pious man, and had great delight in contributing to the instruction of his wife: endeavouring, at the same time, as far as lay within the reach of human ability, to conduct her in that holy way in which he himself had been taught to walk: and she, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit of God, had profited by his instructions in no ordinary degree.

The education of their children had supplied one constant subject of their conversation: and Mr. Teachum had inspired his wife with sentiments on that head, so entirely consonant with his own, that when, in his last illness, his physicians pronounced it to be beyond the power of their art to relieve him, he expressed the most entire satisfaction with respect to his children: being well assured that their pious mother would train them up in the purest principles of Christianity, without the

mixture of any worldly alloy. He died confessing himself to be an unprofitable servant, though not without a firm assurance that his salvation would be perfected in Christ: of which he gave evidence by the last words which he was distinctly heard to speak:—"'I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.'" Psalm lxxi. 16.

Mrs. Teachum, though exceedingly afflicted under such a loss, yet sorrowed not as one without hope. The manner of her husband's death afforded her peculiar comfort; and she had some consolation in immediately applying herself to the care of his beloved children. But the trials with which it pleased her heavenly Father to exercise her were not yet at an end; nor was the work which he meant to bring about by these afflictions as yet fully accomplished: the gold was not yet sufficiently refined from the dross. The Almighty would have the whole heart and affections of this his afflicted daughter: and for this purpose it was that he exercised her with repeated bitter trials: "for the Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Lament. iii. 33.

Within a year after the death of her husband, Mrs. Teachum was deprived of both her children by the small-pox: and her small property being much diminished by the expenses necessarily attendant on their sickness and death, she was suddenly reduced to a very dependent state. But her Almighty Father left her not without assistance. A female friend, whom she had not seen for many years, who resided in a beautiful village near the town of Guildford, hearing of her afflictions, invited the suffering widow to her house; where for a considerable time she administered to her every consolation of which her situation was capable. And when by the blessing of Almighty God, in whom are all our fresh springs, her mind was so far recovered as to fit her for some exertion, her prudent friend advised her to undertake, what she was so admirably qualified to manage, namely, a seminary for the education of a few young ladies.

Mrs. Teachum was pleased with the proposal, thinking that if she could by any means become an humble instrument of usefulness in the hands of God, she might in some degree possess again that cheerfulness of which affliction had deprived her, and might be enabled peace-

fully and contentedly to await that blessed change by which, through her Saviour's merits, she hoped to be restored to those beloved friends from whom she had been parted by death.

In pursuance of this plan, Mrs. Teachum's friend secured a house for her in the same village with her own: and it may, perhaps, please you to read a description of the place.

This house was built at one end of a large green, where grew many stately elm-trees; and from this green there branched out several narrow lanes, formed by the garden-walls, and hedges, overtopped by high trees, belonging to the several gentlemen's houses and cottages, which were irregularly scattered in its neighbourhood. The church and Mrs. Teachum's house, which was close to it, had in past times formed part of a nunnery, in which, when all the inhabitants of England were Roman Catholics, many women, from a mistaken idea of religion, had been maintained together in a separate society. Mrs. Teachum's house was built of small bricks, and had some appearance of antiquity about it. The windows were pointed, and many of them projected beyond the wall of the house in a kind of bow. The rooms were low, but very large, and wainscoated in a curious manner. The entrance was at the side of the green, by a porch into a large hall; on one side of which was a parlour, with glass-doors, opening into an old-fashioned garden, where straight walks, bordered on each side by a hedge of cut yew-trees, ended in a very pretty arbour. Here jasmines, and roses, and woodbines, in the summer season, poured forth an odour so sweet as to fill the whole house with a refreshing fragrance; and hence nosegays were supplied for the parlour and school-room, being renewed every Saturday night, in order to distinguish the succeeding day as emblematic of that eternal Sabbath which we hope to enjoy in the land which is very far off—that land where the rose of Sharon ever blooms, and where the voice of the turtle is heard without ceasing. Over the hall was the room appointed for the school-room, a large and convenient apartment; at the end of which an oriel window, raised by several steps, commanded a view of the garden, together with various green and lovely fields beyond it, among which cottages and hay and corn-ricks, half-

concealed by the trees in the hedge-rows, afforded a most agreeable prospect.

Mrs. Teachum proposed opening her school after the midsummer holydays: but a few weeks before that time she entered upon her house, and received into it one young lady, who, being an orphan, was confided entirely by her distant relations to the charge of Mrs. Teachum. Mrs. Teachum felt peculiarly happy in being able to supply the place of a mother to this sweet young lady; and she rejoiced also in the opportunity thus afforded her of forming this first pupil to her wishes before the arrival of the other scholars. Moreover, she hoped, by the blessing of God, that Miss Jenny Peace (for that was the name of the young lady), being as much as sixteen years of age, might be rendered of great use to her in leading the younger children into a state of submission and order. For Mrs. Teachum knew well how important it is that the elder child of any family or seminary should be well disposed, since more of good or evil is often effected by such than even by the parent or governess. With this view, therefore, Mrs. Teachum made the best of the interval allowed her before the opening of her school, to instil the best principles into the mind of Miss Jenny Peace: and in the mean time she discovered, with peculiar gratitude to God, that Miss Jenny had already received the best preparatory education from her deceased mother, whose pious efforts had evidently been attended with the divine blessing.

Immediately after the midsummer holydays, Mrs. Teachum received into her family eight more young ladies, which completed the number she had determined upon: for as she was moderate in her desires, and sought rather to do good than to amass a fortune, she was resolved to take no more scholars than she could herself have an eye to, without the help of other teachers.

The names of these young ladies were, first, Miss Jenny Peace, to whom I have already introduced my readers, Miss Sukey Jennett, Miss Dolly Friendly, Miss Lucy Sly, Miss Patty Locket, Miss Nancy Spruce, Miss Betty Ford, Miss Henny Fret, and Miss Polly Suckling. The eldest of these was sixteen years old, and neither of the others had yet attained her fifteenth year.

AN ACCOUNT OF A FRAY,

Begun and carried on for the sake of an apple; in which are shown the sad effects of dissension and rage.

THE greater part of the first week after the arrival of the little girls was spent in settling and arranging the classes. On the Saturday afternoon, however, it being a fine evening, the children were all allowed to divert themselves in the garden; and their governess, who delighted in affording them every reasonable gratification, brought out a little basket of apples, which were intended to be divided equally among them. But Mrs. Teachum being called hastily away, one of her poor neighbours having met with an accident which required her assistance, she left the fruit in the hands of Miss Jenny Peace, with a strict charge to see that every one had her due share of it.

But, alas! the evil of the heart, that deadly evil of which every one of us has such large experience, turned kind Mrs. Teachum's design of giving pleasure into an occasion of pain and sorrow. There happened to be in the basket one apple something larger than the rest; and upon this the whole company immediately placed their desiring eyes, every one of them crying out at once, "Pray, Miss Jenny, give me that apple." Each, hearkening to the suggestions of her own heart, found some reason why she was to be preferred to all her school-fellows, and brought forward this reason with all the vehemence of selfishness: the youngest pleaded her youth, and the eldest her age; one insisted on her goodness; another claimed a title to preference from her rank in the school; and one, in confidence of her superior strength, said positively she would have the large apple: but, all speaking together, it was difficult to distinguish who said *this*, or who said *that*.

Miss Jenny begged them all to be quiet, but in vain, for she could not be heard; they had all set their hearts on the one fine apple, looking upon all the rest as not worth having. For this is one sad effect of envy, and

an eager desire after any thing not within our reach, that it prevents our partaking of those pleasures which are actually offered us, imbittering every joy, and poisoning every sweet. And on this account, He who knew the heart of man said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Matt. v. 5.

In vain Miss Jenny endeavoured to calm the turbulent spirits of her companions. She spoke to them of the sinfulness of their conduct, and reminded them how greatly they were offending God by their greediness, instead of manifesting that spirit of meekness by which Christian children should ever be distinguished. But they would not hearken to her; and several of them not having been accustomed to be addressed in this manner, seemed not even to comprehend what she meant. She offered next to divide the disputed apple into eight parts, and to give up her own share of the contents of the basket to satisfy them: but she might as well have been silent; for they were all too eagerly talking to attend to her proposal. At last, as a means to quiet the disturbance, she threw the apple which was the cause of their contention, with her utmost force, over a hedge into another garden, where they could not get at it.

At first they were all silent, as if struck dumb with astonishment at the loss of this one poor apple, though at the same time they had a basket-full before them. But this failed to effect Miss Jenny's intention; for though the apple was the *obvious* cause of their quarrel, the *latent* cause of all lay in their own evil hearts—the present fray was no more than a breaking forth of those sinful dispositions which exist within the breast of every child of Adam.

Perhaps some of you, my young friends, who peruse this little book, may never have heard the subject of human depravity familiarly explained. In this case, lest you should be led to suppose that these little misses of Mrs. Teachum's school were worse than others by nature, I will here endeavour to make plain to you the important doctrine of the depravity of man's heart. And first, I must tell you that God made man in his own image, pure and free from sin, without one disorderly appetite or improper feeling; but holy, upright, and glorious, like his Maker, requiring no covering for his beautiful and spotless body, nor any imputed righteousness to conceal, as with a garment, the deformity of his

soul. But Satan, the enemy of mankind, tempted our first parents to depart from God; in consequence of which, and in a manner not easy to be understood, the whole nature of man received so vitiating a taint, that every feeling and motion of his heart became sinful, and that continually; insomuch, that this strong description of the wickedness of man, among many others, is given in Scripture—"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Gen. vi. 5.

But although this is universally the case of man upon earth, although we are born children of wrath, and heirs of hell, yet, through the mercy of Christ, a way is opened unto us for escaping these evils. The Lord Jesus Christ, by his death upon the cross, paid the price of our redemption, and procured for us the gift of the Holy Spirit of God; which being received by faith, enters the corrupt heart of man, cleansing and purifying, sanctifying and renewing it in the lost image of God. You are therefore, my dear children, unless you have already received the Holy Spirit by faith into your hearts, in no better a state than these little girls of whom you have just been reading. And if you *have* received that Spirit, you will think humbly of yourselves, and feel a consciousness that, when you are enabled to do better than these little ones, it is not through your own strength, but through the power of the Holy Spirit.

But to return to my story.—As soon as the little misses had recovered from the amazement into which they had been thrown on seeing Miss Jenny Peace cast the apple over the hedge, they all began again to quarrel; and the present subject of disagreement was, which of them had most right to the apple, and which ought to have obtained it: and their anger, by degrees, reached such a pitch, that no words could vent half their rage. They fell to pulling of caps, tearing of hair, and dragging the clothes off each other's backs; not exerting themselves indeed so much in direct *blows*, as in *scratching* and *pinching* each other.

Miss Dolly Friendly as yet was not engaged in the battle; but on hearing her friend, Miss Nancy Spruce, exclaim that she was hurt by a sly pinch from one of the girls, she flew on this sly pincher, as she called her,

like an enraged lion on its prey: and not content merely to return the injury her friend had received, she struck with such force as felled her enemy to the ground. And now the little combatants, no longer distinguishing between friend and foe, *fought*, *scratched*, and *tore*, like so many furious cats, when they dart their claws at their rivals' hearts.

In the midst of this confusion appeared Mrs. Teachum, who had returned with the hope of seeing her little girls happily enjoying the repast she had provided for them: it was not however till after she had been standing near them some time, that either her presence or voice could recall them from the phrensy of their passion. But when, on a sudden, they all faced about, and saw her, shame and fear of punishment instantly abated their rage. Each of the little girls showed in her right hand, fast clenched, indubitable marks of her having mingled in the fray. One of them held a little lock of hair, torn from the head of her enemy; another grasped the shred of a cap, which, in aiming at her rival's hair, had deceived her hand; a third clenched the scrap of an apron; a fourth retained the fragment of a frock: in short, every one unfortunately held in her hand a proof of her having been engaged in the battle, while the ground was all strewed with rags and tatters, torn from the backs of the little inveterate combatants.

After standing for some time in astonishment at this disgraceful spectacle, Mrs. Teachum at length required Miss Jenny Peace, who appeared to be the only dispassionate person in the assembly, to tell her the whole truth, and to relate the cause of all this confusion.

Miss Jenny felt herself obliged to obey the commands of her governess; though her good-nature led her to endeavour, as far as was consistent with truth, to mitigate rather than to increase Mrs. Teachum's displeasure.

The guilty persons now began to excuse themselves as fast as tears and sobs would permit. One said, "Indeed, madam, it was none of my fault, for I did not begin: but Miss Sukey Jennett, without any cause in the world, for I did nothing to provoke her, hit me a great slap in the face, which made my tooth bleed. The pain did indeed make me angry, and then, to be sure, I gave her a little tap; but it was only on her back, and I am sure it was the gentlest tap in the world, and could not possibly hurt her half so much as her great blow did me."

"I am surprised at you, miss!" answered Miss Jennett: "how can you say so, when you know that you struck me first, and that yours was the great blow, and mine the gentle tap?"

Such like defences they would all have made, though it was easy to perceive that every one had been equally culpable. This however is the nature of human creatures: until the Holy Spirit of God touches the heart, it is never convinced of sin, but finds something still to allege even in behalf of the most atrocious crime. Blessed and happy, therefore, are they who early in life are brought to a knowledge of themselves.

Mrs. Teachum soon silenced the whole party; and ordering them immediately into the house, she took the basket of apples, and followed them in. What the punishment was which Mrs. Teachum inflicted on these naughty children I did not hear; but no doubt it was of such a kind as they would not easily forget.

The next day was Sunday; and in the evening, calling them all to her, she represented unto them the exceeding sinfulness of their late conduct. She endeavoured to make them comprehend, that the action of which they had been guilty was not a mere hasty offence, into which, as some people would represent it, they had been led by accidental temptation; but that it was the natural effect of evil passions abiding in the heart, from whence, as from an evil spring, every sinful act proceeds. She then explained to them the means by which their hearts had become so corrupt and sinful. But as I have spoken on this subject before, instead of here repeating what Mrs. Teachum said upon it, I will proceed to inform you, that when this pious woman had, as she hoped, made her pupils acquainted with the doctrines of the fall of man and of human depravity, she pointed out to them the cure of these evils. And this she did by relating what Christ had done for their salvation; assuring them, that whoever should be united by faith to this adorable Saviour would receive into his heart the Holy Spirit of God; which Spirit, working by a secret and powerful influence, would regenerate the heart, refining and sanctifying it, till at length it would be completely restored unto the glorious image of God.

Mrs. Teachum concluded this address to her young people by a solemn prayer; in which she confessed

before God the sinful state of the human heart, and implored pardon for all around her, through the blood of Christ, together with those sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, without which she professed her firm conviction that no efforts on her part would in the smallest degree advance them in the attainment of any real virtue.

After prayers, all the young ladies came humbly to ask, and received from their governess, the pardon of their grievous offence; which she granted them not without tears, for her heart was strongly drawn out towards them in Christian love. After this she dismissed them to their rest, while she herself withdrew to her closet, there to supplicate a blessing upon her endeavours to improve the little ones committed to her care.

A DIALOGUE,

Between Miss Jenny Peace and Miss Sukey Jennett; wherein the latter is convinced of her sin and folly in being so quarrelsome; and by her example all her Companions are brought to confess their faults to each other.

The next morning Miss Jenny Peace used her utmost endeavours to bring her school-fellows to an entire reconciliation; but their minds were not yet prepared for a cordial agreement; since each still insisted that although she was herself to blame, yet her companions were much more so. At last, Miss Jenny finding Miss Sukey Jennett alone, the following dialogue took place between them, which, with God's blessing, brought about Miss Jenny's design of restoring peace to the school.

Miss Jenny. Now, pray, Miss Sukey, tell me, what did you get by your violent contention about that foolish apple?

Miss Sukey. Indeed, madam, I shall not answer you; I know that you only want to prove that you are wiser than I am, because you are older. Yet I don't know but some people may understand as much at thirteen years of age as others at sixteen. But because you are the oldest in the school, you always want to be tutoring

and governing the rest. I don't want to have more than one governess; and if I obey my mistress, I think that is enough.

Miss Jenny. Indeed, my dear, I do not want to govern you, nor to prove myself wiser than you are; I only wish that, instead of quarrelling and making yourself miserable, you would live in peace, and be happy; therefore, pray do answer my question. Did you get any thing by your quarrel?

"No, I cannot say," answered Miss Sukey, "that I got any thing by it; for my mistress was angry, and punished me; besides which, my hair was pulled off and my clothes were torn in the scuffle; neither did I value the apple; but yet I have too much spirit to be imposed on. I am sure I had as good a right to the apple as any of the others, and I ought not to give up my right to any one."

Miss Jenny. You talk of *spirit*, my dear friend; but I think you do not know the true import of that word: I suppose you mean courage and resolution by what you call *spirit*. Courage is indeed a glorious virtue; but that kind of violent spirit which persons display in a bad cause is so far from being commendable, that it leads to every kind of evil. Wicked men and evil angels have this kind of spirit; but the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are of another spirit; in the cause of God and of virtue they set their faces like flints; but when *self* only is concerned, they are meek and lowly, endeavouring to follow the example of their divine Master, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

Miss Sukey answered, that she believed what Miss Jenny said was right. "I believe," she continued, "that humble people, even in this world, are the happiest; for my pride and hatred of my school-fellows and companions make me very uncomfortable. I have often," she added, "been awake in the night, fretting and vexing myself because I felt offended with those among whom I lived, and upon whom I would have revenged myself if I dared. And last night, after our governess had been talking so kindly to us, I wished to be able to forgive my companions: but when I tried to forgive them, all their little spiteful ways came so afresh into my mind that I found myself getting more angry than ever."

"What you say, my dear Miss Sukey, does not sur-

prise me," answered Miss Jenny: "the reason why you could not forgive your school-fellows when you tried to do it was because you attempted it in your own strength." She then proceeded to represent to her, as Mrs. Teachum had before done, that no person can do any good thing by his own strength; pointing out to her at the same time where to seek assistance to do well, even from the Holy Spirit of God. She advised her also, without loss of time, to apply for this assistance by diligent prayer; after which she repeated these words of our excellent Catechism—"My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God and to serve him, without his special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer."

Miss Sukey burst into tears, and said, "Miss Jenny, anybody would think, by your way of talking, that you were my mother or my governess! Do you think I don't know as well as you what my duty is? I believe that I am as capable of finding the way to be good as you are of teaching me."

Miss Jenny answered, "My dear friend, I do not think myself fit to teach you; but I know One who is; and I only request you to apply to that Holy One, who alone can lead you into all truth and goodness. Indeed," she added, kissing her tenderly, "I don't mean to vex you, but only to lead you into the way of happiness. How happy might our little society be, if we did but love one another! Were we without envy, without malice, and without anger, or were these unholy passions subdued within us by the grace of God, this place of our education would then become to us like a little paradise."

Miss Sukey now began to find that Miss Jenny was in the right, and she herself in the wrong; but she was still too proud to own her convictions. Miss Jenny, however, was discreet enough to press her no further at the time; but begging her to apply for divine assistance, she embraced her and withdrew.

When Miss Sukey was alone, she remained for some time in great confusion. She was in her own room, and sitting at the foot of her little bed. No witnesses being near, she began to cry, and was in as great an agony as if some sad misfortune had befallen her. She felt herself to be miserable, and knew that she deserved to be so.

At last, when she had somewhat vented her passion by tears, she broke forth into these expressions: "It is very true what Miss Jenny Peace says, that I should be happier if I could get rid of these feelings of anger and hatred. I am now continually uneasy; I don't sleep in quiet, because I am always thinking either that I have not my share of what is given us, or that I cannot be revenged on any of my spiteful school-fellows. And when I quarrel with them, I am scratched and bruised, or reproached. And what do I get by all this? Why, I scratch, bruise, and reproach them in turn. If I could make my little school-fellows my friends, I certainly might live a happier life. But what then, have I been always in the wrong all my life-time? for I always quarrelled with and hated every one who had offended me. Is it possible that *I* should have so bad a spirit, as my governess says all people have? *I*, who have always thought myself so wise, so sensible, and so clever? What can I do? how can I make myself better? I will do as Miss Jenny Peace advises me: I will pray for help; and perhaps my prayer will be heard."

Now, Miss Sukey Jennett had been accustomed, as most children are, to repeat prayers in a formal manner, every night and morning: but she had never till now had any idea of calling upon God with her heart: now, therefore, for the first time in her life, she put up a sincere prayer. After having bolted her door for fear of interruption, she fell down upon her knees, and confessing herself to be a very naughty, proud girl, she prayed for help to amend her life; neither did she forget in her address to God the Father, to plead the merits of God the Son, recollecting what her governess had told her, that it was through the Saviour only that we are entitled to ask any favour.

Miss Sukey, having finished her prayer, hastened to seek Miss Jenny Peace, anxious to inform her that she had taken her advice, and that she already felt herself, by the blessing of God, in a better frame of mind than she had been since the quarrel.

Miss Jenny, who had in the mean time used the same arguments to incline the rest of her school-fellows to a state of concord, now led Miss Jennett into the school-room, where she had the pleasure of seeing a gen-

eral reconciliation take place: soon after which, Mrs. Teachum entering, they all united together in prayer; and concluded their evening devotions by singing the hundred and thirty-third Psalm.

A SCENE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Quite the reverse of the battle: wherein is shown how different are the effects of Christian charity from those which are produced by anger, strife, and wickedness. To which is added the Life of Miss Jenny Peace.

During the former part of this week, and till Thursday evening, Mrs. Teachum never permitted the young ladies to go out together to play in the garden, but sent them out one by one, saying that she was as yet afraid of trusting them together after what had happened. In the mean time she daily gave them much religious instruction, leading them to the study of their own hearts, and labouring to forward their acquaintance with the Saviour. She caused them to read their Bibles with diligence, and accustomed them to sing hymns and psalms. She took occasion frequently to address them on religious subjects, when she carefully pointed out to them those parts of their behaviour which were not agreeable to the written word of God.

On Thursday evening, for the first time since the quarrel, she permitted them to play all together in the garden; and Miss Jenny Peace, who had so greatly assisted, with God's blessing, in restoring peace to the little community, drew them around her in the arbour, where a second basket of apples was provided by their indulgent governess. She then spoke to them in the following manner: "My dear friends and school-fellows, you cannot imagine the happiness it gives me to see you all so heartily reconciled. Comparing our present feelings with those of Saturday last, how great is the difference! and yet there is no apparent difference in our situations. We then had our governess's leave to play, as we now have; we then were in this lovely garden, as we now are; the honeysuckles, the roses, and the jasmines then bloomed around us as sweetly as

they now do; we had then a basket of apples to divide, as we now have; and all the delights of summer were spread out before us. But we could not be happy: and for this reason—because our hearts were disturbed by evil passions. Our beloved governess has since kindly pointed out to us the source of all our trouble, and has directed us where to apply for the healing of our distresses. We were directed by her to the great duty of prayer; and our prayers we trust, have been heard: for we now find ourselves very happy in the same situation in which we were a short time ago completely miserable; and we know that no one can be happy unless God is with him."

Here Miss Jenny was silent, and waited for an answer: but the poor little girls, who began, by God's blessing, to feel that all their past lives had been spent in sin, could only reply by downcast looks and tears. These tears, however, were not like those which beforetime burst from their swollen eyes, while anger and hatred choked their words, and their proud hearts laboured with stubbornness and folly; when their skins reddened, and all their features were changed and distorted by the violence of those passions, which made them frightful to the beholders and miserable to themselves. But as soon as the little party could recover themselves sufficiently to speak, they all, with one voice, cried out, "Miss Jenny, we are sorry for our faults, and we wish to be ruled henceforward by you."

Miss Sukey Jennett added, "When we are beginning to do wrong, you shall remind us of it, and we will pray for help; and perhaps God, in time, may wholly change our hearts."

"My dear friends," said Miss Jenny, while the tears stood in her eyes, "God will assuredly hear our prayers, according to that which I have read in the Scripture—'Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise that called upon him?'" Ecclus. ii. 10.

Miss Jenny then set the basket of apples before them, and invited them, in the name of Mrs. Teachum, to eat, and enjoy themselves. But now, so greatly were they changed, by the admission of a single spark of charity into their hearts, that each insisted upon help-

ing her next neighbour before she would take for herself; while every one was for giving the largest and finest apple to Miss Polly Suckling, who, for her part, begged it might be presented to Miss Jenny Peace. And here we behold one beautiful effect of the Holy Spirit's influence in the advancement of *true politeness*, which does not consist (as worldly persons will have it) in attention to certain forms and arbitrary customs, established and overthrown according to the caprice of fashion, but in the observance of that divine precept, "In honour preferring one another." Rom. xii. 10.

Miss Jenny's joy was inexpressible in observing this happy change in her little companions; nor was the pleasure of her companions inferior to her own. They now began to taste that delight in each other's society from which their evil passions had hitherto debarred them; they now all sat looking upon one another with mutual satisfaction, their faces borrowing beauty from the calmness of their minds, while all those ugly frowns and that forbidding haughtiness which had formerly sat on their countenances could scarcely be remembered. Jasmines and honeysuckles surrounded their seats, and played about their heads, of which they now would needs gather nosegays to present to each other; enjoying amid these little interchanges of kindness all that peace of mind which attends those in whom the Holy Spirit has inspired a wish to do well.

While Miss Jenny's heart was overflowing with joy at this agreeable change, she thus addressed the little assembly—"My dear companions, in order to convince you that what I have said and done was not occasioned by any desire of proving myself to be wiser than you are, which thought God forbid that I should ever entertain, knowing myself to be a very sinful creature, I will, if you please, relate to you the history of my past life; by which you will see that I have been guilty of so many faults, that I cannot say there has been even one moment of my life in which I ceased to sin.

"And this has been the case notwithstanding the peculiar privileges I have enjoyed: for before I came to this place I had a kind mamma to correct me, and lead me to the knowledge of God; and since that time I have had the instructions of good Mrs. Teachum; from whose maternal care you may all, my dear friends, reap great advantage, if you will, but call upon the Almighty

to assist you. Now, after I have given you the particulars of *my life*, I must beg that every one of you will, some day or other, when you have duly reflected upon it, declare all that you can remember of *your own:* for though you should not be able to relate any thing worth remembering *as an example*, yet there is nothing more likely to amend the future part of any one's life than the recollecting and confessing his past faults, with the intent of forsaking them for ever, and pressing on to better things."

All our little company highly approved of Miss Jenny's proposal, and promised, in their turns, each to give a relation of her own life. And Miss Polly Suckling cried out, "Yes, indeed, Miss Jenny, I will tell all, when it comes to my turn; so, pray begin, for I long to hear what you did when you were no bigger than I am now."

Miss Jenny then kissed little Polly, and said she would instantly begin. But, as in the reading of any one's story, it affords an additional pleasure to have some acquaintance with their person, and as I delight in giving my little readers every satisfaction that is in my power, I shall endeavour, as justly as I can by description, to set before their eyes a picture of this sweet young creature; meaning to do the same by every one of our young company, as they begin their lives.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS JENNY PEACE.

Miss Jenny Peace was just turned of sixteen, and could be called neither tall nor short of her age; but her whole person was more agreeable than can be well imagined, inasmuch as every change of her countenance expressed some feeling of affection or of humility. She had an exceedingly fine complexion, with as much colour in her cheeks as is the effect of perfect health: and when she spoke, even though you might be at too great a distance to hear what she said, there appeared in her manner so much sweetness, mildness, modesty, and good-nature, that you could not do otherwise than behold her with admiration. She had none of those awkward tricks which many young people acquire by carelessness, and retain from obstinacy, because they will not labour to overcome them. In short, Miss Jenny Peace's mother had endeavoured to inspire

her with the love and fear of God, and God had blessed her endeavours; so that this sweet young person displayed a gentle and courteous spirit in every thing she did, being at once lovely and beloved.

Such were the agreeable person and manner of Miss Jenny Peace, who, with an air pleasing beyond my ability to express it, thus entered upon the relation of her life.

THE LIFE OF MISS JENNY PEACE.

"My father dying when I was but half a year old, I was left to the care of my mamma, who was the tenderest of parents, and whose memory I shall ever most gratefully honour. From the time that it pleased God to give her any children, she made it the whole study of her life to promote their welfare; for which purpose she early led them to the knowledge of our holy religion, and pointed them to that dear Saviour, in union with whom we can alone hope for happiness either in this world or the next.

"My mother had six children born alive, though she could preserve none of them beyond the first year, excepting my brother, Harry Peace, and myself. But although the deaths of these *little fair ones*, as I have often heard my dear parent term them, cost her not a few tears, yet her affliction on their account was not without its peculiar alleviations: for she still beheld her departed children, with the eye of faith, existing in a state of perfect happiness, through the imputed righteousness of that adorable Saviour, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Mark x. 14. After having lost, however, four dear children and a beloved husband, my mother, though resigned, and even enjoying much peace, always expressed herself as a stranger upon earth, speaking of the next world as her real home, and the place where alone she hoped to find permanent rest in the Divine Presence: and she endeavoured, by every means in her power, to inspire us with the same feelings.

"'Heaven, my beloved children,' she would often say, 'is our eternal home, our happy resting-place: there only, in the presence of the Saviour, can I hope to see my lost husband and children assembled together; and there, if it be not our own fault, we may assuredly hope

to mix with them, being washed from our sins in the Redeemer's blood.'

"With a view to this heavenly prospect, she made it her chief care to cultivate in us such dispositions as are befitting the Christian character; daily labouring at the same time to make us sensible, that Christian virtues could not be attained but by the assistance of the Holy Spirit of God. And I particularly remember that it was one of her first concerns to cultivate and preserve the most perfect love and harmony between me and my brother. My brother was but a year older than myself, so that till I was six years of age we remained at home together; in which time we often had little childish quarrels. But our dear mother, on these occasions, endeavoured to convince us that such quarrels, however trifling they might appear, furnished as solid a proof of the evil of our nature as if we had been actually engaged in fighting and tearing each other to pieces; 'An offence,' she would say, 'the same in kind, though less in degree, with that of the first murderer, who killed his brother.' And at such seasons she usually made us repeat this beautiful psalm: 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.' Psalm cxxxiii.

"Before my brother went to school, we had set hours appointed us, in which we regularly applied to whatever was thought necessary for our improvement; our dear mamma herself daily watching the opening of our minds, and taking great care to instruct us how to make the wisest use of the knowledge we attained. Whatever we read she explained to us in such a way as was calculated to make us the better for our lessons. And among other necessary things, she accustomed us instantly to obey her commands, without waiting to examine the reasons of them. 'For this kind of prompt obedience,' she often used to say, 'is what God requires of his creatures; and therefore parents, who, with respect to their children, stand in the place of God, ought to exact it of them.' And, with God's blessing, the habit of obeying our mother the moment she signified

her pleasure, was so strongly confirmed with us, that by this means we often avoided many harms. For example: My brother was running one day so giddily round the brink of a well, that if he had made the least false step, he must have fallen to the bottom, and been drowned; when my mamma, by a sign with her finger, which called him to her, preserved him from the imminent danger he was in of losing his life. After which, she took care that we should both be the better for this little incident, by representing to us, that if our present safety and happiness were so deeply concerned in being obedient to an earthly parent, how much more necessary it was for us to observe the slightest indications of our heavenly Father's will.

"My brother and I once had a quarrel about something as trifling as your apple of contention; and though we both heartily wished to be reconciled to each other, yet did our evil hearts swell so much with stubbornness and pride, that neither of us would speak first: by which means we continued in a state of great unhappiness, even while the remedy was within our reach. My mamma observed our situation, and sending for me into her closet, said she was sorry to see that the fear of God had so little influence upon me; 'For,' continued she, 'indeed, Jenny, I am ashamed of your folly, as well as your wickedness, in thus contending with your brother!' A tear, which I believe flowed from shame, started from my eyes at this reproof, and I fixed them on the ground, being too much overwhelmed with confusion to lift them up towards my mamma. On which she kindly added, 'that she hoped my confusion signified some sensibility of my fault; and that although she might have adopted another method with me, commanding me to seek a reconciliation with my brother; yet instead of using compulsion, she wished rather to persuade me to seek assistance from on high, and to implore a part of that spirit of forgiveness which once made the Saviour thus intercede for his persecutors, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' Luke xxiii. 34.

"As soon as my confusion would give me leave, I thanked her for her condescending goodness, and withdrew to pray for a forgiving spirit: after which, I went to seek my brother. He joyfully embraced this opportunity of being reconciled to me; and this was one of

the pleasantest hours of my life. This quarrel happened while my brother was at home, during one of his vacations, and I was then nine years old.

"My mamma's attention was continually directed towards keeping up a constant interchange of kind offices between me and my brother. I remember once, when Harry and I were playing in the fields, there was a small rivulet which stopped me in my way. My brother, being nimbler and better able to jump than myself, with one spring leaped over it, and left me behind; but seeing me uneasy that I could not follow him, his good-nature prompted him to come back and assist me; when by the help of his hand I easily passed over. On this occurrence my beloved mother bade me remember how much my brother's superior strength might assist me on many occasions, and entreated me, in return, to use my utmost endeavours to oblige him, that so we might be mutually assistant to each other throughout life. Thus, from every event which passed, our beloved parent took occasion to draw some useful lesson, as the bee extracts honey from every flower.

"I can only lament that I did not profit more by the excellent instructions and pure example of such a parent. I believe no child ever spent her time more agreeably than I did, or enjoyed more of the pleasures of childhood: for I was always with my mother, and she watched over me so carefully, as generally to prevent my falling into those grievous sins which wound the consciences of children, and destroy their peace.

"When my mother, at any time, perceived that I was not cheerful, or that my mind was disturbed, she led me immediately to prayer. She taught me that in the Scriptures a remedy may be found for every affliction, and that the Saviour of mankind is a friend ever ready to assist all who call upon him.

"As we advanced in years, the friendship between me and my brother grew in proportion: yet, tenderly as we loved each other, we were taught, that speaking untruly in each other's behalf, or praising each other when it was not deserved, was a very great fault. This, my mamma used to tell us was not *love*, but *hatred*; since it was encouraging each other in folly and wickedness, and acting contrary to that solemn scriptural admonition—'Thou shalt not suffer sin upon thy neighbour.' Lev. xix. 17.

"And now I am about to tell you, my dear young friends, of an extreme into which I fell when I was about eleven years old, and which caused me at the time considerable affliction. I had always strong attachments, and sometimes allowed my feelings so far to exceed the bounds of moderation as to make everybody about me very uncomfortable. At the time I speak of, there was a cat which I had brought up from a little kitten, and for which I indulged so unreasonable a fondness, that I could never be easy but when she was playing around me. And in return for this excess of fondness, the poor animal seemed to have changed its nature, and to have assumed the manners which more properly belong to dogs than to her own species. It would follow me everywhere about the house and gardens; and, what was more remarkable, when fed by my hand, it laid aside all that caution which cats are known to exercise about their food, and would eat whatever I gave it without hesitation, under a seeming conviction that no harm could come to it from me.

"I was at last so accustomed to have this little Frisk (for so I called it) playing about me, that I seemed to lose part of myself in her absence. One day I missed the poor little creature, which did not come, as usual, to her breakfast. I walked out into a favourite green alley in the garden, where she used to gambol around me, sometimes climbing the trees with a motion as quick as lightning, and appearing in the branches over my head, and sometimes darting across my path, now before me, now behind me, but never losing sight of me. This day, however, no poor puss was to be found in my favourite walk. I missed her again at dinner; tea-time came, yet she appeared not to claim her portion of cream; and I never saw her till the next morning, when she returned, and laying herself at my feet, immediately expired.

"She had been, as I afterward learned, stolen by some cruel boys, who, after hunting her for their wicked sport, had used her so ill, that she had scarcely strength to crawl back to the house which used to afford her protection.

"I was so affected with the sight of my little favourite animal dying in this manner, that I could not repress my grief; and for a long while I would admit of no consolation. My indulgent mamma comforted without blaming me, till she thought time sufficient had been allowed

me to vent my grief; and then, sending for me into her chamber, she spoke to me as follows:—'My dear Jenny, I have watched you ever since the death of your little favourite cat, and have been daily hoping to see your distress on her account gradually mitigated: but finding that you still persist in the indulgence of your sorrow, I cannot but feel greatly afflicted at the sight, since there is reason to fear that in future life these strong feelings of yours, if not properly directed, will make you extremely miserable. As I have always, my beloved child,' added she, 'been in the habit of drawing important lessons from the little occurrences which daily happen among us, let me persuade you to learn from what you have now suffered, to raise your affections from mean and unimportant things to such as are worthy of your regard, and calculated to answer some noble purpose. Set your heart, my dear child, to seek out such objects of pursuit as may, under God, render you both happy and useful. These are always to be found in every situation. There is always some poor baby to work for; some little child to be taught; some old person to be assisted; some kind brother, or sister, or tender parent, to whom comfort may be afforded: therefore, call upon God to direct your feelings, and guide them into a channel of usefulness.

"'If you give way to this melancholy, how will you be able to please and amuse your brother, when he comes home for the holydays?—that *brother* whom, as you lost your dear papa when you were too young to know that loss, I have endeavoured to educate in such a manner as to fit him for becoming your guide and protector. I speak not much of myself,' added my beloved mother, 'although the period may come, we know not how soon, when you will be deprived of me, and will remember with some uneasiness, that you once bestowed much of that precious time upon a little inferior animal, which might have been more properly devoted to your mother.'

"I could bear no more, but ran into my mamma's arms. She kissed me tenderly, and said, 'My child, pray earnestly that your affections may be properly directed; pray that the Holy Spirit of God may assist you in the government of your passions: and let this little incident furnish you with an important lesson for life.'

"It would be endless to describe," continued Miss Jenny, "all the methods this good mother made use of for my instruction and improvement: but all her communications had one leading, ruling object, namely, to bring me nearer and nearer to the Saviour. I can give you no idea of the sweet and engaging manner in which she conveyed to me her religious instructions, nor how my heart seemed to glow with Divine love while I listened to her conversation on heavenly subjects. During her life-time I was exceedingly happy: but, alas! when I had reached the age of fifteen the scene suddenly changed, and my dear mamma was taken ill of a scarlet fever. I attended her day and night while she lay ill, my eyes incessantly overflowing with tears to see her in that condition: and yet I did not dare to give my sorrows vent in her presence, for fear of increasing her pain. One comfort, one very great comfort I had, however," continued Miss Jenny, wiping away her tears; "and this was, that my dear mother, during her illness, often expressed a full dependence on her blessed Saviour, and a firm assurance of redemption through him."

Here Miss Jenny's eyes filled fast with tears. But while she struggled to suppress the rising sobs that interrupted her speech, and was endeavouring to continue her story, she perceived that her companions were so overcome with sympathy, as to be on the point of breaking out into one general cry of lamentation. This spectacle affected her exceedingly, and hastened her through the remaining part of her relation.

"After my beloved mother's death," continued Miss Jenny, "I was sent to a large school for a short time; where, having no opportunity of receiving religious instruction, I became very unhappy, till I could persuade my friends to place me under the care of Mrs. Teachum, with whom I have found myself more happy than I ever expected to be again, after my irreparable loss. And now I hope, with God's blessing, that while our kind governess supplies the place of a mother to me, I may, in some degree, supply to her that of her departed children."

As Miss Jenny spoke these last words, the bell summoned them to supper; upon which the little party rose up and walked towards the house. Now their governess, having narrowly watched their looks ever since the late unhappy contention, thought she

plainly perceived that their hearts were not entirely free from unkind thoughts of each other, though they did not dare to break out again into open quarrels. She was now, therefore equally surprised and delighted, as she stood at a window in the hall that overlooked the garden, to see all her scholars walking towards her, hand-in-hand, with more than ordinary marks of affectionate fellowship. And as she considered it proper to mention to them her pleasure at the sight of so agreeable an alteration, Miss Jenny Peace judged it equally proper to relate to her governess all that had passed in the arbour.

"My children," then replied Mrs. Teachum, "let us thank God for this blessed change which has taken place among you, and give the glory to Him who maketh men to be of one mind in a house."

Miss Jenny thanked her governess for her kind approbation, and said, that if she would give them leave, they would spend what time she was pleased to allow them from school, in the little arbour, either in reading stories, or in such other things as she might think a proper and innocent amusement.

Mrs. Teachum not only allowed this, but very much approved of the proposal: and desired Miss Jenny, as a reward for what she had already done, to preside at those diversions, and to give her an account in what manner they proceeded.

Miss Jenny promised in all things to be guided by Mrs. Teachum. And now, soon after supper, the little girls retired to rest, being no longer under the dominion of those uneasy passions which had for some time interrupted their quiet; and as they had passed the day in pleasure, so at night they soon sunk into a soft and sweet repose.

FRIDAY,

The first Day of complete Reconciliation.

Early in the morning, as soon as Miss Jenny arose, all her companions flocked round her; for they now looked upon her as the best friend they had in the world. So they agreed, when they came out of school, as it

was too hot to admit of their taking much exercise, to retire into their arbour, and there divert themselves till dinner-time: which they accordingly did; when Miss Jenny proposed, if quite agreeable to the party, to read them a story, which she had put in her pocket for that purpose. Beginning, therefore, now to look upon her as the most proper person to direct them in their amusements, they all replied, that what was most agreeable to her would please them best. Whereupon she began to read the following story, with which we shall open their first day's amusement.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS ROSALINDA.

Some hundred years ago, there dwelt on the borders of Fairy-land a certain very powerful king, who chose for his queen a young princess, having nothing to recommend her but her personal beauty, for she was proud and selfish.

Soon after the new queen arrived at the king's palace, in his capital city, she complained that she could not breathe in a large town, and should entirely lose her health if he did not provide her with a more airy and pleasant situation.

The king, who made a point of indulging her in all her whims and caprices, immediately employed the most skilful workmen in the city to build her a palace in the centre of a beautiful pleasure-garden, situated at the distance of three leagues from the royal city. Here velvet lawns, pools of water, clear as crystal, cascades pouring from mossy rocks, and groves of trees, whose many-coloured blossoms embalmed the air with every variety of spicy odour, formed such delicious scenes as cannot easily be imagined. From this garden the lofty hills which form the boundaries of Fairy-land, and which few mortals were ever allowed to pass over, were distinctly seen lifting their towering heads above the clouds in various grotesque forms, some of them presenting a bare and rugged aspect, and others crowned with forests even to their summits.

The palace which the king caused to be built on this beautiful spot was entirely composed of polished marble; the front consisted of colonnades, or pillars, rising many stories above each other, enclosing open galleries and balconies, in which sofas were prepared for

the queen, surrounded by embroidered carpets and cushions, on which her ladies might sit around her, and enjoy the beautiful scenery presented to their view. The inner apartments of this palace were hung with silks of various hues, fastened on the polished walls with rings and loops of gold; and all the furniture of the royal apartments was equally magnificent.

When this palace was finished, the king brought his queen, with all her ladies, to it; and there himself, with his courtiers, resorted, whenever the affairs of state permitted them to be absent from the capital city. It might have been expected that her majesty would now be satisfied, if any thing on earth could make a proud, selfish, and capricious character contented. But whereas the queen had formerly complained bitterly of the noise and bustle of the capital city, she now felt as much discontented with the solitude and stillness of her present abode; although, after all the trouble and expense which the king had incurred on her account, she was almost ashamed to complain, and indeed hardly knew what to complain of.

One subject, however, of sorrow continually presented itself to the queen: she had no child, and having now been married some years, she almost despaired of ever having that satisfaction. On this occasion she gave way to the most unreasonable solicitude, allowing herself frequently to break out in the most unbecoming murmurs, and indulging herself on this account in perpetual melancholy and ill-humour.

It happened, one beautiful afternoon, as the queen was sitting on a sofa, in one of the open balconies before mentioned, surrounded by her ladies, that suddenly they were alarmed by the piercing shieks of some creature in distress; and looking up towards that part of the air from which the sound seemed to proceed, they saw a beautiful white bird making towards them, pursued by an eagle, which every moment gained upon it. The ladies immediately raised their voices, with the hope of terrifying the eagle, and making him desist from his pursuit; but in vain: he still followed the little bird till it flew into the gallery, and making directly to the queen, took shelter in her bosom. The eagle, however, still eager for its prey, followed the bird, and would have torn it from the queen, if she had not resolutely covered the little trembler with both her hands; notwithstanding

which the furious bird attacked her with his beak and talons, wounding her hand in one or two places before the ladies could drive him away. This, however, they speedily did; and, as they were not able to destroy the eagle, they were glad to see him take wing, and fly from the garden.

After the terrible enemy of the little white bird had taken its flight, and the ladies had bound up the wounded hand of the queen, they found leisure to examine the little creature, which still lay panting and, as it were, almost dead with fear in the queen's bosom; when they were amazed at its singular beauty and uncommon appearance.

This little bird was somewhat larger than a pigeon, but far more slender and more delicately formed. Its glossy plumage was of the most brilliant whiteness; and on its head was a kind of crown or diadem of feathers, while its eyes were variegated and enriched with purple and gold. Around the neck of this beautiful creature was a string of purple amethysts, fastened with a golden stud or broach, which rendered it probable that the bird had been the property of some lady of high rank.

The queen was delighted with this little creature, for whose sake she had acted with so much spirit as to draw forth the praises and plaudits of all her ladies: and it would have been well if these praises had never been lavished on a less worthy occasion.

When the little white bird was somewhat recovered (for at first it seemed likely to die), the queen sent one of her ladies to procure for it a cage. The lady soon returned with a large and beautiful cage, composed of gold wires; in which they placed the bird, providing it with seeds, water, fruit, sugar, and every thing which they fancied it might relish.

The little bird, finding itself delivered from its enemy, soon began to recover itself: it partook of its seeds and water, to the great delight of the ladies; after which it began to dress its feathers, which had been sadly rumpled, and to lay them smooth upon its back. But what pleased the queen most was, that the bird evidently distinguished her from all the ladies of the court, bowing when she came near to it, and rubbing its glossy head against her hand as often as she attempted to fondle it. All this while, however, it never uttered any kind of note, but remained perfectly silent.

On the queen's retiring to rest, she delivered the bird to the care of two ladies of her court, with a strong charge to pay it every possible attention, and bring it to her as soon she awoke in the morning.

The history of the white bird and of the queen's wounded hand was soon carried to the capital city; and, in consequence of this intelligence, the king came the next day to see her, attended by some of the most skilful surgeons which the city could afford. But it was more than six weeks before the queen's wound was healed; and a scar yet remained on her hand, when one evening, as the king and queen were sitting conversing together, they suddenly saw a chariot, to which winged horses were attached, flying swiftly towards them through the air. As their habitation bordered closely on Fairyland, they were not so much surprised at this appearance as might have been expected, since they were accustomed frequently to see the fairies passing to and fro through the air: but they were somewhat perplexed on perceiving the carriage to stop at the end of the balcony where they were sitting, from which a very beautiful lady immediately alighted and walked towards them.

The king and queen immediately arose to receive this extraordinary visiter; and as she came forward to meet them, they had leisure to contemplate her figure. She was exceedingly fair and lovely, and there was a peculiar sweetness and modesty expressed in her countenance. She was dressed in a robe of azure silk, while a veil of delicate texture and dazzling whiteness shaded her face.

As she drew near to the king and queen, she saluted them in the most respectful manner; they returning the compliment with an equal degree of ceremony.

The lady introduced herself to their majesties by the name of the fairy Serena, saying that she came to thank the queen for a service which she had lately done her, and by which she felt herself peculiarly obliged, especially as she understood that the queen had suffered much on the occasion.

The queen looked surprised. Upon which the fairy explained herself, telling her majesty that the little bird she had saved from the claws of the eagle was hers, and that it was extremely dear to her, inasmuch as it had been formerly a present from her mother, and had from

that time been her constant companion and attendant. "For," added the fairy, "it is a custom in our country for every fairy to be attended either by some favourite individual of her own species or by some beautiful animal. But," continued the fairy, "my naughty little bird one day wandered from me, and having flown over the hills which bound our country, was attacked by the furious eagle from which your majesty rescued it at the expense of receiving a wound in your hand; and for this favour I shall feel myself under a lasting obligation to your majesty."

The queen said, "that she felt herself very happy in having had it in her power to oblige so illustrious a personage."

The king and queen then invited the fairy to sit down by them, while they caused refreshments to be brought; with which request the fairy very politely complied.

And now, if the king and queen had been pleased with the sweet and modest appearance of the fairy, they were abundantly more delighted with her conversation, which was exceedingly pleasant. At length, the evening wearing away, the fairy arose, and addressing herself to the queen, said, "I am now going to require a great favour of your majesty; but, in return, I think that it is in my power to afford you a satisfaction that will more than repay you for any act of self-denial which you may be induced to perform on my account."

At this the queen coloured, for she guessed that the fairy was going to ask for her bird: feeling, however, that she had no right to keep it from her, she speedily answered, "You are about, madam, I foresee, to ask for your bird. You have an undoubted right to it; it is assuredly yours; and although it will be a great trial to me to part with it, I certainly cannot think of refusing it to you." The queen then called one of her ladies, who waited in the next apartment, and ordered her to bring the cage.

While the lady was fetching the cage, the eyes of the queen filled with tears; and the king looked as though he wished it possible that she might keep her favourite bird: but the moment the lady appeared with the cage, the bird acknowledged the fairy by every possible expression of joy, and by uttering such sweet and melodious notes as ravished all who heard them. The fairy also expressed great pleasure; and requesting the lady

to open the cage-door, the beautiful little creature flew directly into the fairy's bosom.

At sight of this the queen burst into tears. Whereupon the fairy, coming close up to her, and taking her hand, said, "These tears of your majesty afflict me: I therefore rejoice that it is in my power to give you comfort, by informing you of what, by my art as a fairy, I am able to foresee. Within less than twelve months from this time, instead of this little bird on which your heart is now fixed, you shall carry in your bosom a little daughter; and I promise myself the pleasure of being present in this palace on the day that a name shall be given to the little princess."

This news, indeed, as the fairy had foreseen, entirely removed the sorrow of the queen, while the king himself assumed a countenance of more than ordinary satisfaction. The queen could now take leave of her favourite bird without distress, and attend the fairy to her carriage with every expression of esteem and regard: the king also assured their fair visitant that he sincerely hoped to see her on the occasion she mentioned, and as often before as she might be disposed to favour them.

Thus the fairy and their majesties parted, mutually pleased with each other; and the fairy returned with her beautiful bird to her palace in Fairy-land.

As Serena had foretold, considerably within the year the queen was happy enough to present the king with a very lovely little daughter. It was soon determined by the royal parents that the princess should be called Rosalinda: but when they came to consider what day should be appointed for publicly naming her, they became greatly perplexed about the means of communicating such information to the fairy. While however they were deliberating on this matter, a little page arrived from the fairy, bringing her congratulations on the birth of the princess, together with an assurance that whatever day they might be pleased to appoint for the naming of the royal child, she would assuredly be present, without requiring to be advertised thereof beforehand.

The little page who brought the fairy's message was only two feet high: but so swift of foot, that he was able to outrun the fleetest deer in the king's park.

While the queen was preparing an answer to the fairy, the ladies of the court caressed the little page, offering

him sweetmeats and other presents. But he was impatient to be gone: and no sooner had he received the queen's letter than he returned towards Fairy-land, swift as an arrow from the bow.

When the day arrived on which the little princess was to receive her name, the road between the capital city and the queen's palace was crowded with carriages, horses, and foot-passengers of every description. For the king had resolved on this occasion, not only to regale all the nobles and gentry of his kingdom, but to provide for the entertainment even of the lower classes. The parks and lawns therefore which surrounded the palace were filled with tables plentifully stored with provisions; while preparations were made for every kind of amusement both within the palace and in the open air.

In the midst of all these rejoicings, the fairy Serena appeared; and having alighted from her carriage at one of the gates of the palace, she entered the great hall, where the king and queen with the principal nobility were assembled; the little princess also being present in the arms of one of the first ladies of the court. The fairy, having saluted the king and queen, and congratulated them on their present happiness, went up to the little princess, and stood awhile admiring her exceeding loveliness as she lay asleep in the lady's arms.

The king and queen were greatly pleased to see the fairy, and so pressingly invited her to stay and partake of the feast, that she could not refuse.

Accordingly, when the ceremony of naming the princess was concluded, she sat down to the banquet with the king and queen and the chief of the nobility, making herself so truly agreeable as to delight the whole party. In the evening, while the company were engaged, some in dancing, some in singing, and others in looking at curious spectacles and interludes which were exhibited for their entertainment, the fairy, who took no particular pleasure in things of this kind, found an opportunity of being alone with the queen, who had retired to the apartment of the little princess: and there, while she sat contemplating the lovely little baby as it lay in its cradle, she gave much sweet and salutary counsel to the queen concerning her future management of the lovely Rosalinda. "I am," said the fairy, "myself the mother of several children; and it has

been my constant endeavour to make them humble, and teach them the duty of self-command. Self-command is a universal duty, and tends to the happiness of every individual: but it is of most consequence to those who are to have most authority, as is the case with your children and mine: for my children, being fairies, will as such possess considerable power; and your little daughter, having the command of a great empire, will be made, if she possesses a well-regulated mind, a general blessing to her people. But if she should be brought up in self-indulgence, and in a high opinion of her own qualifications, she will not only become a torment to herself, but the cause of great trouble to her people: neither can she in that case yield any comfort to her parents; but, on the contrary, you will have reason to regret that your wish of possessing a child was ever granted to you." The fairy finished her discourse by presenting the queen with a little box of crystal, containing a valuable present of rich jewels for the little princess; after which she took her leave of the queen, having first kissed the sleeping Rosalinda, and promised to see her again at some future time.

I am sorry to say that the good counsel given by the fairy to the queen was quite thrown away: for, instead of endeavouring to bring up the little princess in an humble manner, and teaching her to control her passions, there was no possible indulgence which this indiscreet mother did not allow her. And though the fairy, from year to year, visited the queen, and represented to her, in the strongest terms, the injury she was doing her child, yet the queen was so absurdly attached to her child, and so full of high conceits concerning her own and her daughter's importance, that she could in nowise think of correcting or contradicting her. Moreover, she was greatly offended with her servants or ladies if they ever dared to thwart her inclinations in the smallest degree.

In this manner the little princess was brought up till she was four years of age; at which time the fairy again made the queen a visit. She found the queen in a large hall, at the farther end of which, on a brocade carpet, the attendants of the little princess were sitting round her in a circle. All of them were trying to divert her; but with such ill-success, that, instead of expressing any satisfaction, Rosalinda broke out from time to

time into expressions of ill-humour and peevishness, throwing upon the floor whatever was offered her, and even sometimes slapping the hands of those who attempted to touch her.

The fairy had brought with her a basket of playthings for the little princess. These playthings were of a particular kind, and such as were used by all the families in Fairy-land. They were fabricated by an old fairy called Content; and besides being of exquisite workmanship and extraordinary beauty, they had this peculiar property,—that whatever accident befell them, they could not be broken or injured, except their owner should strike them, or throw them down in a fit of passion or discontent, when they would become as brittle as glass, and fall to pieces. These playthings were to be had in every imaginable variety and in every pleasing form: but the set which the fairy now brought the princess represented to the life, and in a marvellously beautiful manner, all the beasts and birds of Fairy-land. The fairy explained the nature of these playthings to the queen; and having called the little princess, and presented them to her, she begged her mother to communicate to her this information: after which she took her leave.

The princess Rosalinda was at first much pleased with these beautiful toys; and amused herself with arranging them all on the floor, calling her attendants to admire them. But she soon became weary of them; and in a few days had destroyed all of them, by throwing down sometimes one, sometimes another, in her passion. And thus the beautiful workmanship of the fairy Content was totally destroyed before the fairy Serena paid her next annual visit.

On Serena's next appearance, Rosalinda was five years of age, and was become more passionate, proud, and selfish even than she had been the year before. The fairy, who had been in the habit every year of bringing the princess a present, brought her this year a little dog, whose eyes were blue, his back of the finest brown, and his face, neck, and fore feet white as snow. The hair of this little creature was soft as silk, and hanging, particularly about his head, in beautiful curls.

The fairy, after having paid her usual compliments to the queen, asked to see the princess: but Rosalinda was ashamed to come into the fairy's presence, recol-

lecting that she had broken all her last year's present of playthings. When the fairy understood the state of the case, she failed not gently to reprimand the princess, and to remind her how sad a thing it was to give way to passion. However, upon Rosalinda's promising that she would behave better in future, she presented her with the little dog: at the same time pointing out to her the beauty of the little creature, and assuring her that if the gentle animal were ill-used, his silken hair would fall off, his blue eyes would become dim, and he would pine away till he became nothing but skin and bone.

The little princess, having received the dog, ran to show it to her attendants, leaving the fairy with the queen, who took this occasion to point out to her what misery she was laying up for herself and her child, by her indiscreet and even cruel indulgence.

While the fairy was thus earnestly conversing with the queen, the king entered the hall where they were sitting; when, instead of breaking off her discourse, she immediately addressed herself on the same subject to him. The king, who had long perceived the faulty manner in which his child was managed, and was fully sensible of its evil effects on her disposition, listened to the fairy with more attention than his queen had done: and on her ceasing to speak, he confessed that all she had said was but too true; asking her at the same time what method she would advise them to take with the little princess.

"Why," replied the fairy, "remove from her all those persons who have hitherto been in the habit of flattering her, and administering to her caprices, and place her under the charge of a wise and conscientious governess: such a one," added the fairy, "as I could recommend to you, and would bring to the palace immediately, if your majesty approved it."

Here the discourse between the king and the fairy was interrupted by the queen, who, bursting into tears, begged that no change might be made until the fairy's next annual visit; "And in the mean time," she said, "I will endeavour to check and control my daughter, and bring her into a more reasonable state of mind."

The king, being touched by the queen's tears, said no more; and the fairy soon afterward took her leave.

And now another twelvemonth had passed away,

which brought the little princess to the seventh year of her age: but, instead of any improvement having taken place in her during this interval, she was become more naughty than ever. For a few days she had been pleased with her little dog, and treated him kindly; but when he was no longer a new acquisition, she got weary of him, and treated him with continued unkindness; insomuch that he began to pine away, his beautiful curling hair fell off, his eyes became dim, and, as the fairy had predicted, before the twelvemonth was nearly over, he became nothing but skin and bone.

On observing the altered state of the little dog, the queen expostulated with her daughter, and warned her of the fairy's displeasure. The princess, however, would not hearken to her mother, but answered her with great insolence; and, more than once, she even went so far as to slap her mother's hands, when she would have restrained her by force from beating the little dog.

The time at length came when the fairy was expected, and the king made a point of being at the queen's palace on the well-known day. It was not necessary for the fairy to ask how the princess had behaved during the last few months; the state of the poor little thin dog, which ran up to the fairy as soon as he heard her voice, discovered plainly enough the naughtiness of the princess. The king and queen were sitting with the fairy when the dog ran up to her; and the queen blushed deeply.

"Your majesty will give me leave," said the fairy, "to take this little dog home with me."

"Certainly," replied the queen, blushing deeply again. "I can make no excuse for my daughter; she has behaved very ill to the little dog, and to me also on his account."

"If that be the case," replied the king, "and you find it impossible to control our little daughter, do not, my dear wife, from false tenderness, reject our good friend Serena's advice, but consent that she shall bring you a governess properly qualified to educate our beloved child."

After some hesitation and tears on the part of the queen, she submitted to this proposal: when Serena, taking the little dog in her arms, departed to Fairy-

land, promising in a few days to return with a suitable governess for the little princess.

The fairy returned, as she had promised, in a few days, and brought with her a lady of a very sweet and agreeable appearance, who professed herself willing to undertake the charge of the princess. But as the queen would not, at that time, consent that the ladies who had always attended the child, and who were accustomed to indulge her whims and caprices of every kind, should be removed, the governess expressed many fears that her attendance would produce no advantage to the little princess. The fairy, however, encouraged her at least to make the trial, and promised to return in the course of a few months, to observe how she succeeded.

As the governess had predicted, she soon found it impossible to benefit the princess, surrounded as she was by a multitude of flatterers. So that when the fairy returned after a few months, she found that the child was become so humoursome and capricious that even the queen herself, under evident alarm, expressed for the first time a willingness to adopt whatever method the king and the fairy might recommend.

The king, being fully aware of the state of his little daughter, was happy to find the queen in so reasonable a temper on this occasion: and he assured the fairy that they were now both ready to submit to whatever she might propose.

"Then," replied the fairy, "what I have to propose is, that you should trust the little princess to my charge for a few years, and I will take her with her governess to Fairy-land, where I will bring her up as I did my own children, who have now left me, being married and having families of their own. She shall occupy the same apartments which they did, and be regulated by the same laws which have rendered them so truly amiable, that they are now the boast of their parents, and the delight of their friends. I love the little princess," added the fairy, "though I see her faults. When I first beheld her sleeping in the arms of her attendants, and contemplated all her infantine charms, I felt my heart drawn towards her in such a way as has never allowed me to cease regretting that she should be so brought up as to render her wretched for life."

The fairy ceased speaking; when the king and queen, feeling the value of the offer she had made, most thank-

fully accepted it, although not without some natural feelings of reluctance, and many tears on the part of the queen. The queen begged a few months' delay; but the king argued that there had already been too great a delay, the princess being now in her seventh year, totally ignorant, and becoming every day more wilful, proud, and selfish.

After some opposition on the part of the queen, it was settled that Rosalinda, with her governess, should that same evening accompany the fairy to her abode. Accordingly, after dinner, which the fairy partook of with their majesties, Serena and the governess being seated in the carriage, Rosalinda was placed between them by her weeping mother; while all the ladies of the court were assembled, pretending excessive grief, when, in fact, they all rejoiced to be freed from the vexatious humours of their little tyrant.

Rosalinda was too much absorbed by her own selfish feelings to be greatly troubled at the tears which were shed on her account. But when she felt the carriage in motion, and perceived that it was rising in the air, she became much alarmed, and began to struggle and shriek violently. The fairy, however, held her down; and telling her that no one present would be in the least disconcerted by her cries, she soon became composed, and sat quietly down at the bottom of the carriage.

And now the flying steeds, ascending higher in the air, passed over the tops of those mountains which bound the beautiful kingdom of the fairies; when presently descending, they alighted on the other side of them, and began to run with slackened speed along the ground. The governess now expressed great pleasure to find herself once again in her own country; for she also was a fairy, though of much inferior degree to Serena.

The fairy Serena then permitted the princess to stand up and look around her. With this permission she was greatly pleased; and, young as she was, she expressed great delight at the scene which now presented itself to her view. The whole of the country was covered with a short green turf, smooth as velvet, without hedge or fence, but scattered with groves of trees of every possible variety: some like the palm-tree, with crowned heads; others of a more spiry form, resembling the pine; others again with spreading branches, or large

fan-like leaves; but all bearing fruit, buds, and blossoms, in the greatest abundance. A number of palaces, built of the most splendid materials, presented themselves to the eye, being situated here and there among the trees, some half-concealed by the woods, and others occupying a more prominent situation. Some of these palaces were built of crystals, some of amethysts, some of emeralds, some of diamonds, others of topazes, and others of an assemblage of all these precious materials. Neither was the country flat; but abounding with every kind of variety of hill, and dale, and rock; with waterfalls, lakes, and little pools, all clear as crystal, and inhabited by water-fowls, some of which were white as snow, others purple, and others of a brilliant rose-colour. But to describe the flowers which grew spontaneously in every part of these beautiful regions would be wholly impossible; and not less so to give any idea of the brilliancy of their colouring, or of the odours which they scattered through the air.

After journeying through this delightful scenery for about an hour, the winged steeds turned aside from the high road, which the fairy informed the princess led to the capital of Fairy-land; and passing through a grove of considerable extent, they at length came in view of Serena's palace.

The walls of this palace were of emeralds, and the roof of burnished gold. On approaching the palace, the fairy pointed it out to the princess; and then kissing her affectionately, she said, "My beloved princess, you now see my palace, and I hope you will be happy while you are an inhabitant of it. You will find there every comfort which you possessed in your father's house: but neither in this place nor in any other can you expect to be happy, unless your evil passions be first subdued, and you become truly humble, thinking better of those about you than of yourself."

The little princess made no answer; and as the chariot now drew up close to the gate of the palace, the fairy's servants came out joyfully to receive their mistress, and to lift the little princess out of the carriage.

Rosalinda was astonished at the order and beauty of every thing within the palace, while she followed the fairy and her governess through many large rooms till they came to that part of it which had formerly been occupied by Serena's children.

This part of the palace consisted of four apartments,

simply but conveniently furnished, with a large closet or dressing-room. The first of these apartments was a study, well furnished with all manner of profitable and pleasant books for children; the second was a sleeping-room, neat, and airy, in which was a bed prepared for Rosalinda, and another for her governess; the third was a dining-room; and the fourth was an apartment well furnished with playthings. The closet or dressing-room was provided with a wardrobe, containing suits of clothes of various kinds for the use of the princess and her governess; together with a large mirror which presented the figures of those who looked into it from head to foot.

In these apartments, were four little maidens, neat, civil, and lovely in their appearance; whose business it was to wait upon such as inhabited these rooms, and to provide them with all they might require.

The fairy supped this evening with Rosalinda and her governess in their own dining-room: after which kissing the princess, and expressing a hope that she would henceforward behave dutifully to her governess, she took her leave for the night.

As the princess was tired with her journey, there was no difficulty in getting her quietly to bed that night; but the next morning she began to show her naughty and selfish temper. As soon as she awoke she called imperiously for her attendants to dress her: but when they came she refused to get up. Her governess expostulated with her: but to no purpose. She ordered her breakfast to be brought to her bed-side; and when it was brought, finding fault with every thing, she quickly required all to be taken away, insisting that the servants should go and bring her some fruit from a tree which she saw from her window. But neither did this please her; for after eating a little she threw away the rest, complaining that it was too sweet; upon which she began to cry bitterly.

At length, however, being weary of her bed, she allowed the attendants to dress her; though not without finding fault with the clothes they brought her, and requiring them several times to be changed.

When she was dressed, her governess with some difficulty persuaded her to go into the apartment which contained the books. This room was adorned with many pictures of the fairy's children, representing them

employed as they used to be, some with their books, others with their needle, these with their harp, and those with their pencil. The governess pointed out to the princess the pictures of these lovely children, and asked her if the sight of them did not inspire her with a wish to be like them.

The little princess made no answer to her governess, but looked sullen; and when her governess offered her a book, she tossed it carelessly from her, saying that she was not disposed to read that day. As the fairy had desired the governess not to correct Rosalinda for a few days, but to try every other means with her first (for which request the fairy had a reason which will hereafter appear), the governess satisfied herself at present with reasonings and entreaties. But, the more she talked to her, the more stubborn and insolent the child became; till at length, getting up from the side of her governess, she walked out of the room.

"Where are you going, my princess?" said the governess. Rosalinda made no answer, till the governess repeated the question: upon which, the princess answered, "If you wish to know, you are at liberty to come and see."

The governess got up, and followed the princess; who, calling aloud for her attendants, walked into the play-room, and ordered the little servants to reach her down a variety of playthings from the shelves on which they were ranged, and place them on the carpet. While the servants obeyed, the princesss at haughtily delivering her commands; till, at last, being weary of herself and all about her, she took up a handful of playthings, and dashing them upon the ground, smashed them all to pieces: for these toys were of the same kind as those which the fairy had formerly brought her, and capable only of being broken by persons in a passion.

The governess now again expostulated with the princess, which so increased her ill-humour, that spurning the rest of the playthings with her feet, she walked out of the play-room into the garden. There, although every thing that was most lovely in nature presented itself to her eyes, she could enjoy nothing, but kept calling imperiously about her, commanding the attendants to bring her fruits and flowers of every kind she saw, and then throwing them away as soon as she had received them; saying, that some were too sweet and

others too sour, and finding fault with something in every pleasant flower. In this manner she wasted all the precious morning, wearying every one who had the misfortune to be near her.

At length she was summoned to the dining-room, where she found a neat and elegant little repast prepared for herself and her governess; but she had so entirely palled her stomach by tasting a variety of fruits, that she had now no appetite. However, she sat down, and caused something to be brought her from every dish; which, after just touching, she ordered away with expressions of disgust. The governess now attempted to reason with her again; but she grew impertinent, and to show her ill-humour got up and left the table, calling her attendants to follow her.

"But, my princess," said the governess, "it is now time for your servants to eat their dinner."

"They may dine when I have done with them," answered the princess, haughtily.

The governess expostulated again. The princess was obstinate, and walked away, charging her attendants to follow her till she came to the dressing-room; where, standing before the large mirror, she caused the servants to take out a variety of dresses from the wardrobe, and try them upon her. But although they were formed of the finest silks, and exhibited the most beautiful colours, she rejected every dress, either scattering them upon the floor or throwing them in the faces of her attendants. Her governess then reproved her; upon which she became so violently passionate as to strike the little maidens who waited upon her. At length being dressed, though not at all to her satisfaction, and having admired her own face and figure for some time in the glass, she walked out into the garden, commanding her attendants to follow her. "And will you not allow them to dine first, my princess?" said the governess.

Rosalinda made no answer, but walked on.

In the garden she met the little dog which she had formerly used so ill; he had a little recovered his spirits, and his hair had begun to grow again. This little creature, forgetting all the unkind usage he had received from the princess, ran fondly up to her, and jumping upon her, tore a small hole in her dress, which was of a texture resembling fine gauze. Now although the

princess had never been accustomed to care for her clothes, she was in so ill a temper at this time, that she struck the little dog with great violence, and drove him from her. The governess again reproved her, but in vain; and Rosalinda walked on till she came to the side of a clear lake, upon which were several water-fowls of a beautiful rose colour. On this lake there was also a pleasure-boat, and it was now fastened to the shore. Rosalinda no sooner saw the birds than she eagerly desired to have one of them, and insisted that her attendants should get into the boat, and endeavour to catch one for her. But when they told her that in this case they could not obey her, she became quite outrageous, and even attempted to push one of them into the water.

The governess now found it necessary to interfere with more firmness; and taking hold of the princess, she with some difficulty persuaded her to leave the water-side, and return to the palace: where the rest of the evening was spent much in the same manner as the former part of the day had been.

At supper-time, Serena, who had been from home all the day, it being a great day at court, when all the chief fairies of the land were obliged to present themselves before the king, came to see the princess and to sup with her.

Rosalinda tried to look somewhat good-humoured when the fairy appeared. But she did not succeed so well as to conceal her ill-temper from Serena, who easily perceived the state of her mind: she, however, said nothing to the princess that evening, but after sitting with her a while, took her leave.

There was as much trouble in getting the princess to bed as there had been in getting her up. And now, as I have given you an exact account of Rosalinda's behaviour during the first day which she spent in Fairy-land, I shall not trouble you with the history of any more such comfortless days. It is sufficient to say, that the princess spent four or five days more much in the same way, if not in a still more offensive manner; till at length she became so violent and unruly, that the governess found herself under the necessity of calling in the fairy, and making a formal complaint against the princess, declaring that it was impossible any longer to endure her capricious ways.

"And who," said the princess, with much insolence, "wishes you to bear with my ways? at least, it is not for my pleasure that you stay here: I want no governess, nor any other person to rule over me."

"What!" said the fairy, "and whom then would you wish to direct and govern you?"

"No one," replied the princess, "but myself."

"Well," said the fairy, "then I will for once indulge you; and you shall be left to your own discretion. You shall have your wish, and shall be under no control but that of self, till you become weary of self, and ask me again for your governess."

Rosalinda smiled, and said, "If you will but take this governess away from me, you will do me a great favour; and," added she, "if she does not return till I ask for her again, I think it will be a very long time before she comes back."

"Very well," said the fairy, "I shall remember what you say; in the mean time, as it is now evening, go to bed; and when you are dressed in the morning, send for me, and you shall see what I will do for you."

Agreeably to the words of the fairy, Rosalinda was no sooner awake and dressed the next morning than she called for the fairy, who came to her immediately.

Rosalinda ran to meet her with great joy, and taking her hand, said, "Now, madam, remember your promise: send away this governess, and let me rule myself."

"I am ready," said the fairy, "to keep my word." Then addressing herself to the governess, she said, "You are at liberty, madam, to leave the princess's apartments, and you will find others prepared for you in another part of my palace."

The governess instantly obeyed the fairy's words, and taking leave of the princess, who scarcely deigned to return her compliments, she walked out of the room.

"And now," said the fairy, as soon as the door was shut upon the governess, "follow me, my princess: I have sent away your governess, and I now proceed to fulfil the remainder of my promise." Rosalinda followed the fairy, who led her into the dressing-room, where was the large mirror; and setting the little girl before it, she said, "You see in that mirror, my princess, the person whom you wish to rule over you."

"Yes," said the princess; "I see *myself;* and I de-

sire no other ruler than the person whom that glass now represents."

"On this subject, then," replied the fairy, "you have made up your mind?"

"I have," said the princess.

"But," continued the fairy, "before I give way to you altogether, I will fairly state to you, that there is no tyranny so insupportable as the tyranny of self; because the hardest master or mistress cannot be *always* present with the object of their ill-treatment. The most miserable slave of any other tyrant has some moments of rest and peace; but the slave of self never knows any comfort or ease whatever, because his tyrant is always present with him, and there is no possibility of escape from him."

The princess stared at the fairy with an expression partly of contempt and partly of wonder, while she answered thus: "I repeat, that I desire no ruler but *myself;* and I think that if I cannot please myself, when no other person meddles with me, it will be strange indeed."

"Well," said the fairy, "it is sufficient that I have given you my opinion on this subject; I now proceed to fulfil my promise." So saying, with a wand which she held in her hand she struck the mirror before which they stood, which instantly fell to pieces with a tremendous crash: at the same moment every particle of the broken glass disappeared, and in its place stood the figure which had been represented on its polished surface, fully formed, large as life, the very counterpart and semblance of Rosalinda herself.

The princess, terrified with the noise and the prodigy which ensued, started back, and for some moments stood perfectly silent, till the voice of the fairy recalled her to herself. "Rosalinda," said she, "I have granted your request: behold *yourself!*—the very person you wished to be your governess and ruler—you now have what you required. *This*, which is indeed your very self, shall be your constant companion, the regulator of all your actions, your confidante, your counsellor, and your inseparable companion; and you shall have no other ruler until you desire a change, and are willing, nay, even anxious, to receive again your former governess."

The princess looked as if she thought the day would

never come when she should wish for her governess again: but she was some time in recovering from the amazement which the fairy's wonder-working wand had excited. By degrees, however, she became more composed: and beginning to contemplate her new companion with less surprise, she speedily became pleased with her, admiring her form, her features, her hair, her complexion, and the whole of her person; till at length, fear being quite overcome, she began to caress her.

"And what," said she to the fairy, "must I call her?"

"*Soimême*," replied the fairy.

"O lovely *Soimême*," added the princess, "henceforth I will have no friend but *Soimême*."

The fairy then bidding Rosalinda adieu, said, "My princess, I now leave you, hoping you will acknowledge that I have fulfilled every article of my promise."

The princess assured the fairy that she was perfectly satisfied, and wished her a good morning; delighted to be left entirely under the direction of her darling *Soimême*.

As soon as the fairy was gone, *Soimême*, who had hitherto remained silent, began, without ceremony, to call for her breakfast, and that in a voice so imperious, that Rosalinda started. The breakfast, however, being prepared in the usual apartment, there could be no difficulty, she thought, in supplying her present wants. But when *Soimême* came to the breakfast-table, there was nothing there provided which seemed to please her. And although Rosalinda and the attendants reached for her and set before her the best of every thing upon the table, she cast all from her with contempt, giving way to a violent fit of ill-humour, which lasted till every thing was removed from the table. They then withdrew to the library; where Rosalinda, taking down one book after another, pointed out some which contained beautiful pictures. *Soimême*, however, was not to be amused by these; but after yawning and stretching over them awhile, she at length threw them all upon the floor. The play-room was next tried, where the little servants were directed to take down the playthings from the shelves. And now *Soimême* became more troublesome than ever: she always wanted that plaything which was most difficult to be reached; which was no sooner brought to her, than she would dash it on the ground, and call for another.

The princess next hoped that her inseparable companion might be better pleased in the garden; but neither was any thing found there capable of yielding her satisfaction. The sweetest fruits and the fairest flowers were all equally despised by her; she threw them down at her feet as soon as they were offered her, scarcely deigning to taste the one or smell the other.

At dinner *Soimême* was as difficult to be pleased as on every other occasion; and after dinner she became more violent and troublesome than ever. She would now be dressed afresh, and for that purpose made every one run to fetch her different kinds of dresses. But one was too thick, and another too thin; some too gay, and others too grave:—in short, nothing would please her; so that, after many loud complaints, she finished the evening with a violent fit of crying. On retiring to bed with her little fretful companion, Rosalinda could not help secretly wishing that it were possible to get rid of her, if it were only for a few hours.

In the morning, and during the next day, the same scenes were acted over again. *Soimême* was not to be pleased by any means that could be devised, neither would she suffer poor Rosalinda to enjoy the smallest degree of peace: it was one continued round of fretting, crying, and complaining; while the more Rosalinda endeavoured to please her, the more humoursome she became. But the worst of all was, that the complaints of *Soimême* were for the most part directed against Rosalinda herself, while at the same time she would never leave her, but clung to her so closely, and hung upon her so importunately, that the princess became completely miserable. Yet being too proud to complain to Serena of the ruler she had chosen, she allowed many days to pass away in this manner; during which *Soimême* became more and more violent and imperious. She at length began to pinch and bite the princess whenever she offended her; and this she particularly did when the princess was in bed with her, and trying to go to sleep.

And now indeed poor Rosalinda began to think of the assertion of the fairy—that the most miserable slave of the most cruel tyrant had some moments of peace; but that the slave of self had no rest, no hope, no alleviation of torment. Her pride and false shame, however, for some time restrained her from confessing her wretched

state to the fairy. But at length, finding her situation altogether insupportable, she one morning requested to see Serena; when throwing herself at her feet, she acknowledged her folly and pride, humbly imploring to be set free from the tyranny of *Soimême*, and to be placed once again under the direction of her governess.

"And are you willing," said the fairy, "entirely to submit to your governess in every point, and never to dispute her commands? for upon this condition only can I deliver you from the tyranny of self."

"I am willing," replied the princess, "to endure any thing, rather than be subject any longer to what I have lately suffered."

The fairy, after some farther entreaties and supplications on the part of the princess, brought her once again into the dressing-room, where, touching *Soimême* with her wand, the mirror appeared again in its pristine state, and Rosalinda was delivered from her little tyrant, who took her secret place, as beforetime, in the looking-glass.

"And there," said the joyful Rosalinda, "there let her stay; I shall never again take any delight in looking at her."

"I hope not," said the fairy. "But you must always fear self, and ever guard against its encroachments, never thinking it possible to get sufficiently beyond the reach of its influence."

The same day the fairy brought her good governess back to Rosalinda; unto whose control, I am happy to say, the little princess now readily submitted herself. And from that time she seldom resisted the will of her elders; it being always sufficient for those about Rosalinda, whenever she showed any symptoms of pride and wilfulness, to say, "We will deliver you up to *Soimême*, and leave you with her." This alarming threat was invariably effectual, so firmly resolved was the princess rather to endure any hardship than to be placed again under the dominion of self.

As Rosalinda became meek and submissive, she became also happy. Having discarded self, she began to love all about her; and, perceiving the value of her present advantages, she rapidly improved in every desirable accomplishment.

And now the fairy was enabled to offer her many pleasures which she could not permit her formerly to

enjoy. She often took her in an evening, when she had performed her daily tasks to the satisfaction of her governess, to observe the beautiful scenery of Fairy-land. And sometimes she went with her to walk in a grove of trees resembling rose-trees, but growing to a much greater height than that shrub is ever known to do; which grove is the original seat of that species of white birds mentioned in the beginning of this story.

There the princess saw many of these lovely birds; some feeding their little ones in perfumed nests, formed of the never-fading blossoms of those trees; some singing sweetly in the dark green branches, and others hopping gayly from bough to bough. Serena also frequently led the princess into several green and lovely parks, where were many deer and beautiful young fawns; some white as snow, some of a delicate brown, but all living in sweet harmony together, without fear of dog, or hunter, or any other enemy. At other times the fairy conducted her to the summit of a hill, from whence she showed her the capital of the kingdom, sparkling with gold and diamonds, and lifting its towers and spires to the very clouds. She moreover introduced Rosalinda to her own children, who were settled in different parts of the country. Thus, after the princess had spent the former part of the day in improving herself, the fairy provided her a variety of innocent recreations in the evening.

In this manner the Princess Rosalinda spent several years in the palace of Serena, becoming, after the banishment of *Soimême*, every day more lovely and agreeable, progressively improving in every branch of learning, growing more and more humble, and discovering more and more anxiety to advance the happiness of all around her.

At length the time came when she was to quit Fairy-land, and return to her parents. And on this occasion I leave you to imagine, if you can, the joy of the king and queen in receiving their daughter once again, and especially in seeing her every thing which the most anxious parents could wish to see a favourite child—lovely in outward appearance, but still more excellent in mental accomplishments.

The Princess Rosalinda ascended the throne of her father long before the death of the old king; who, becoming weary of the toils of government, retired at an

advanced age to his queen's palace, having first placed the crown upon the head of his beloved daughter, with the approbation of all his subjects, who long enjoyed the benefit of her well-ordered government. Nor should it be left unrecorded, that the amiable example of this admired princess produced a most desirable change in the disposition of the queen-mother.

The good fairy Serena came every year to see her beloved princess, when she never failed to bring with her Rosalinda's excellent governess: the king and queen also, in company with their daughter, were more than once permitted to visit the fairy at her beautiful palace in Fairy-land.

Miss Jenny Peace had scarcely finished this little story, when the bell ringing, summoned the young people to their dinner: after which Mrs. Teachum taking Miss Jenny apart, inquired of her what she had found that day for the amusement of her little companions.

Miss Jenny then taking the little book from her pocket, presented it to her governess; who, retiring to her closet, occupied herself in reading it till the bell rang for school.

When school was over, and the little ones were preparing for their evening walk, Mrs. Teachum took the opportunity of returning Miss Jenny's book, saying, with a smile, "My dear Miss Jenny, I do not dislike your story, since its tendency is extremely good: but I will give you a reason why fairy-tales and tales of genii, generally speaking, however well-written, can scarcely ever be rendered profitable, and therefore should be sparingly used."

Here Miss Jenny coloured, and her eyes filled with tears. Upon which, Mrs. Teachum affectionately taking her hand, said, "I do not intend by this to blame you for what you have done; but I only wish, my dear child, to lead you from these trifles to better things. You are, I know, strongly impressed with the doctrine of the depravity of human nature, the need of a Saviour, and many other important truths taught in Scripture; you know also how necessary it is not to lose any opportunity of inculcating these doctrines on the minds of young people, according to that scriptural direction:—'For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and

there a little.' Isaiah xxviii. 10. Now, although," continued Mrs. Teachum, "it is not found that very young people are profited by grave discourses, or deep discussions of religious subjects, and that instruction, when conveyed through the medium of some beautiful story or pleasant tale, more easily insinuates itself into the youthful mind than any thing of a drier nature; yet the greatest care is necessary that the instruction thus conveyed should be perfectly agreeable to the Christian dispensation. Fairy-tales therefore are in general an improper medium of instruction, because it would be absurd in such tales to introduce Christian principles as motives of action: and yet we are assured from the highest authority, that no one can do well without the help of the Holy Spirit."

Mrs. Teachum here paused a minute, seeing that Miss Jenny Peace looked as if she did not wholly understand her, and then continued—"Children, my dear, should be perpetually reminded of this important truth, that no human being can so much as think a good thought without divine help: all stories, therefore, in which persons are described as acting well without this help, have a most exceedingly evil tendency. But, since it would be wholly absurd to introduce solemn Christian doctrines into fairy-tales; on this account, such tales should be very sparingly used, it being extremely difficult, if not impossible, from the reason I have specified, to render them generally useful. I do not, however," added she, "always prohibit fairy-tales, my dear child: but when you next have occasion to read to your companions, apply to me, and I will endeavour to furnish you with some story of a superior tendency to the common run of amusing tales."

Miss Jenny thanked Mrs. Teachum for her instructions and kind indulgence; and promising to give her an exact account of their daily amusements, she took leave, and retired to rest.

SATURDAY,

The Second Day.

On Miss Jenny's meeting her companions in the morning after school, in the beloved arbour, she asked them how they liked the history of the Princess Rosalinda.

They all declared that they thought it a very pretty and diverting story.

Miss Jenny then repeated to them the greater part of the conversation which had passed between herself and her governess the evening before, and endeavoured to impress upon their minds this awful truth, namely, that no human being can do well without divine assistance; and that consequently, whatever statements of a different description they might chance to find in fairy-tales, or poems, or heathen histories, should be considered as absolute misrepresentations, because mankind being naturally vile and depraved, cannot possibly do well without the assistance of the Holy Spirit.

The little misses all looked very grave on hearing what Miss Jenny said: and Miss Sukey Jennett answered, "Indeed, Miss Jenny, all these things are so new to us that we cannot understand them on a sudden."

"But we hope that you will understand these things in time, my dear friend," replied Miss Jenny; "and to this end we must pray that God will give you wisdom from above, even that divine wisdom whose price is far above rubies." Miss Jenny then took a little Bible out of her work-bag, and read this verse:—"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

The little girls then began to discuss different parts of the story of Rosalinda; and Miss Sukey Jennett said, "I am most pleased with that part of the story where the mirror falls to pieces, and where Rosalinda sees her own figure come forward. How surprised," said Miss

Sukey, "she must have been! and how little did she think of the tyranny she was about to endure!"

"Why," replied Miss Jenny Peace, "we none of us consider what a tyrant self is, when it gets the upper hand; otherwise I am sure that we should be more earnest in prayer to be delivered from this enemy, which is indeed more to be feared than any other, because it is not an out-of-doors enemy, but one that is always at home." Miss Jenny then proceeded to point out the many evil passions which spring from selfishness: how it leads persons to seek their own gratification at the expense of all around them—to take offence at the slightest affront—and to indulge a desire of revenge as often as they fancy themselves slighted. "Selfish people," said Miss Jenny, "must always be miserable."

Here Miss Sukey interrupted Miss Jenny, acknowledging that she herself had experienced the truth of that observation through all the former part of her life; for that she never had known either true pleasure or peace till within the last few days, when Miss Jenny and Mrs. Teachum had led her to seek for divine assistance to conquer her evil and selfish passions, and to subdue that desire which she had generally felt, of revenging herself on those who appeared not to entertain that good opinion of her to which she imagined herself entitled.

Miss Jenny then asked Miss Sukey if she were willing to take the lead among her companions in favouring them with a relation of her past life.

She answered, she would do it with all her heart; and having so many and great faults to confess, she hoped she should at least benefit her companions by setting them an example of honesty and ingenuousness.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS SUKEY JENNETT.

Miss Sukey Jennett, who was next in age to Miss Jenny Peace, was not quite fourteen years old, but so very tall of her age, that she very nearly approached the stature of Miss Jenny Peace; though by growing so fast, she was much thinner. Her face was naturally handsome, and her complexion fine: but with all this there was something about her which destroyed entirely the effect of her beauty, insomuch that whoever looked upon her felt distaste rather than admiration.

Of which this was the cause—having from early infancy accustomed herself to give way to all her evil passions till they had at length become uncontrollable, her impatience on the least contradiction, even from her superiors, brought such a fierceness into her eyes, which were large and dark, and gave such a degree of discomposure to her whole countenance, as instantly excited the disapprobation of all beholders. Her general manner, too, was haughty, and her carriage full of self-confidence; than which nothing can be more highly unbecoming a sinful creature. But to do Miss Sukey Jennett justice, her eyes, since she had been led to seek the assistance of the Holy Spirit, had lost a great part of their fierceness; and now, with an endeavour to appear mild and obliging, she began to tell her story.

THE LIFE OF MISS SUKEY JENNETT.

"My own mamma died when I was so young that I cannot remember her, and my papa married again within half a year of her death. My new mamma took little notice of me, but gave up most of her time to visiting the neighbouring families, and to other amusements.

"We lived in a large old country-house; and the room which was appropriated to me was divided from the rest of the family by a long passage or gallery. There I was left year after year under the care of an old servant that had lived many years in the family. I was a great favourite with her, and was, in consequence, allowed my own way in every thing. When I was but four years old, if any thing crossed me, I was taught to beat it by way of revenge, even though it could not feel. If I fell down and hurt myself, the very ground was to be beaten for hurting the sweet child: so that instead of fearing to fall, I did not dislike it; being pleased to find myself of such consequence that every thing was under a charge to do me no injury.

"I had a little playfellow in a child of one of my papa's servants, who was to be entirely under my command. This girl I used to beat and abuse whenever I was out of humour; and when I had abused her, if she dared to grumble or make the least complaint, I thought it the greatest impertinence in the world; and, instead of altering my behaviour to her on that account, I grew very angry that she should dare to dispute my authority;

for my governess, that is, the old servant who had the care of me, told her often in my hearing, that she was but a poor girl, and that I was a gentleman's daughter; so that she ought to give way to me in all things, for that I did her great honour in playing with her. Thus I began to think that the distance between us was so great, that our feelings could hardly be alike. But while I myself suffered nothing, I fancied every thing was very right; and it never once came into my head that I could be in the wrong.

"This life I led till I was ten years old; when my stepmother died, and my father's sister came to live with us. My aunt immediately took me from under the care of the old servant, and kept me always with her. She took great pains to instruct me, and procured several masters for that purpose. I was taught to dance, and to hold myself upright, to do fine needle-work, and to write and read. I was laced up in tight stays, and had new silk slips bought for me; my aunt being very particular in having me neat and genteel in my person. I attended my aunt regularly to church on Sundays and holydays, reading the psalms and lessons every day, and repeating my catechism on Sundays. But notwithstanding all this, I do not think that I became any better than when I lived under my old governess: for I hated the restraint in which I was kept, and my heart was then overrun with that pride and those evil thoughts which I have but lately learned to detect and abhor.

"After I had been little more than three years with my aunt, she became weary of the trouble I gave her, and I was sent to this school; where, had it not been for the kind instructions of you, my dear Miss Jenny Peace, and of my governess, I should, no doubt, have gone on from bad to worse. For when I first came here, you cannot imagine how angry I was to find that all my school-fellows thought themselves my equals: so that I was disposed to quarrel, contend, and fight about every thing. Nor should I ever have enjoyed a moment's ease, unless Mrs. Teachum's instructions, through the divine blessing, had opened my eyes to the real cause of all the torments I have experienced through life, and discovered to me the only way in which either forgiveness of the past or help for the future is to be obtained. For although," continued Miss Sukey Jennett, "I was a

constant attendant at church while I was with my aunt, and read my Bible every day, yet I had no just notion whatever of religion; which I now the more wonder at, since I find all that has been taught me here is so plainly written in the Bible, that the most ignorant person might understand it."

Here Miss Sukey ceased; and Miss Jenny, in answer to her last remark, replied, "You express surprise, my dear Miss Sukey, that you did not always understand those doctrines of Scripture which now seem so clear to you; not considering that no person can understand these things without help from above."

Miss Sukey made answer, that she believed it to be as Miss Jenny had said: "for," continued she, "I cannot otherwise imagine how I could read my Bible so often when I was living with my aunt, and go to church so constantly, and yet know nothing of religion."

"And what you or I know even now, my dear Miss Sukey," replied Miss Jenny, "is next to nothing: we are like blind people, whose eyes are just opened; we as yet can only 'see men as trees walking.' Let us therefore continually pray for wisdom from above, to direct us through this present life of sin and danger to eternal happiness in the world to come."

Mrs. Teachum being now come into the arbour to observe in what manner her little scholars were passing their time, they all rose up to do her reverence. Miss Jenny then gave her an account how they had been employed; and she was much pleased with the innocent and useful entertainment they had fallen upon, but especially with the plan they had adopted of relating their past lives: and she remarked, that the grand use of numbering or taking account of their days, was, that they might apply their hearts unto wisdom. Psalm xc. 12. She then took little Polly Suckling by the hand, and bidding the rest follow, it being dinner-time, she walked towards the house, attended by the whole company.

Mrs. Teachum had a great inclination to hear the history of the lives of all her little scholars; but she feared that her presence at these relations might so far check the speakers, as to prevent a free confession of their past faults one to another. Therefore, that she might not be any bar in this case to freedom of speech, and yet might become acquainted with their stories

(which was not in her a vain curiosity, but a desire by this means to know their different dispositions), she called Miss Jenny Peace into her parlour after dinner, and told her that she would have her to procure the lives of her companions in writing, and bring them to her, if the young ladies were not unwilling that she should see them: "For," said she, "I would upon no account wish to see them, if my little pupils feel any reluctance in granting me this proof of their confidence."

Miss Jenny readily promised to obey the commands of her governess.

In the evening the little company again met in their charming arbour; where they were no sooner seated than the cries and sobs of a child at a little distance from the garden disturbed their tranquillity. Miss Jenny, ever ready to relieve the distressed, ran immediately to the place whence the sound seemed to proceed, and was followed by all her companions: when, at a small distance from Mrs. Teachum's garden-wall, over which from the terrace the young company were able to look abroad, they saw, under a large spreading tree, part of the branches of which shaded a seat at the end of the terrace, a middle-aged woman beating a little girl, who seemed to be about eight years old, so severely, that it was no wonder her cries had reached their arbour. Miss Jenny could not help calling out to the woman, and begging her to forbear; while little Polly Suckling cried as much as the girl, and desired that she might not be beaten any more.

The woman then, from respect to them, let the child go, who ran away as fast as she could. The poor woman then addressing herself to the young ladies, as they stood looking over the wall, said, "Indeed, my pretty misses, you don't know what a naughty girl this is: for though you have seen me correct her in this manner, yet I am in all respects kind to her, and never strike her but for lying. I have tried all means, good and bad, to break her of this vile fault; but hitherto all I have done has been in vain, nor can I ever get one word of truth out of her mouth. I am resolved, however, to break her of this horrid custom: for though I am but a poor woman, yet I consider it as my bounden duty to breed up my child to be honest both in word and deed."

"It does not become me," replied Miss Jenny, "to offer my advice to a person so much older than myself; but perhaps you will not be offended at my asking whether you have put your little girl upon praying against this sin, and seeking assistance from God to enable her to overcome it."

"My dear miss," answered the poor woman, "my little girl says her prayers nights and mornings with her brothers and sisters; but I do not know that she ever prays especially against this sin."

"But," said Miss Jenny, kindly, "you should lead her to confess this her grievous offence before God, and instruct her in her religious duties, if you have not hitherto done so; and God will, no doubt, bless your endeavours."

The young ladies then threw down a few half-pence to the poor woman, and returned to their arbour.

On being again seated, Miss Jenny could not help expressing her great detestation of all lying whatsoever: when Miss Dolly Friendly colouring, confessed that she had often been guilty of this fault, though scarcely ever but for the purpose of serving a friend.

Here Miss Jenny interrupting her, said, that friendship was no sort of excuse for lying. "If our friends do ill," she said, "we ought to be silent respecting their faults; and indeed it is a duty we owe to every one, not unnecessarily to mention their failings. But true friendship has a view to another world, as well as to the present," added Miss Jenny; "and whoever encourages another to do ill, or upholds him in an evil course, is so far from being the friend of that person, that he may properly be called his worst enemy."

Miss Jenny was proceeding, but on perceiving that Miss Dolly Friendly was covered with confusion, she held out her hand to her, saying, she hoped that Miss Dolly would take this opportunity of obliging them with the history of her past life: which request the young lady made no hesitation to grant, assuring the company that the shame she felt for her past faults should by no means induce her to conceal them.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS DOLLY FRIENDLY.

Miss Dolly Friendly was just turned twelve years of age. Her person was neither plain nor handsome.

She had generally something very quiet or rather indolent in her appearance, except when she was moved by anger, which seldom happened except in defence of some friend or favourite; on which occasion she exhibited a fierceness and eagerness which altered her whole countenance. But her friendships hitherto, though violent, had been liable to frequent changes and interruptions; as is indeed the case with all friendships which are not formed under the control of religion. We may hope, however, that the affection which Miss Dolly Friendly has lately indulged for Miss Jenny Peace is of that kind which will prove lasting, since it has already, with God's blessing, produced a happy influence upon her conduct.

Miss Dolly Friendly then no sooner understood that it was Miss Jenny Peace's wish that she should relate her history, than she immediately began as follows.

THE LIFE OF MISS DOLLY FRIENDLY.

"I was bred up till I was nine years of age with a sister, who was one year younger than myself. I had a very great love for my sister, and yet I fear that I did not make her happy: for I was so extremly jealous lest she should like any one as well as she did me, that I was on the constant fret. Sometimes my little sister Molly could do nothing to offend me; her very word and act appeared right in my eyes: and my friendship for her, as I called it, was carried to such a height, that I scrupled no lies to excuse her faults, justifying whatever she did, and thinking it right only because she did it. I was ready to fight all her battles, whether right or wrong, and hated everybody that offended her. But in the midst of all this apparent love, I was jealous and uneasy; and made her so too, because I used to think that I did not receive from her a suitable return. And all this time every person that visited at our house was accustomed to speak in high terms of my affectionate conduct towards my sister, filling me with much self-conceit on that account.

"At length my poor little sister grew very sickly, and died. I appeared to mourn very deeply for her; and yet, not long afterward, so volatile was I that I attached myself to a young lady of my own age, or rather older, who lived next door to us. She was not of a

good character; and, being extremely artful, she led me into many great faults, insomuch that my mother shortly insisted upon my giving her up; after which I was not allowed to go out, except in company with my mother. But it was not long before this habit of forming violent attachments became a snare to me again: for my mother having lately hired a new waiting-maid, my wandering affections were soon fixed upon her: and to her I went with my complaints as often as I was controlled or contradicted. She soothed and flattered me; and I, in return concealed from my mother all the numerous faults of which she was guilty.

"At length, however, my mother found out this indiscreet intimacy, and sent me hither; where I immediately attached myself to Miss Nancy Spruce: and I should, no doubt, have been the means of leading her into many indiscretions by my foolish affection, had not you, my dear Miss Jenny, given us your good advice, and taught us the necessity of maintaining a more reasonable mode of conduct."

"Give not that honour to me, my dear Miss Dolly," replied Miss Jenny, "but to God: for if I have been enabled to offer you any good advice, it was by the assistance of God, since of ourselves we can do no one good thing."

Miss Dolly Friendly replied, "Indeed, Miss Jenny, I begin to think as you do upon this subject; although, a very little time ago, I should have been exceedingly offended if any one had told me that I was a sinful person, having always looked upon myself as a very good girl."

The bell now summoned our little company to supper, when they all went into the house in a sweet and peaceful state of mind.

SUNDAY,

The third Day.

On this blessed day the little society were awakened by the ringing of bells; and being all dressed with neatness, they assembled for prayers in the school-room. The morning was exceedingly fine, and the windows of the school-room being open, the whole room was filled with the fragrant smell of flowers. The little party had already learned from Mrs. Teachum and Miss Jenny Peace to love the Lord's-day more than any other, and to consider it as a day of sacred rejoicing, when the usual labours of the week were to be laid aside, and the service of God to be attended upon without interruption.

After breakfast each little miss took her Bible, for Mrs. Teachum had expressed her desire that no other but the book of God should be studied on the Lord's-day; and as each of the children was provided with a Bible, it was very pleasing to see so many little immortal creatures employed in studying the words of everlasting life. When the hour of divine service arrived, Mrs. Teachum put Miss Polly Suckling before her, while the rest followed, two and two, with perfect regularity to church.

Mrs. Teachum expressed great pleasure in noticing that her scholars, notwithstanding their tender age, behaved with becoming seriousness and decorum at this sacred place.

They went to church again in the same order, and behaved with equal decency in the afternoon: after which, by invitation, the young people all drank tea in Mrs. Teachum's parlour.

The conversation, during tea-time, turned upon religious subjects, which Mrs. Teachum was anxious to render particularly agreeable to the young people.

After tea, the Bible was again produced, and Miss Jenny Peace, as the eldest, was directed to read such parts as Mrs. Teachum thought proper to select.

The Bible is full of beautiful stories, which, the more

we read, the more interesting they become. This holy book, unlike every other, never wearies the attentive reader, but the more it is studied, the more it delights. And to speak its highest praise, this is the book which, rightly understood, leads the wandering sinner back to his God, and sets him in the way of everlasting happiness.

Many of these little ones had never till this evening found any real pleasure in listening to the Scriptures: for till now they had not that preparation of heart which is necessary in order to render the Word of God acceptable. But having now, by God's blessing, conceived the wish to do well, they found a pleasure in their religious duties of which they formerly could not even form an idea.

At an early hour the little party retired to their sleeping-room, where they enjoyed that sweet and peaceful repose, to which the tranquillizing exercises of the Sabbath do naturally lead the way.

MONDAY,

The fourth Day.

As soon as school was over in the morning, our little company were impatient to go into the arbour, to hear the story which their kind governess had promised them on the Saturday before. But Mrs. Teachum was now obliged to inform them that they must be otherwise employed: for that their writing-master, who lived some miles off, and who had been expected in the afternoon, had just then come in, and begged their attendance, though out of school-time, because he was obliged to be at home again before the afternoon, to meet a person from whom he expected a great favour, and who would be highly disobliged should he not keep his appointment. "And I know," said Mrs. Teachum, "my little dears, you would rather lose your own amusement than let any one suffer a real inconvenience on your account."

They all readily complied, and cheerfully went to

their writing. So in the afternoon Mrs. Teachum permitted them to leave off work an hour sooner than usual, as a reward for the readiness they had shown to give up their morning amusement; and having assembled in the arbour, Miss Jenny Peace read to them as follows.

THE HISTORY OF ALBERT DE LA HAUTEVILLE.

In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, there was a large party among the king's ministers who were the determined enemies of pure religion, and who frequently employed themselves in forming plans for the destruction of such persons in the king's dominions as most eminently devoted themselves to the service of God.

Among those against whom the rancour of these wicked persons as particularly excited, were a certain race of poor people who inhabited the valleys of Piedmont, a district in the south of France, lying between the Alps and Pyrenees.

These poor people, called the Waldenses, having lived for many ages shut out from the world, in deep and sequestered valleys, had there preserved among them the purity of the Christian religion without any mixture of human traditions; while all the surrounding countries were polluted with the errors of popery. They had no images in their churches; they invoked neither saints nor angels; neither did they acknowledge any other mediator than Jesus Christ, nor rely upon any other merit than that of his immaculate righteousness and his atoning death. They were a light shining in darkness. They were a poor and afflicted people, left in the midst of the wicked nations of Europe, trusting in the name of the Lord. Zeph. iii. 12.

It might seem extraordinary how so poor a race of people as these Waldenses, living in retirement, and quietly serving their God, should incur the hatred of the great men of a flourishing court, did we not know, from the experience of ages, that the children of this world are always unfriendly to the children of God. Our Lord himself predicted that it should be so—"If the world hate you," said he, in that last unutterably tender and affectionate discourse which he held with his disciples, "ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye

were of the world, the world would love its own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." John xv. 18, 19.

Accordingly therefore, as their master Christ had foretold, the Waldenses were hated by the world, and many plans for their destruction were formed by their enemies. Among other plans, it was proposed that some of the persecuting party should visit the inhabitants of these valleys in disguise, for the purpose of procuring evidence of their treasonable words or practices against church or state, if any of their private words or actions might by any means be so interpreted. Several persons came forward to offer themselves for this horrible service: but he that was most importunate to be thus employed was Albert de la Hauteville, a young man of noble parentage, and great address, handsome and accomplished, but utterly destitute of religious or moral feeling. Albert was believed to be best capable of accomplishing the hateful design of the court party, and his services accordingly were accepted in preference to those of every other person.

Albert de la Hauteville having received suitable instructions from his base employers, and being provided with every thing necessary for his journey, set out without loss of time from Paris. On arriving within a day's journey of the mountains, he therefore put off his own dress, and assumed that of a peasant of those parts. Then taking a staff in his hand, together with one of the books or confessions of the Waldenses, called *The Noble Lesson*, with a copy of which he had taken care to provide himself, he penetrated on foot into the valleys, endeavouring to make acquaintance with their poor and simple inhabitants wherever he went. He travelled for some days through scenes of extraordinary beauty, stopping at many houses in his way; but without seeing or hearing any thing that could be turned to the condemnation of these innocent people.

His first night's lodging was at a cottage on the declivity of a hill. The cottage was so low, and the hill so steep, that the back part of the thatch of the house rested on the side of the hill; while the front of the cottage overhung a deep dingle, thickly planted with trees, which almost hid from the eye a stream that rushed rapidly along the bottom.

Here lived a very old man and his daughter, who was herself a widow, and not very young. On the traveller's asking for a night's lodging, these poor people received him kindly, supplying him with goat's milk and cakes baked on the hearth. He, in the mean time, pretending to be one of their own way of thinking, led the old man to speak upon religious subjects: and when he believed that he had won his confidence, he ventured to insinuate something against the king and the Roman Catholic doctrines, hoping thus to draw on his venerable host to utter something, which he might convert to the horrible purpose of his journey. But the old man replied, "My son, if you really are a sincere child of God, you will find enough to do in your own soul's concerns, without meddling in matters which belong not to you."

Albert de la Hauteville here stood rebuked and ashamed before this venerable Christian: he could not look up; deep blushes covered his cheek: and he felt as if the old man could look into his very heart. His confusion however not being perceived, he speedily recovered himself, though without attempting any thing further in that place.

The next evening Monsieur de la Hauteville arrived at a cottage in the very deepest recesses of the valley, lying between two lofty mountains. The last rays of the departing sun had shed a faint light on their towering summits, when he knocked at the cottage-door. He was immediately admitted into a little neat room, where a father and mother, and six smiling children of various ages, were taking their last meal, of which he was kindly invited to partake.

Here again, after supper, this wicked young man endeavoured to discover the real sentiments of the poor inhabitants of the cottage, and through them, of their neighbours in general, respecting the king and the religion of the papists. But the father of the family, believing his visiter to be one of his own religion and country, advised him to leave these public matters, and to look to his own spiritual concerns, as a better and more profitable occupation of his time and thoughts than that of speculating upon national affairs.

In the morning Albert took leave of these poor people, not in the least softened by their kindness, but rather enraged to find that as yet he had discovered no matter of information against the inhabitants of the valleys.

It would make my story too long, were I to describe all the wanderings of this young man among these valleys. Suffice it to say, that contriving to get himself admitted through several of those passes, which they were in the habit of keeping guarded for fear of surprisals from their enemies, he at length arrived at one of their most considerable villages. This village lying at the foot of one of the highest mountains, he resolved to rest there awhile, before he attempted to cross the mountains; which he was determined to do, meaning to return through the valleys by a route different from that which had conducted him to this spot.

Now, as he remained quiet in this village, soliciting rest of body for a few days before he undertook fresh fatigues, his mind became troubled with many uneasy thoughts, among which those of shame and rage, arising from the recollection of his hitherto baffled attempts, were the most powerful and tormenting. And such was the agitation of his thoughts that he could take no rest, finding it almost impossible any longer to preserve the character which he had assumed among the inhabitants of the valleys.

Amid these oppressive feelings, he at length resolved to continue his journey; and, for that purpose, sought a guide to conduct him over the mountain.

A guide being obtained, he was advised also to procure a horse, as the passage was long, though not particularly dangerous.

Albert's journey was delayed for some days, owing to the difficulty of procuring him a horse. And even after the arrival of the horse, both the guide and the villagers besought Monsieur de la Hauteville still to defer his journey a little longer, as the present appearance of the mountain portended an approaching tempest, its summit being unusually covered with black clouds, from which frequent flashes of lightning were emitted. The young man's impatience, however, would admit of no farther delay: so, after giving his horse one night's rest, he set out with his guide early the next morning, even before it was light.

Monsieur de la Hauteville, following his guide, had reached a small house at a very considerable height, where refreshments of a coarse kind might be obtained before the sun arose.

Here they stopped, and here Albert was again advised

not to proceed any farther at present; as those who were best acquainted with the appearance of the sky in that part of the country predicted a tremendous storm. The rash young man, however, would not be advised; but breaking out with a violence which made his simple guide to tremble, he commanded him to lead the way; while he followed, impiously braving every danger that threatened him.

The travellers continued to ascend the mountain during the whole of the former part of the day, the guide expressing a hope that, God permitting, they might reach some place of shelter and refreshment on the opposite side of the mountain before night should come on, and before the lowering storm should break over their heads.

About five o'clock, however, the threatening storm burst upon them with a violence which surpassed all that had been predicted. The wind roaring and rushing down the valleys made it almost impossible to stand upon the eminence on which the travellers now found themselves; the rain poured down in torrents, filling the ravines, which but lately had appeared perfectly dry; while the thunder rolled over their heads in one tremendous roar. The sky was at the same time enveloped in a darkness that would have been total, had it not been interrupted by frequent flashes of lightning, which only added horror to the scene, by displaying the deep precipices on one side of the road, and the impending crags on the other.

It is impossible to describe the exasperating effect which the horrors of this scene produced upon the mind of the wicked Hauteville. I forbear to repeat his impious exclamations. His guide entreated him, for the love of God, to dismount and wait patiently till the fury of the storm should be overpast: but, madly determining to proceed, he urged on his horse, saying, "that the road was surely wide enough for their passage;" and using expressions which I dare not repeat. So he pushed furiously forward, in the face of death and eternal destruction.

In the midst of this mad career, a flash of lightning striking a tree on the right-hand, drove it suddenly across the road just before La Hauteville's horse, which, springing up on his hind legs, plunged head foremost down a precipice on the left-hand.

Albert de la Hauteville for less than a moment felt himself borne up over the immense precipice, but what followed he knew not—a deep sleep, attended with confused dreams, and accompanied with dreadful pains and burning heats, occupied a considerable interval—after which he opened his eyes, and his recollection was restored to him.

He found himself lying on a bed in a very humble but neat apartment. A female of modest and gentle deportment sat working with her needle by his bedside, from time to time looking at him with a careful and anxious countenance. A venerable man sat by the fireside, with a few old books before him on a small table. There was one window in the room, filled with glass in small panes, through which nothing could be seen but trees. An outer door stood wide open, admitting the fresh and balmy air, which seemed to bear with it the smell of sweet herbs; and a view of mountains, a few miles distant, was caught through this open door. Many culinary utensils were neatly ranged round this apartment, affording an idea of comfort and cleanliness.

This was the scene which presented itself to the eyes of Monsieur de la Hauteville, while as yet he knew not whether he was still asleep or awaking from a long dream—he felt himself, however, very weak and disinclined to speak. He looked round him again; and, at length, turning his eyes towards the woman who sat by his bed, she arose, and presented him something to drink, which he gladly received, being parched with thirst. As she put the cup down, she said, "He drinks heartily—God bless it to him." Her gentle voice seemed to affect him; he tried to speak, but found it impossible; and being immediately again overcome with a temporary stupor, he remained, he knew not how long, unconscious of what passed. But after awhile, recovering himself again, he opened his eyes to the same scene; with this variation, that the bright gilding of the hills then indicated the evening hour.

Looking round him again he endeavoured to recollect himself; and while his mind was thus engaged, a young man, simply dressed, but of a very beautiful and majestic appearance, entered the house, and after addressing the inhabitants thereof as his parents, they all three approached the bed, where they stood looking upon the miserable person who lay thereon.

The young man, with seeming earnestness, addressed several questions to his parents concerning the state of the sick stranger; and then said in a solemn manner, "God grant to this unhappy person time for repentance! How wonderful are the dealings of the Almighty!" He then added, "God is not to be deceived, whatever the hypocrite may suppose: *He can judge through the dark cloud.*" Job xxii. 13.

"My son," replied the old man, "let us hope that this unhappy stranger has been spared as an example of the mercy of God." He then addressed himself to Monsieur Hauteville, and inquired after his health, saying, "Sir, you look better: are you able to speak to us? Fear not; you are surrounded by friends."

Monsieur Hauteville made several ineffectual efforts to speak connectedly. Upon which the female before mentioned begged that he might be left to himself till after she had given him food.

Monsieur de la Hauteville's recovery was slow and much retarded by the anguish of his mind. He perceived from the few words spoken by the young man at his bedside, that his character was in part, if not wholly, known to those very persons, by whose care, he doubted not, that his life had been preserved. And now their disinterested kindness to him, their holy deportment, the purity of their discourse, and their strict observation of religious duties, of which he was a daily witness—all these were as coals of fire heaped on his head; while his mind, as he became gradually convinced of the purity of that religion which could produce such beautiful fruit, was more and more torn with the horrors of remorse.

By these painful feelings his recovery was greatly retarded: and at length when he became able to speak, not knowing how to address the persons who were about him, he preserved a mournful and sullen silence for a considerable length of time.

In this state of mind the unhappy Hauteville continued, till the young man of whom I before spoke undertook to expostulate with him. And accordingly, one afternoon, his father and mother having purposely gone out, he thus addressed him: "Monsieur de la Hauteville," said he, closing the door of the house, and approaching an easy chair, into which Albert had that day been removed, "it is time that we should enter into an explanation of every circumstance connected with our unexpected

meeting in this place. My father's name," continued the young man, "is Eugene Stephens. He is the pastor of a small congregation among these mountains. My name is Bartholomew; and I have been brought up with a view, if God permit, to fill my excellent father's place on earth, when he shall be removed to a better world. Such," added the young man, "is our history: nor is your name unknown to us, nor yet the motives which brought you into these valleys—you betrayed yourself in the delirium caused by that tremendous fall in which your horse was destroyed. In that delirium you uttered many words against the Most High; and the Almighty at that time thoroughly removed the thin mask of hypocrisy which you had assumed for the deception and ruin of the inhabitants of these valleys.

"Thus the Ruler of all things has stopped you in the mad career of your crimes; he has brought you down, and laid you low, in order, I trust, to exalt you for ever. You have suffered greatly in body, after being favoured with an almost miraculous escape. You are now no longer ignorant of the nature of the faith of the Waldenses; since the public confession of our faith was found in your pocket. Moreover, in your travels among us, you have had frequent opportunities of hearing the unadulterated word of God; as well as in this house, where the sacred Scriptures are daily read in your hearing, and we anxiously hope not wholly without effect. If haply you become our friend and a favourer of our religion, you will probably be despised and rejected of men; for *we* are not of the world, and the world loves us not: but in that case God himself will stand forth as your almighty friend, and your everlasting protector—your past offences also will be blotted out by the blood of Christ, who made a full atonement for your sins by offering himself up once for all upon the cross."

Here the young pastor paused a moment, perceiving that Monsieur Hauteville was greatly affected. His earnest and open manner of address had, with God's blessing, touched the heart of this unhappy young man, who thus replied: "O my friend!—if such a wretch as I am may presume to address you by that endearing title,—how shall I dare to look up to you or to your respected parents! or how is it possible for me to hope that such offences as mine can ever be forgiven; committed as they have been, at once, against God, and

against those whom I now know to be his persecuted children?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ," replied the younger Stephens, "cleanseth from all sin. Pray then for those gracious and effectual operations of the Holy Ghost, which alone can illuminate our souls, and lead them fully to rely on the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ." (*See Confession of Faith of the Waldenses.*)

In reply to this, Monsieur Hauteville broke forth into an agony of grief, representing to Bartholomew the dreadful manner in which he had been brought up; not only in utter ignorance of religion, but with the most sovereign contempt for it, as well as in the indulgence of every evil passion. "Even," added he, "could my last intended offence against the inhabitants of these valleys—could this grievous crime be forgiven,—my whole life has been spent in sin, my heart is totally depraved, and my habits are altogether polluted." Then looking earnestly in the face of his companion, he added, "I have surely passed the utmost limits of mercy."

"Though your sins be red as scarlet," replied the young pastor, "believe in Christ the Saviour, and they shall be white as wool. Know that Christ the Saviour rejects none who apply to him. He is the only true Redeemer and Intercessor; and through his all-prevailing mediation, the vilest sinner has free access to the Father. Invoke him therefore with a holy confidence; for he will not reject you. Has he not already testified his tender love towards you, by your late remarkable preservation? Wherefore then should you call in question his farther good-will towards you?"

It would take up too much time were I to repeat all the arguments used by the young pastor of the Vaudois, to induce Albert de la Hauteville to return right humbly unto God: it shall suffice to say, that his arguments were not unattended with a blessing.

When Eugene Stephens and his wife returned, they found Monsieur de la Hauteville still hearkening attentively to their son, gazing earnestly on his grave and interesting countenance, and exhibiting marks of the deepest contrition. Then placing themselves on each side of Monsieur de la Hauteville, and each of them taking one of his hands, they expressed themselves towards him with all the solicitude of tender parents,

beseeching him to have mercy upon his own immortal soul.

But, not to repeat all that passed between Albert de la Hauteville and this pious family, this only shall be added, that before Albert was able to leave the peaceful dwelling of Eugene Stephens, he became fully sensible, through God's blessing, of the wickedness of his former life, and more especially of the heinous nature of the plan which had been formed for the destruction of the holy inhabitants of these valleys; and that he was brought heartily to thank God for the accident by which he had been stopped short in the midst of his detestable undertaking.

The pastor possessed several copies of the Scriptures in the French language, which afforded Monsieur de la Hauteville an opportunity of studying them at his leisure. And being duly prepared for such an exercise, by great affliction both of body and mind, it was rendered peculiarly beneficial to him; insomuch that, old things passing away and all things becoming new, he might now have travelled through the valleys without need of guile or concealment. And thus, through the all-converting power of the gospel, the lion was transformed into a lamb.

As soon as Monsieur Hauteville had sufficiently recovered from the effects of his fall, the elder Stephens, one fine evening, led him out to look at the spot where the accident had taken place. It was not a hundred yards from the pastor's house, and still nearer to his little church. In this very spot was the grave of Monsieur de la Hauteville's horse; the turf had not as yet grown over it. Immediately above rose the hill, in a precipitous elevation of many feet, interrupted only by a few rock-plants. Albert knelt by the grave of his horse, and looking up, returned thanks to Almighty God for his wonderful escape. Inconceivable things passed in his mind; but his countenance indicated the strongest feelings of gratitude. After rising from his knees, he thus addressed himself to the venerable pastor, with many tears—"O thou, my more than father! how can I ever repay the immense debt of gratitude I owe thee? With God's help, I will return to Paris, and in the face of all the enemies of the Vaudois I will there bear witness to the purity of their lives: after which I will publicly renounce the Roman Catholic religion, and

cast in my lot with the despised and persecuted of the earth."

As soon as Albert de la Hauteville was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, which was not indeed for some months after his fall, he returned to Paris; where God gave him strength publicly to declare himself the friend of the Vaudois, and a convert to their religion; and though disgrace and persecution followed this avowal, he was enabled faithfully to persevere in the righteous course he had chosen, even unto the end.

The last days of Albert de la Hauteville were spent in a prison in Paris, into which he was thrown under some false pretence, though, in reality, on account of his religion. In these circumstances he evidenced the greatness of his faith, by rejoicing in tribulation, and looking unto his end with a hope full of immortality; not only satisfied, but thankful that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for his Saviour's sake. And not long before his death, declared himself abundantly happier in the gloomy recesses of his prison, than he had been when enjoying all the dissolute pleasures of the capital.

Here Miss Jenny ceased reading, when all her hearers sat some little time silent. At length she said, "From this story, my dear companions, you see the power and goodness of God in bringing this sinful young man to the knowledge of himself and of his gracious Saviour. Only imagine what he must have felt, on finding himself in a state so helpless in the house of one of those poor innocent persons, whose ruin he had so artfully endeavoured to compass!" Miss Jenny made several farther remarks upon this story, for which she was thanked by her school-fellows: but Miss Lucy Sly was the most sensibly touched with the character of Albert, as art and cunning had formerly been the chief characteristics of her own mind. So turning with blushes to her companions, she said, "if they were not weary at present of their arbour, she would recount to them the history of her life."

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS LUCY SLY.

Miss Lucy Sly was of the same age as Miss Dolly Friendly, but shorter at least by half the head; and had

she not been in the habit of indulging many evil passions, she might have been thought pretty. She had a pair of fine black eyes: but those eyes had an expression of cunning, which at times give them a very unpleasant appearance. It was however to be hoped that, as religion acquired greater influence over her mind, her countenance would become more agreeable. She had a high forehead, and very beautiful black hair; but the habitual defect of temper above noted had so affected her mouth as to give a very unlovely expression to the lower part of her face.

There is nothing which so much disfigures any face as the indulgence of evil passions; whereas, a countenance expressing the graces of the Holy Spirit is beautiful even in sickness, in old age, and in death itself. But to return to Miss Lucy Sly, who with the blessing of God, through the means of Mrs. Teachum and Miss Jenny Peace, was now in a way to acquire that beauty of holiness which excels as much the mere beauty of feature and complexion, as the glory of heaven surpasses the twinkling of a candle.

THE LIFE OF MISS LUCY SLY.

"From the time that I was two years old," said Miss Lucy, "my mamma was so sickly, that she was unable to take care of me herself, in consequence of which I was left to the charge of a governess, who, I suppose, had no religion, since I do not know that she ever spoke to me upon the subject. She did not seem to care what became of me, provided that I gave her no trouble; for she used to sit all day in the room appointed for our use with her feet upon the fender and a book in her hand. She took no trouble whatever to make me good, and yet was very angry if any one found fault with me. And whenever I had done any mischief, she often used to say that it was the footboy, and not miss, that had done it; nay, she would say it was the dog, or the cat, or any thing she could lay the blame on, rather than own me to be in fault; supposing, I imagine, that some part of the blame falling upon me would attach to herself.

"I was very well pleased at all this, and began soon to think that I could never be in fault, supposing myself

indeed to be a very good girl; so that I was very much surprised when I heard you, Miss Jenny, and my governess, speak of me as being a sinner; and I must own that I was at first much offended at it. But to return to my story.

"All this time, while I thought myself so good a girl, I constantly told lies, and laid all my faults on others. I remember once, when I had broken a fine china cup, that I artfully got out of the scrape by hiding the cup in the footboy's room, which brought upon him a severe correction. I felt, however, neither shame nor remorse on this account; and indeed I had almost forgotten it, till I came here and received better instruction. But since that time I have seen my past life in a very different point of view, and do feel myself at present to be a very great sinner.

"This custom of endeavouring to deceive," continued Miss Lucy Sly, "I continued till I came to school: where I soon discovered that I could not so well carry on my wicked schemes; since our good governess was not so easily to be imposed upon as my relations at home. Neither would any of my school-fellows submit to be punished wrongfully for my sake, as the poor footboy had often unhappily been. These things at first made me very angry indeed; though I now wonder at my folly herein. This is all I know of my life hitherto; and I am truly sorry and ashamed that I have no better an account of myself to lay before you."

Thus ended Miss Lucy Sly; when Miss Jenny Peace said, "My dear friend, you have great cause to give thanks to Almighty God, who has produced in you the first blessed work of the Holy Spirit, in giving you a sense of the great wickedness of your past life. We are naturally dead in sin, and our consciences are so dull and hard, that we go on committing the most grievous offences, without being in the least sensible of them. But when the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit reach the heart, we then become sensible of our sins, our consciences are made tender, and we are humbled both before God and our fellow-creatures. I doubt not, my dear Miss Lucy, that you are now sincerely grieved to think of your injustice towards the poor footboy, and that you are anxious, in some way or other, to make up for your evil treatment of him."

"Indeed," replied Miss Lucy, "I would do so if I could; and it would afford me pleasure if you could point out to me some proper method of making him reparation."

"The way, my dear," said Miss Jenny, "is very plain: you have nothing to do but, on writing next to your mamma, to confess your faults respecting him."

Miss Lucy coloured, and the tears came into her eyes: but after a moment's hesitation, she said, "I will, Miss Jenny, with God's help, follow your advice; although, I own, it will put me to extraordinary pain. I thank God I see my duty, and I will pray for help to perform it."

Miss Jenny put her arms round Miss Lucy's neck, and kissed her tenderly, while they mingled their tears together. All the rest of the little party were much affected with this proof of true penitence; and they were still shedding tears of joy when the bell summoned them to supper: soon after which they retired to rest.

TUESDAY,

The fifth Day.

Our little company, as soon as the morning school-hours were over, hastened to their arbour, attentively expecting what Miss Jenny Peace would propose to them for their amusement till dinner-time; when Miss Jenny taking out of her pocket a little gilt book, said, if they pleased, she would read them another short story, which, if they had not met with it before, she had no doubt would afford them pleasure.

They all eagerly asked the title of the story; to which Miss Jenny replied, "It is the History of the hard-hearted little Girl."

The young ladies all assured Miss Jenny that they had never heard of the book before; upon which she immediately began to read.

THE HISTORY OF MISS FANNY; OR, THE HARD-HEARTED LITTLE GIRL

In a small sea-port town, or rather village, in the north-west of England, there formerly lived a very respectable widow lady, named Hill, who having two daughters, endeavoured to bring them up in the fear of God, and in useful habits.

The eldest of these was married while young to a gentleman of the name of King, and was so unfortunate as in a very few years to lose her husband and two sons. One little girl only remained to her, with whom she returned to her mother's house, devoting the remainder of her days to the service of her God, to her aged mother, and to this little daughter, who was still in a state of infancy on her father's removal. What time this excellent woman could spare from these her first duties, she consecrated to the poor: and thus happily employing her hours, she found that consolation, which the active performance of duty seldom fails to afford in affliction.

The name of Mrs. King's little daughter was Anna; and the discreet manner in which she was educated soon showed itself in her gentle and amiable deportment, as well as in the sweet expression of her countenance.

Mrs. Hill's second daughter was married a few years after her sister to the captain of a merchant vessel, whose family resided in the same village; a man of rough manners, and not altogether pleasing to the old lady: but as her daughter's mind was set upon the connexion, Mrs. Hill had not thought it right to control her inclinations any further than by expressing her disapprobation, and giving her reasons for so doing. And this indeed ought to have been sufficient to make the young lady hesitate, if not entirely to lay aside all thoughts of the marriage.

The captain's name was Saunders. He possessed a handsome house in the village, not far from Mrs. Hill's neat little dwelling; and as he was frequently from home for months together, it might have been a great comfort to Mrs. Saunders to be so near her mother and sister.

Mrs. Saunders had, like her sister, one little girl, who,

being about the age of her cousin, would have been a very pleasant and proper companion for her, had they been educated upon the same plan. . But whereas Anna was brought up, as we before said, in the most unexceptionable manner; little Fanny Saunders was seldom subjected to any control: in consequence of which, she became from day to day more selfish and more obstinate. For such is the depravity of our nature, that it is not sufficient to remove children from the view of actual evil; but they must be persuaded and compelled to do well by every inducement that can be held forth to them for that purpose.

We may suppose that Mrs. Hill, when she saw the difference between her two little grandchildren, did not spare expostulation with her younger daughter on the occasion; neither can we believe that Mrs. King, who was so very anxious to bring up her own child properly, could refrain from speaking freely to her sister upon the subject. But whatever arguments they might use, they produced no effect upon the conduct of Mrs. Saunders. She was too partial to her daughter to dwell much upon her faults, always speaking of her as of a mere baby, who would do better as she grew older. In vain the grandmother would say, "If you wish your child to behave well in youth, you must compel her to do so as an infant; and if you desire her to be a pious woman, you must endeavour to make her a pious child: that is, the means appointed by God must be employed, in order to secure so desirable an end. And though the best means which we can use," this pious old lady would add, "must of themselves fall far short of the proposed end; since no parent can so far change the heart of a child, as to inspire it either with divine love or with self-abhorrence, the parent is nevertheless bound to do all in his power to effect this mighty work, looking up in faith for the blessing of God on his endeavours."

The only effect which Mrs. Hill's expostulations produced upon her daughter was this, that instead of controlling Fanny, she endeavoured to hide the child's faults from its grandmother and aunt: and, in consequence, she seldom brought her to see them, or to play with her cousin. But when she herself visited the old lady, she generally left Fanny with the servants, who, in order to please their mistress, allowed the child every possible indulgence; thus fostering and confirming all those evil

habits which, in better company, would at least have been weakened, if not overcome. Thus do over-fond parents, in ways innumerable, promote the ruin of their children.

In this manner Fanny and Anna attained each her eighth year, for there were only a few months difference in their ages, Fanny being the elder. At this time Mrs. Hill, who was very old, began rapidly to decay; and at length, taking entirely to her bed, her physicians declared it as their opinion that she could not live many weeks.

Captain Saunders being at this time from home, Mrs. Saunders, anxious to assist her sister in attending on their sick parent, became, for a season, an inmate of her mother's house, accompanied by her little daughter. And now the difference between the two children, who were brought continually together (both bearing the same relation to the dying person), was made strikingly apparent even to the most common observer, who could hardly fail to mark in little Anna the lovely effects of a pious education.

While the poor old lady lay on her death-bed, this amiable child of her own accord put away all her dolls and playthings, not allowing herself to touch one of them. And instead of running and jumping up and down stairs, as she had always been accustomed to do, she crept about like a little mouse, never speaking but in a whisper. If she had any thing more than ordinary given her to eat, she would carry it softly to her grandmother's bedside, and place it on the little table by her. And when the servants or nurses were called away, she could be trusted to sit in the room and watch her grandmamma; never expressing any weariness if this kind of attention was required of her for hours together. A thousand little tokens of regard she showed her dying grandmother, which cannot here be mentioned; not performed in a bustling or ostentatious manner, as if she was doing some very great work, but with an apparent consciousness that she was doing no more than her duty. And, indeed, how can any child, even the best of children, ever sufficiently repay a kind parent's tenderness and care?

But how greatly did the behaviour of the giddy and selfish Fanny differ from that of her little cousin! Any person not knowing the tendency of a religious educa-

tion to soften the heart and refine the feelings, would have said that Anna was naturally a very tender-hearted little girl, and Fanny a very hard-hearted one; a remark that was indeed often actually made both by the servants and other occasional observers. But such remarks are contrary to the general tenor of Scripture, which describes the heart of man as naturally producing no good thing, asserting that "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Prov. xxvii. 19. Accordingly, we may venture to assert, that the difference between the two cousins was not a natural one, but the effect of divine grace operating upon the heart.

While her grandmamma lay in a dying state, Fanny never put any restraint whatever upon herself, nor indeed seemed to think such self-denial at all necessary. She ran up and down stairs, jumping and singing, or swinging down the banister as usual; and if dismissed from the parlour, where her loud voice continually disturbed the old lady, whose bedroom was on the same floor, she would go and romp in the kitchen. And so far was she from denying herself any delicate morsel which she thought might be gratifying to her grandmother, that if she saw any jelly or other nice thing prepared for the poor sick person, she would, if she had an opportunity, take part of it slily; or indeed the whole, if not interrupted.

It was impossible for Mrs. King to see all this ill-behaviour of her niece without speaking to her sister upon the subject; although she had expostulated with Mrs. Saunders so often in vain upon the state of her child, as to leave her but little hope of saying any thing that might be serviceable.

"Do not, my dear sister," she one day said, "allow your beloved child to indulge herself in such unfeeling habits."

"Unfeeling!" retorted Mrs. Saunders; "do not use so harsh a word, sister. The child is only giddy and thoughtless; she does not mean to be unfeeling."

"My dear sister," answered Mrs. King, "whether we hurt a fellow-creature from thoughtlessness or from intention, it comes to much the same thing, as far as the injured person is concerned. But what is the thoughtlessness you speak of, but want of feeling? All children naturally want feeling; and they should be made

to feel, and to suffer punishment, whenever they transgress in these points."

"Sister," returned Mrs. Saunders, "you do not consider that Fanny is but a child."

"This therefore is the special season for making her what you wish," replied Mrs. King; "now is your time, with God's help, to bend her will."

"Sister," answered Mrs. Saunders, "I cannot see these things in the serious light in which you consider them."

"But you will see them so hereafter, my dear sister," replied Mrs. King; "and God grant you may not also feel, in your own case, that you have done wrong in allowing your child to act thus unfeelingly." Mrs. King would have said more; but perceiving that her sister's anger was rising, she thought it better to refrain.

After a few days' illness, poor Mrs. Hill died. Her spirit departed during the night; and on the following morning, when the family assembled in the breakfast-room, most of them appeared to be solemnly impressed with the scene which they had witnessed. The little girls had not been present when the old lady died, but they had both been informed of the event; and when they came down to breakfast, Anna's eyes were swelled with crying. She endeavoured however to appear composed, observing that her mamma tried to do the same.

Breakfast was brought in, and the family sat down round the table; but neither of the elder ladies seemed inclined to eat. Little Anna had been used to breakfast on milk, and for some few years it had been her custom to skim the cream from her basin of milk, and put it into a little cream-jug, which belonged to her doll's tea-equipage, for her grandmamma's use. From the force of habit she this day, as usual, began to skim the milk; when suddenly recollecting herself, she burst into such an agony of tears, as quite alarmed her mamma. "My dear," said Mrs. King, "what is the matter? do endeavour to compose yourself. Recollect your dear grandmamma is happy, happier than she was yesterday—her troubles are now all over. She is assuredly happy, because she knew that her Redeemer was mighty, and she trusted her cause in his hands." Prov. xxiii. 11.

"But, oh, mamma!" said Anna, leaving the table, and putting her arms round her mother's neck, "I cannot help crying. Pray forgive me; I tried not to do it."

Mrs. King took her little girl in her lap, and for some moments continued to mingle her tears with those of the child; neither could Mrs. Saunders refrain from weeping at this scene. But in the mean time Fanny continued to eat her breakfast as if nothing affecting had happened, and even availed herself of the general confusion to help herself to what she liked best at the table.

Lest, however, I should lengthen this story beyond the limits of a book within the reach of a little one's purse, I shall not enter into every particular of the children's behaviour, either during the interval or at the funeral: suffice it to say, that from first to last, Anna behaved with the same unobtrusive tenderness, and Fanny with the same thoughtless insensibility.

After the funeral, Mrs. Saunders returned to her own house, leaving Mrs. King with her dear little daughter in the dwelling of her departed mother. And from that time Mrs. King devoted herself entirely to the education of Anna, who improved from year to year, continually becoming more and more dear to her mother.

In the mean time Mrs. Saunders and Fanny went on in their old way. Fanny grew older, but there was no improvement observable in her character; she was the same giddy, thoughtless, selfish girl at twelve years of age, that she had been at seven, still experiencing the same indiscreet and cruel indulgence from her mother.

Mrs. King had long ceased to expostulate with her sister, but she never ceased to pray for her. This duty she performed daily; and whenever she had an opportunity of being alone with her niece, she reminded her that her mother's fondness was far from being an excuse for her unfeeling and careless conduct. She represented to her, that she was now of an age to discern between good and evil, and that God would certainly take account of her behaviour towards her indulgent parent. Fanny however paid no attention to her aunt, but rather avoided her society, as well as that of her cousin.

At length the time of Fanny's punishment arrived. Mrs. Saunders suddenly fell into a very bad state of health, and became so helpless as to require the most constant and tender attention. Her husband was seldom at home, and she soon found it a vain thing to expect any comfort from her daughter. On this occasion

she remembered with anguish the scenes which had taken place at her own mother's death, and bitterly repented having indulged her child at such a time in that unfeeling thoughtlessness which had now settled into a habit of decided cruelty. She was unwilling to apply for help to her sister, because she had for some years past neglected that dear relative, or at least treated her with great coldness. Mrs. King, however, no sooner understood the situation of Mrs. Saunders, than she came to offer her own services and those of her daughter; both of which the poor sick woman most gladly accepted.

And now, when Mrs. Saunders came to find in her niece not only a sweet companion, but a patient and gentle nurse, and one in whom she could entirely confide, she became more deeply sensible of the blameable part she had acted towards her own child, and manifested, too late, a wish to repair her former errors. But whatever she now said to Fanny, the selfish girl attributed to her mother's low spirits proceeding from her disease; and this made her more anxious than ever to avoid the sick chamber.

It is not easy to describe poor Mrs. Saunders's feelings on being thus wholly neglected by her daughter; it may be sufficient to say, that the anguish of her mind was supposed very materially to hasten her death. She died deeply lamenting the indiscretion of her conduct towards her child, and humbly imploring forgiveness for this and all her sins, through her Saviour's merits. Her last days on earth were full of bitterness: yet we trust there was hope in her end, since she died self-condemned, and relying alone upon an all-powerful Redeemer. Her husband returned home only a few hours before her departure; yet in time to receive her last request, which was, that he would place their daughter entirely under the charge of her sister.

Mrs. King, who was present when her dying sister made this her last request, and who took that occasion to assure the captain of her perfect willingness to undertake the charge of his daughter, was sorry to perceive that he made his wife no promise of the kind; she therefore judged, what afterward proved to be the case, that he had other plans for his child.

It was easy to see that Fanny felt very little sorrow at the death of her mother, although she had come to

an age when people in general have address enough to hide from the world their want of feeling. She did not therefore quite betray the hardness of her heart, on this occasion, to any one except her aunt, who was too quicksighted to be deceived by the slight appearance of sorrow which she endeavoured to assume.

As soon as the funeral was over, Mrs. King prepared to return to her own house; and as the captain was going on another voyage, she took this opportunity of telling him, that she was now ready to receive her dear sister's child into her family.

In answer to this, he replied, that he himself had a sister living at Canterbury, who was a widow, and who had a large fortune at her own disposal: that she had offered to take Fanny; and that as he himself had not much to give her, he thought he should be injuring his daughter's prospects very much if he rejected his sister's offer.

Mrs. King answered, that she hoped he would not on this occasion consider fortune only, but also consult the good of his child in other points of view, and not trust her to the care of his sister, unless he thought her a person capable of directing and improving a young girl.

To this he answered, that he desired to be left to the management of his own affairs; that his mind was made up on the subject; and that he intended to take his daughter with him into the south when he made his next voyage.

Mrs. King was much hurt, having formerly known this sister of Captain Saunders, who was at that time remarkable for nothing but an exceedingly violent temper, by which, when living in her father's house, she had rendered herself universally disagreeable. She found it however in vain to argue the point with the captain. So in a few days she was obliged to take leave of her niece, who accompanied her father on board his ship, and landed with him, after a short voyage, at Gravesend, which is on the river Thames, a little below London; from whence passing over-land to Canterbury, she was put under the charge of her father's sister.

After the departure of Fanny and her father, Mrs. King returned with her daughter to her own small house, in which she continued to live till her daughter's

marriage, which took place when Anna was four-and-twenty years of age.

The person who married Miss King was a young and pious clergyman, whose affectionate regards had been excited and fixed by the amiable qualities of Anna; for indeed her fortune was very small, and she possessed but a moderate share of any other kind of beauty, except that which proceeds from a lovely mind inhabiting a young and healthy body. This worthy gentleman insisted upon Mrs. King's leaving her small house, and becoming an inmate of theirs; where this happy little family continued to dwell together in the utmost harmony, till separated by death.

Mrs. King lived to see herself the grandmother of four children, two boys and as many girls, in the care and education of whom she was, by God's blessing, enabled to take an active part for many years.

In the mean time Fanny, being placed under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Boswell, at Canterbury, began to feel what it was to be subject to the violence and caprices of an ill-tempered and irreligious woman. She at first endeavoured to repel ill-humour by carelessness and the same kind of obstinacy which she had shown towards her too indulgent mother: but Mrs. Boswell soon let her know that this kind of conduct would not do with her. Mrs. Boswell would not only be obeyed, but humoured in every whim; and Fanny could scarcely obtain the common necessaries of life without showing her the utmost submission. Fanny complained, by letter, to her father; but she received, in an answer, a command to submit implicitly to her aunt's will: for looking forward to Mrs. Boswell's large fortune, Captain Saunders felt that every thing else ought to give way to so important a consideration.

Thus left without resource, Fanny became a complete slave to her capricious aunt, who used to keep her all the morning labouring with her needle, and employed her all the evening to make a fourth for the card-table, at which Mrs. Boswell regularly spent the last four or five hours of the day. Fanny was never allowed to walk out, excepting with Mrs. Boswell, who once or twice in a month spent a whole morning in paying visits among her old neighbours; on which occasions Fanny was never suffered to speak. In addition to these employments, Fanny was required to attend Mrs. Bos-

well's parrot, to comb and wash the lap-dog, to feed the cats, and to hear all the tittle-tattle and scandal of the town.

In this dull manner year passed after year, without improvement and without pleasure, while Fanny's health and spirits were visibly on the decline: and though she did not dare, as formerly, to give open indulgence to her ill-humour, yet in such circumstances she naturally became a prey to inward discontent.

Now she remembered her mother's neglected kindness, with deep regret; and very gladly would she have called back the days that were past: but being utterly destitute of religious principles, her sorrow did not work for her good. She considered herself as injured and miserable, but it never entered into her head that she was also sinful, and that the afflictions which she then endured were the just punishment of her former undutiful behaviour. Neither did it occur to her (or if the thought ever presented itself, it was immediately rejected), that if she now suffered, it was for her good, and in order that she might be thereby eternally benefited. She had never been taught this consolatory piece of knowledge—that God "does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. She therefore gave not her cheek to him that smote her, neither was full of self-reproach." Lament. iii. Accordingly, instead of profiting by her afflictions, they produced upon her mind no other than an irritating effect.

In this state she continued till she had nearly reached the age of thirty; when her father died, leaving her only a few hundred pounds, which was all the property he possessed at his death. She had now reached that time of life when people who have little or no religion begin to think more of the value of money than they do in earlier days. And as Mrs. Boswell was then very old, she thought that, after having suffered so much from her for so many years, it might be prudent to hold out a little longer, in order to secure the possession of her fortune; fully assured that, if she should discover the least disposition to leave her, *that prospect* could never be realized.

Agreeably to this idea, after her father's death, Fanny still continued to live with Mrs. Boswell, and to bear with

all her whims; which, as she grew older and more infirm, became more and more intolerable. Contrary however to Fanny's expectation, Mrs. Boswell outlived Captain Saunders ten years; so that Fanny was nearly forty years of age when she died.

Instead however of leaving her large fortune to Fanny, as she had always given reason to expect, on opening the old lady's will, it was found that she had left every thing to certain distant relations of her husband, excepting two hundred pounds, which, with her old clothes, were bequeathed to Fanny.

This bitter disappointment was almost more than Fanny could bear, since her heart was now wholly set upon money. She collected therefore her little property together, and retiring to a small lodging in a dark old street of Canterbury, where none of her former acquaintance were likely to meet with her, she spent the remainder of life in lamenting and mourning over her disappointment; her only amusement being that of playing at cards with some old persons of humble fortune who lodged in the same house.

Even in this situation, poor and unknown as she was, Fanny might still have been happy, had she turned her thoughts from herself and her own feelings to God, endeavouring in the mean time to do some little good to those about her; for there is no one too poor to find opportunities of usefulness: but the same selfish feelings which she had indulged from her very childhood, accompanied her to her last hours. Her own troubles, her own disappointments, her own health, her own little aches and pains, in short, all and every thing belonging to herself, were of the first importance; so that her own concerns left no room in her heart for the concerns either of God or her neighbour.

Mrs. King had died about the time of Mrs. Boswell's death: but her daughter Anna was not unmindful of her cousin. On hearing of her disappointment, she wrote kindly to her, begging that she would come and spend her days near her, promising to assist her by every means in her power, and sending her five guineas at the same time to pay for her journey. But Fanny, although she did not refuse to receive the money, yet entertaining some secret suspicion that her cousin would triumph over her in her fallen state, refused her friendly invitation. And thus she condemned herself to finish her

days among strangers, where no one loved or cared for her.

Anna was grieved at her refusal; nevertheless, she made a point of sending her the same sum every year, although, in order to do this without robbing her own family, which was not in very affluent circumstances, she wore many a threadbare gown, with many a shabby cap or hood. Her little presents to her cousin were always accompanied with some sweet letter of advice, earnestly requesting her to seek comfort where alone it could be found, even in the bosom of Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. But poor Fanny, instead of paying any heed to Anna's counsels, took her kind letters rather as so many insulting proofs of her cousin's fancied superiority: and so deeply rooted were her feelings of this kind, that nothing could eradicate them.

In this manner her life passed away without satisfaction; till, as she had lived only for herself, she died, at an advanced age, unlamented by any human creature. Thus Fanny closed her wretched days, an awful example to all those who through life are in the habit of considering self only: for self is a miserable comforter, and a weak support at that hour when nature sinks under the weight of its own infirmities, and when all the merit of man's very best actions must be cast away as filthy rags, in which the saint dares not appear before a pure and holy God.

When Miss Jenny had ceased reading, Miss Patty Locket remarked, that she had never till lately been taught that loving self was a sin. "I always supposed," said she, "that everybody loved themselves, and preferred themselves to all the world beside; and that, as it was natural so to do, there could be no harm in it."

"Why, my dear," replied Miss Jenny, "we do, as you say, naturally love ourselves, and seek to promote our own pleasure at the expense of every one else: but we are taught by the Holy Spirit of God, that many things which proceed out of the heart of the natural man are grossly wicked, and that the heart itself must be changed before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Religion requires that we should not prefer ourselves to others, but rather give up our own satisfactions to advance the happiness of our neighbours: and

our blessed Saviour has set before us a glorious example of self-denial, in this respect; such as we may indeed admire at a distance, but can never perfectly imitate. And it is very certain, my dear Miss Patty, that those persons who are willing to be thought of little consequence in this world, while they are truly anxious to do good to others, are abundantly the most happy."

"Indeed," replied Miss Patty Locket, "I believe what you say to be very true, Miss Jenny; for since I have ceased to think so much of myself as I used to do, and have endeavoured, with God's help, to love my school-fellows more, and to make them happy, I have found myself much more contented than I formerly was."

In answer to this remark, Miss Jenny requested Miss Patty, if it was not disagreeable to her, and as it was now her turn, to relate what she could remember of her past life; with which request she instantly complied.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS PATTY LOCKET.

Miss Patty Locket was but eleven years old, tall, and inclined to be fat. When she was in good humour her countenance was very agreeable, and, like the rest of her little companions, she had greatly improved in her appearance since she had been engaged, by the blessing of God, in combating her evil passions. For it is certain, as has been remarked before, that nothing deforms the human face so entirely as the indulgence of any evil passion. Agreeably to this observation, since her mind had been better regulated, Miss Patty Locket had acquired a composure of manner and countenance which was extremely pleasing: and as she was fair, healthy, and sprightly, no one could look upon her now without satisfaction; whereas, formerly she had been generally considered as a sulky, disagreeable girl.

Such was Miss Patty Locket, who was now to give a relation of her past life, which she did in the following manner.

THE LIFE OF MISS PATTY LOCKET.

"I lived till I was six years of age in a very large family; having four sisters and three brothers, all older than myself. We played together, and passed our time

much in the common way; sometimes quarrelling, and sometimes agreeing, just as chance would have it. Our parents showed no particular partiality to any of us, so that we had no cause to envy one another on that account; but while we lived tolerably well together, I cannot say that any thing like real love existed among us; nor indeed at that time had I any just notion of such a state.

"When I was six years old, my grandmother by my father's side, who was also my godmother, offering to take me to live with her, and promising to look upon me as her own child, and entirely to provide for me, my father and mother, considering their large family, very readily accepted her offer, and sent me directly to her house.

"About half a year before this she had taken another grandchild, the daughter of my aunt Bradley, then lately dead, and whose husband was gone to the West Indies. My cousin Molly Bradley was four years older than myself; and her poor mother had taken such pains with her education, that she understood more than most girls of her age. In addition to which, she possessed so much liveliness, good-humour, and cleverness, that everybody became fond of her; insomuch that whenever I went out in company with her, while every one noticed my cousin, I was totally disregarded.

"Though I had all my life before lived in a family where every one in it was older and of more consequence than myself, yet I do not remember, while in my father's house, being ever much troubled with jealous or envious thoughts; for being generally together in the nursery, nobody took much notice of any of us, or praised one of us more than another. But now, living in the house with only one companion, who was so much more admired than myself, this marked distinction began not only to vex me, but even to excite a strong hatred and aversion in my mind towards my cousin; while I never thought of blaming myself, or of resisting these odious feelings. I knew nothing of the wickedness of my heart at that time; since nobody had ever taken the trouble to explain this to me. And though I read the Bible every day to my grandmother, yet I never understood it; for so I could make out the words rightly, and keep the proper stops, nothing more was ever required of me. And yet, bad as my

heart was, I believe that I should not have hated my cousin so much, nor have refused to learn those things from her which she kindly offered to teach me, if it had not been for Betty, the maid who dressed us. She used to be continually talking to me about the preference which was given to my cousin, and would often say, 'I wonder, Miss Patty, how you can bear to see Miss Molly so much preferred before you! and how you can bear to be taught by her! Why, she is almost as much of a child as you are.'

"This discourse of the servant's so much increased my discontent, that I used to say to my cousin, when she offered to teach me, that I was not put under her care, but under that of my grandmother: not considering that my poor grandmother was too old and infirm to do much towards my education, although she took care that I should want neither food nor clothes.

"In this manner I lived, fretting, and vexing, and depriving myself, by my ill-temper, of all means of improvement; till at length my grandmamma was advised to send me to school. But though I left my cousin, I did not leave my wicked heart behind me. My ill-tempers followed me even to this place, and I should surely have been as miserable here as I was at my grandmother's, if my kind governess, and you, Miss Jennny, had not taken pains to show me the wickedness of my heart; and had I not been led, by God's mercy, to seek help from the Holy Spirit to overcome my wicked tempers."

Here Miss Patty Locket ceased, and the dinner-bell called them from the arbour.

After they had dined, Mrs. Teachum told them she thought it proper that they should use some exercise in the cooler part of the day, lest, by sitting too much, they should injure their health.

As soon as the children understood their governess's pleasure, they readily and joyfully prepared to obey her commands, requesting that they might be permitted, after school, to take a walk as far as the dairy-house, to eat curds and cream.

Mrs. Teachum not only granted their request, but said she would dispense with their school-attendance that afternoon, in order to give them more time for their walk, which would extend to between two and three

miles; she likewise added, that she herself would accompany them.

At this they all hastened to get themselves ready for their walk, and soon with cheerful countenances attended Mrs. Teachum in the school-room.

This good gentlewoman was so far from laying them under any restraint in their walk by her presence, that she encouraged them to run in the fields and to gather flowers; which they accordingly did, each little miss trying to get the prettiest flower to present to her governess. In this agreeable manner, they arrived at the dairy-house before they imagined they had walked a mile.

There lived at this dairy-house an old woman nearly seventy years of age. She had a fresh colour in her face, but was troubled with the palsy, which caused her head to shake. She seemed to bend under a weight of infirmity, and her hair had become quite gray; but retaining much good humour, she received the young party with a hearty welcome. The little people flocked about this good woman, asking her a thousand questions; and Miss Polly Suckling was so silly as to ask her why she shook her head so, and what made her hair so white.

Miss Jenny Peace hearing this, and being afraid lest they should say something which might offend the old lady, begged them not to talk so fast.

"O! let the dear rogues alone," said the old woman, "I like their prattle:" and, taking Miss Polly by the hand, she added, "come, my dear, we will go to the dairy, and skim the milk." At these words they all ran into the dairy, and being in high spirits, some of them were so rude as to dip their fingers in the cream; which, when Mrs. Nelly perceived, who was the eldest daughter of the old woman, and managed all the affairs of the dairy, she requested them all to walk out of the dairy, saying, "that she would bring them what was fit for them:" upon which, Miss Dolly Friendly reddened with anger, and was going to answer; but Miss Jenny Peace checked her.

The old woman now caused the little company to sit down at a long table, which she soon supplied with plenty of cream, strawberries, brown bread, and sugar.

Mrs. Teachum took her place at the upper end of the

table, while the young people sat down in their usual order, to partake of the good things provided for them; being first reminded by their excellent governess to give thanks. After which Mrs. Teachum told them that they might walk into the garden and orchard; when it would be time to return home.

The good old woman showed them the way into the garden, and gathering the finest roses and pinks she could pick, she gave them to Miss Polly, for whom she had taken a great fancy.

Before they departed, Mrs. Teachum rewarded the old woman for her trouble; who, on her part, expressed much pleasure in having seen so many well-behaved young ladies, and said she hoped that they would often repeat their visit.

These little friends had not walked far in their way home before they met a miserable ragged man, who begged their charity. The little girls immediately gathered about this poor creature, and were hearkening with great compassion to his story, when Mrs. Teachum came up to them; who was not a little pleased to perceive all her scholars with their hands in their pockets, whence they speedily distributed some sixpences and several halfpence. She took occasion, however, to point out to them, after the poor man was gone, that in general alms were more usefully bestowed upon such poor persons as live in the neighbourhood, and are known, than upon those who go begging about the country.

The little party got home about nine o'clock; but, late as it was, they did not forget to return thanks to the Giver of all good things for the variety of pleasures which they had that day enjoyed.

WEDNESDAY,

The sixth Day.

This morning the little society were so entirely engaged with their school-duties and their masters, that they had no opportunity of assembling in the beloved arbour before dinner: and after school-hours in the

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afternoon, two young ladies, Lady Caroline and Lady Fanny Delun, who had formerly known Miss Jenny Peace, and who were at present in that neighbourhood, came to make her a visit.

Lady Caroline was sixteen years of age, tall and genteel in her person, of a fair complexion, and possessing a regular set of features; so that upon the whole she was generally complimented as being very handsome: but her sister, Lady Fanny, had not the least pretensions to beauty.

It was but lately that their father had, by the death of a distant relation, become Earl of Delum: so that they had not long been addressed by the title usually given to noblemen's daughters.

Miss Jenny Peace received them as old acquaintance; not neglecting however the respect due to their quality. The young ladies drank tea with Miss Jenny in Mrs. Teachum's parlour. After which Mrs. Teachum allowed Miss Jenny to introduce her school-fellows to her visiters; on which occasion all her little companions were brought into their governess's parlour, and permitted to spend an hour there.

But to describe the behaviour of Miss Jenny Peace's visiters, is no easy matter. Lady Caroline, who was dressed in a pink robe, embroidered thick with gold, adorned with brilliant jewels and the finest Mechlin lace, addressed much of her discourse to her sister, in order that she might have an opportunity of frequently repeating her title. And as she spoke, her fingers were in perpetual motion, either adjusting her tucker, arranging the plaits of her robe, or playing with a diamond cross that hung on her bosom; her eyes still accompanying her fingers as they moved, or being now and then suddenly snatched off, that she might not be observed to think of her dress: yet, in spite of all her artifice, it was plain that her thoughts were wholly occupied by that and by her new title.

Lady Fanny's dress was plain and neat, nor did she seem to think at all about either *that* or her *title;* but her manner was nevertheless so affected, and her eyes were so often turned towards a looking-glass which unfortunately happened to hang opposite to her, that she betrayed to every discerning observer, the vanity of thinking herself a beauty, and admiring herself for being such. In short, these young ladies made themselves so disa-

greeable, that every one was pleased when Lady Caroline arose to go; who, as the eldest, led the way, taking leave with a swimming courtesy, followed by her sister, Lady Fanny, who made a slow courtesy to every one in the room, that she might be the longer under observation.

The little society, as soon as they were released, retired to the arbour; where, without ceremony, two or three of the elder young ladies began to make their remarks on the ridiculous vanity of their noble visiters. Miss Jenny allowed them to proceed for some minutes, being at a loss, as the strangers were her acquaintance, how to word her reproof, so as not herself to appear personally offended. But at length, recovering her presence of mind, "My dear school-fellows," she said, "although I do not attempt to defend what is amiss in the young ladies who have just left us; yet I cannot but say, that I think we are doing wrong to attack them in their absence with so little reserve. If we have seen any thing faulty in their deportment, let us endeavour to profit by it in examining whether we ourselves may not have our share of pride and vanity, although, from being in lower circumstances, or not having the same personal accomplishments, we may not be tempted to make such a display of our qualifications."

Those of the young people who had been most forward in ridiculing Lady Caroline and Lady Fanny, made Miss Jenny Peace no answer, but blushing deeply, remained silent. Miss Nancy Spruce however said, that she felt herself particularly blameable in joining the general laugh against the strangers, since she could very well remember the time when, without either the fortune or title of Lady Caroline to support her pretensions, she had assumed as many airs of superiority as that young lady had done. Being then requested by all her companions to relate the history of her life, she entered upon it without hesitation.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS NANCY SPRUCE.

Miss Nancy Spruce was just ten years old, and was the very reverse of Patty Locket in all things; for she had small limbs, small features, and such a correctness of form, that she was often called the little fairy. She had the misfortune, however to be lame in one of her

hips; though by good management and a certain briskness in her carriage, that blemish was scarcely apparent, looking more like a peculiarity of gait than any real defect.

THE LIFE OF MISS NANCY SPRUCE.

"My delight," said Miss Nancy Spruce, "ever since I can remember, has been in dress and finery; and partly perhaps from this cause—because whenever I did as I was bidden, I was promised fine frocks, ribands, and lace caps; and when I was stubborn and naughty, then my fine things were all locked up, and I was allowed to wear only an old stuff frock: so that I was led to imagine that the only proper reward for good behaviour was to be dressed fine; while the only suitable punishment for the contrary was to be plainly dressed. Hence I delighted so much in fine clothes, that I used to be constantly thinking of what new thing I should have next; sitting whole hours to consider what should be the *colour* of my next new slip, a circumstance which was always left to my choice.

"We lived in a country parish, where my papa was the only gentleman; so that all the little girls in the parish used to take it as a great honour to play with me: on which occasions I delighted to show them my fine things, and to compare their plain stuff dresses with my silk and embroidered ones. However, as they never pretended to any sort of equality with me, I at least did not hate them, though I was far enough from being kind to them. But when I came to school, and saw all my little companions as fine as myself, I grew very miserable. Every handsome frock, every silver riband, every gauze cap, every artificial flower which my school-fellows wore, made me unhappy. Your scarlet damask, Miss Betty Ford, cost me a whole day's pain, and I even cried with vexation the first time I saw you in it. I could tell you many more thoughts of this kind which I had, and which, since I have been led into some acquaintance with myself, I am truly ashamed of. But now I try never to think either of other people's clothes or of my own, any farther than to keep myself neat: and I am already much happier on this account, although I must confess

that I am still often in danger of falling into my former fault."

As soon as Miss Nancy Spruce had finished speaking, Miss Betty Ford said that she heartily forgave Miss Nancy for any evil thoughts she might have had about her scarlet frock; "for," added she, "whatever your faults may have been, Miss Nancy, I am sure that mine have equalled them at least, if they have not been much worse. And now to prove that what I say is true, I will, if Miss Jenny pleases, give some account of my past life."

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS BETTY FORD.

Miss Betty Ford was of the same age as Miss Nancy Spruce, and much of the same size; but there was nothing naturally pretty or pleasing in her person. Her face was ill shaped and broad, and all the summer it was generally full of freckles; however, when she looked good-humoured, which she now began habitually to do, there was nothing in her by any means disagreeable: for however plain a face may be, it is the evil of the heart only which can render any set of features really unpleasant.

THE LIFE OF MISS BETTY FORD.

"I had the misfortune to lose my mamma," said Miss Betty Ford, "before I can remember, and the children of our family were brought up by an elderly relation of my mother's, who kept the house. As Miss Nancy Spruce's mind was always occupied about finery, so I thought of nothing but beauty.

"We had a large dining-room in which the family commonly sat, and it was hung round with pictures of my grandmother, her sisters, and other female relations; there was also a picture of my mother, who had been handsome. And I used to hear the lady who had the care of me frequently talking of these pictures, and pointing out the beauty of many of them; often adding this remark—'The females of our family have always been distinguished for their beauty; but poor little Betty does not look as if she belonged to them.' And then she would find fault with my features and my

complexion, expressing herself as if it was the greatest misfortune in the world not to be handsome.

"I had an elder sister whose face, however, pleased her better; and indeed she was *very pretty*, which I could not but observe, although it cut me to the heart to acknowledge it. She was so great a favourite with my elderly relation, that whenever any visiters came to the house, she was always brought forward into notice, and many praises bestowed upon her; while, to my utter vexation, I was constantly overlooked.

"My sister Kitty was very good-natured all this time, never insulting me, but doing all in her power to oblige me. And when we were quite alone, I was happy with her: but as often as I heard her praises, my hatred would rise against her, and often have I wished —such was my wickedness—that something might happen to spoil her beauty. At length my poor sister caught a fever and died. I cried a good deal at the time of her death, and sometimes wished I had behaved better to her.

"After my poor sister's death, I did not think so much about beauty, excepting when I heard the handsome pictures talked of, till I came to school. Then the same desire of being handsome returned, and I hated every one whom I thought prettier than myself, so that I became more miserable than ever, until my governess, and you, Miss Jenny, pointed out to me the value of religion, and showed me where to seek help in order to overcome my evil passions. Since that time, I have prayed to God to deliver me from every evil temper. And although I still feel that I have a very bad heart, and am often falling into my old vice, yet I am far happier than I used to be; and if the choice could now be given me, I would much rather become *good* than *beautiful*."

"My dear Miss Betty," said Miss Jenny Peace, when the little girl had done speaking, "it gives me great pleasure to hear you express yourself in this manner. There is nothing in this world which can make us happy but religion. If we fear God, we shall find peace of mind in every situation; and if we do not fear him, neither beauty, health, wisdom, high rank, fine clothes, riches, nor honours, can make us really happy for a single moment."

And now the little party, in much good-humour and cheerfulness, attended their kind governess's summons to supper; after which, evening prayers being also concluded, they retired to their peaceful slumbers.

THURSDAY,

The seventh Day.

The next day, after the morning lessons were finished, the little party returned again to their arbour; when Miss Jenny Peace asked Miss Henny Fret if she should have any objection to relate the chief circumstances of her life, as it was now come to her turn.

The little girl very modestly answered, that there was nothing in her life worth relating, for that she had always been a very naughty child: but that she was willing to do any thing which might be required of her for the satisfaction of her school-fellows.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS HENNY FRET.

Miss Henny Fret was not yet nine years of age. She was one of those children whose good looks entirely depend on the state of their mind, there being nothing remarkable, either one way or other, in her person; therefore, as she had hitherto been carelessly brought up, and allowed to indulge every evil passion incident to our fallen nature, she had passed, in general, for a plain, insignificant, unpleasant little girl. She had moreover acquired a habit of raising her upper lip in such a manner as constantly to show her teeth; added to which there was a certain expression of fretfulness and anxiety about her countenance which had not yet wholly given way to the better mode of treatment she had received under Mrs. Teachum's care. She was now however evidently struggling with her temper, and sometimes with so much success as to render the whole expression of her countenance agreeable; and, in consequence, she appeared at times quite another child.

THE LIFE OF MISS HENNY FRET.

"I had one brother," said Miss Henny, "as Miss Jenny Peace had; but my manner of living with him was quite the reverse of that in which she lived with her brother. I was also managed in a very different way from that which was adopted in Miss Jenny's case; for all my praise or blame was to arise from my being better or worse than my brother.

"If I was guilty of any fault, it was immediately said, 'O! fie, miss! Master George would not be guilty of such a thing for the world.' If he was carried abroad, while I was kept at home, then I was bemoaned or encouraged in such terms as these—'Poor Miss Henny is left at home, and her brother is carried abroad! but, on one of these days, she shall go abroad, and her brother be left at home.' Hence it happened, that whenever I went abroad, my greatest joy was, that he was left at home; and it pleased me to see him come to the coach-door with a melancholy air, and full of sorrow because he could not go too. If my brother happened to have any fruit given him, and, being in a peevish humour, would not allow me as much of it as I desired, the servant that attended me was sure to bid me take care, when I had any thing he wanted, not to give him any: so that I thought, if I did not endeavour to be revenged on him, I should show a want of spirit, which was of all things what I dreaded most.

"I had a better memory than my brother; so that whenever I learned any thing, my comfort was to laugh at him, because he could not learn so fast: but while I got a good deal by rote, I neither minded what I learned, nor took any pains to retain it. And thus, what I was eager to learn one day, in order to show George how much cleverer I was than himself, I forgot the next.

"Being a great favourite in the house, I was never denied any thing I asked for; but I was nevertheless very unhappy, for the same reason that Miss Dolly Friendly's sister was so. I have even sometimes sat down and cried, because I did not know what I would have: till at last, I grew so peevish and humoursome, as to be always on the fret. In this unhappy condition I lived till I came to school: and here finding that the

other young ladies wanted to have their humours indulged as well as myself, I became more miserable than ever, and continued so till our happy reconciliation took place; when I was taught that God would help me to behave better, if I would but ask him."

Here Miss Henny Fret ceasing, Miss Jenny Peace thus addressed the little party; "We have all my dear school-fellows, abundant reason to thank God, who has put every one of us in the way of overcoming our evil passions; and let us pray that the good work which he has, in his infinite mercy, begun, may meet with no opposition from us."

Now all the little company having told the history of their past lives excepting Miss Polly Suckling, Miss Jenny, smiling, addressed the little darling, and asked her if she would be so kind as to tell her school-fellows what she could remember of her past life.

Miss Polly coloured when thus addressed, but very prettily complied with the request.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS POLLY SUCKLING.

Miss Polly Suckling was not six years of age, and so short of her age, that few people took her to be much above four. She had the most exactly proportioned limbs in the world, very small bones, and was as fat as a little cherub. She was extremely fair, her hair quite flaxen, her eyes a dark blue, her lips plump and red, and when she smiled, she seemed to show a hundred dimples. She was, in short, the very picture of health and infantine beauty, and was the plaything of the whole school.

THE LIFE OF MISS POLLY SUCKLING.

"I do not know much of myself," said little Polly, "only that I do not remember my poor mamma, for she died a great many years ago. But papa loves me very much, and I love my papa, and I love my governess, and my school-fellows, but Miss Jenny best of all. And I should like to be good, and hope that God will help me to be good; for my governess says that God loves little children, and that the Lord Jesus Christ died to save us from going to hell."

When little Polly had finished her short story, all her

companions kissed her; and Miss Jenny especially testified much tenderness towards her, taking her in her arms, and saying, "God will bless you, my little darling, and will make you good; for he carrieth the lambs in his arms, and they who seek him early shall assuredly find him."

By this time the dinner-bell rang; and when the little party had assembled at table, Mrs. Teachum informed them that she expected a person upon particular business in the afternoon, whose presence would prevent her usual attentions to them; and that therefore she should send them, under the care of a servant, to convey to the old woman at the dairy-house, a certain book of devotions which she had promised her.

The young people heard this proposal with joy; and little Polly assured her governess that she would not say one word to the old woman about her gray hairs and her shaking head.

Dinner being ended, they soon appeared ready for their walk; when they set out, attended by two maid-servants. As soon as they arrived at the dairy-house, the good old woman expressed great pleasure in seeing them, and told little Polly, that she should have plenty of cream and strawberries, for her daughter had been that day in the woods, and had brought home three baskets of very fine strawberries.

Mrs. Nelly, the daughter, said, very crossly, that she supposed there would be fine work among them in the absence of their governess, for it was her mother's way to let all children be as rude as they pleased.

Miss Sukey Jennet, with some indignation in her countenance, was going to answer: but Miss Jenny Peace fearing that she would say something less mild than might be wished, gave her a significant look, and turning to the young woman with great modesty and good temper, said, "I hope you will see, Mrs. Nelly, that our good governess's instructions are of more force than to lose all their effect when we are out of her sight, and that we have also some fear of God, who, you know, is present with us, although our governess is absent; and I trust you will have no cause, when we go away, to complain of our ill-behaviour."

Mrs. Nelly's anger being thus appeased, she soon loaded the long table with strawberries and cream. Of which, when the children had eaten what Miss Jenny

thought proper, they took their leave with the utmost civility; but not before each little miss had received a pretty posy of pinks and roses from the kind old woman, who said she had never seen better-behaved or sweeter-tempered children in her life. And even Mrs. Nelly herself was so pleased with their regular and inoffensive behaviour, that she could not help telling Miss Jenny that she and all her companions had indeed behaved as well as if their governess had been with them.

Miss Jenny did not forget to reward the old woman handsomely for her good cheer. And as they were walking home, she observed to Miss Sukey Jennett, whom she had prevented from making any answer to Mrs. Nelly's speech, how much better it was to gain the good-will of others by our own endeavours to be obliging, than to provoke them to be more cross by our angry answers and reproaches.

As this little company proceeded homewards, enlivening their way with pleasing talk and lively observations, they passed near to a nobleman's house, situated in a beautiful park; where after stopping a few minutes to look about them, the young people expressed a wish that their governess would, some time or other, permit them to visit that fine house, when the nobleman and his family were absent.

Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper, who by chance was walking that way, and heard what the young ladies said, immediately came up to them, and told Miss Jenny, that her lord and lady were then absent, having set out, one for London, and the other for another fine seat forty miles off, that very morning. And as she knew them to be Mrs. Teachum's well-regulated family, she took that occasion to inform them, that they should be welcome to see the house and gardens now or at any time they pleased.

Miss Jenny thanked Mrs. Wilson, and said, as it was nearly two hours sooner than their governess expected them home, she would accept of her kind offer. Accordingly, the housekeeper led the young people, through an avenue of tall elm-trees, towards this magnificent house; in which they found many spacious apartments furnished with the utmost elegance and grandeur. Some of the rooms were adorned with fine pictures, others were hung with tapestry scarcely less beautiful than

those paintings, and most of the apartments above-stairs were furnished with the finest sort of needle-work.

The little party were struck into a sort of silent wonder and admiration at the splendid appearance of every thing around them, nor could they find words to express the various emotions excited in their minds by such a variety of dazzling and gaudy things; but when they came to the needle-work, it was impossible to help smiling to see how every one chiefly fixed her attention upon that sort of work in which she herself was employed.

The good-natured housekeeper was greatly pleased to see the young people so much delighted, and answered all their questions concerning the stories represented in the pictures and tapestry as fully as the time would permit.

Miss Jenny, however, being fearful of exceeding the hour which had been fixed for their return, told her young companions that they must not now tarry any longer; but that if their governess should give them leave, and it would not be troublesome to Mrs. Wilson, they would come another time.

To which Mrs. Wilson replied, that it was so far from being troublesome, that she never had more satisfaction in her life than to see so many well-behaved young ladies, who all seemed, not only pleased with what they saw, but doubly delighted and happy in seeing each other pleased. In short, she said they should not go till they had been in her room, and eaten some sweetmeats of her own making; which, overcome by the importunity of the good woman, Miss Jenny at length consented to do. Accordingly, they followed Mrs. Wilson to her own room; in which, when they all were seated, little Miss Polly Suckling broke out with great glee, "Well, this is a most charming house; I wish we could all live here for ever. How happy must be the lord and lady of this fine place!"

"My dear Miss Polly Suckling," said Miss Jenny, "do you think that these things really make people happy? Has not our good governess often told us, that such things have in reality nothing at all to do with happiness?"

"It is very true," said the housekeeper, "for even my lord and lady appear to have no delight in all this magnificence. Daily accustomed to the splendour of the

place, they walk through all these apartments, without ever seeming to observe any thing in them; or if they observe them at all, it is rather with a look that denotes a sort of discontent than with any kind of pleasure." Then turning off the discourse with a deep sigh, Mrs. Wilson presented each of the young ladies with a paper of dried sweetmeats; after which, insisting on a repetition of their promise, that, with Mrs. Teachum's consent, they would come again to see the gardens, she allowed them to take their leave, which they did in the most courteous manner.

Upon reaching their home, Miss Jenny gave her governess a faithful account of all that had passed, not forgetting the agreeable entertainment they had accidentally met with in seeing Lord X——'s fine house; together with the great civility of Mrs. Wilson, "which I hope, madam," said Miss Jenny, "I did not do wrong in accepting."

"You did very properly, my dear," said Mrs. Teachum; "for when people are willing to oblige you, and can do so without any inconvenience to themselves, it is always right to accept their offer, since you even gratify them, by putting it into their power to give you pleasure."

Miss Jenny then told Mrs. Teachum many things which had passed in conversation during their walk to the dairy-house; and especially what little Polly Suckling had said in the housekeeper's room, together with Mrs. Wilson's answer; adding, that by Mrs. Wilson's downcast look, she was fearful that poor Lord X—— and his lady were not so happy as might be wished: "but," continued she, "I did not ask Mrs. Wilson any questions, recollecting your admonition, madam, carefully to avoid impertinent curiosity."

"You were very right, my dear," said Mrs. Teachum, "in asking no further questions; nor would she, I dare say, as she is a prudent woman, have gratified you if you had; for though the unhappy story is too well known all over the country, yet it would have been very unbecoming in one of the family to repeat it."

Mrs. Teachum then gave Miss Jenny a short account of the sad history of Lord and Lady X——. "This nobleman and his lady," said she, "have been married seven years. Lord X—— is the most discontented of men, because he has no children, and consequently

no heir to his honours and estates. He is naturally of a haughty, impetuous temper, impatient of all disappointment; and this disposition not being subdued in his youth, has led him into all sorts of excesses. His lady, not being much better tempered than his lordship, and valuing herself highly upon her beauty and the large fortune she brought him, greatly resents his treatment of her. So that, having hitherto lived in the most unhappy way, they have at last agreed to part by mutual consent; and the different journeys they have this morning taken, were, I suppose, the prelude to a final separation."

Having said thus much, Mrs. Teachum wished Miss Jenny a good night, who immediately retired to rest with her little companions.

FRIDAY,

The eighth Day.

Mrs. Teachum in the morning inquired how her scholars were after their walk, and was pleased to hear that they were quite well. They then performed their several tasks with cheerfulness—and after the evening school-hours, when they were hastening as usual to the arbour, Mrs. Teachum called Miss Jenny into her parlour, and said, "My dear child, if you have nothing particularly prepared for this day's amusement, I shall have a pleasure in confiding to you the account of a young lady, which I received many years ago, in a letter from a friend: not doubting but that you will, with the blessing of Almighty God, be profited by it, and find in it an additional motive to prepare early for that change which must pass upon all men, the appointed time of which is known only to the Almighty." So saying, Mrs. Teachum presented Miss Jenny with a small manuscript containing a copy of her friend's letter; as she would on no account trust the valued original out of her own hands, which she carefully preserved, with other memorials of former days and past events, in a small

Indian cabinet standing between the windows of her parlour.

Miss Jenny received the manuscript as a mark of great confidence, and having thanked her governess with a low courtesy and a smile, she hastened to the arbour, in which, by this time, all the party were assembled.

When Miss Jenny informed them on what account their governess had called her apart, and showed them the little book which had been confided to her for their amusement and profit, they expressed great joy, and entreated her to begin the reading of it immediately; with which request she complied without delay.

A Letter from Mrs. Graham, of the City of London, to her friend Mrs. Teachum, dated Anno Domini, 1730.

My dear Friend,

You ask me for some account of my Emily, my lovely Emily. O my friend! you know not what pain you give me by such a request; and yet you say, that if I have but courage to recall to mind, and in its due order commit to paper what I first knew of my Emily, and the manner in which this sweet child daily waited upon the Lord for a renewal of strength, thereby being enabled to fulfil in an exemplary manner all the duties of life, it might hereafter become a source of mournful pleasure to myself, and of profit to others; inasmuch as from the view, however imperfect, which I might be able to hold out of this fair model, others of the sinful children of Adam might learn "to mount up with wings as eagles; to run and not be weary; to walk and not faint." Isaiah xl. 31. But Oh! when I feel the sad assurance that I am for ever on earth separated from this my darling, and that while she yet was spared to me I fulfilled my duty towards her so imperfectly; and when I remember how little I profited by the sweet teachings and gentle persuasions of this holy child; the anguish of my feelings becomes almost intolerable: and yet I know that all this trouble is no more than needful to teach me the sinfulness of my nature, and the value of my soul. But to speak no more on what relates merely to myself, I proceed to fulfil the painful task which your friendship has appointed me.

My husband, as you well know, is a merchant, and has

been exceedingly successful in all his transactions, insomuch that we for many years past have been in a very affluent condition. One circumstance, however, greatly imbittered the enjoyment of our riches; we had no child: the almighty Ruler of all things, by whom every thing is well done, refused us the gratification of our wishes in that respect. I will not say with what little patience I submitted at first to this dispensation of Providence: but at the time I speak of, I had no sense of vital religion; I attended, it is true, to its outward forms, but my heart had never known the sweet influences of Christianity.

A little more than twelve years ago, my husband having had a severe illness, we were advised to spend our summer months in the country. As expense was no object to us, we took a journey into the north of England, and there hired for the season an old-fashioned house, situated in a garden abounding with fruits and flowers of various kinds. Here, having no employment, and but few neighbours, and as Mr. Graham was unable to take much exercise, we spent a great part of our time in sitting on a garden-chair, which we found under the spreading branches of a walnut-tree, situated on a round plat of grass in the centre of the garden. On this pleasant spot, while I employed myself with my needle, my husband read to me the Pastorals of Phillips, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney, and the Spectators and Tatlers, with other fashionable works of the day: by which we found ourselves amused, our taste perhaps improved, and some kind of indistinct respect for religion and morality acquired. But still we remained in great darkness as to vital religion, and were deplorably ignorant of those important doctrines on which the great truths of the gospel are built; namely, the utter depravity of the human heart, and our absolute need of a Saviour.

From this our walnut-tree seat we were presented with one of the most lovely prospects which can be imagined. Our garden and house were situated on the declivity of a considerable eminence. Directly on our front was an orchard, below which appeared a rich country, abounding with woods, from the centre of which, at a considerable distance, arose the tower of a church. On the right-hand a different prospect opened to our view—a range of hills of considerable height ter-

minated the horizon, whence an irregular and exceedingly beautiful country descended to the banks of a river, which wound its secret course through the bottom of the valley. On the nearer side of the river the country was smiling and fertile, abounding with orchards, cornfields, and cottages.

One feature in this landscape particularly pleased my fancy: it was a little foot-path, which, passing by our garden-gate, and descending into the valley, appeared again at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, winding through a corn-field till it was lost at the entrance of a little coppice. From the centre of this coppice arose a white chimney, the blue smoke of which indicated that the place was inhabited; but it was left to my imagination to picture by what kind of persons. Nor did I fail to indulge my fancy, by supposing it might be the abode of some Phillis and Damon, these being the most perfect beings of which I could then form an idea; not knowing that these fabled creatures, these shepherds and shepherdesses of an imaginary Arcadia, are often as much surpassed in true elegance and courtesy of manners by the humble Christian, however mean his situation, as the ordinary inhabitants of cottages are excelled by the pastors and pastorellas of fable.

But I as yet was wholly blind to all the perfections and beauties of religion: though born in a Christian country, I knew no more of the Christian religion than its name. I knew nothing of redeeming love, or of the power of the Spirit in restoring the original loveliness of our fallen nature. I seemed to have no faculty by which these things could be received or comprehended: for the natural man *savoureth not the things which be of God, but those that be of men.* Matt. xvi. 23.

But, be this as it would, I was much taken with the little path, together with the cottage in the wood to which it led; and no doubt prattled much sentimental nonsense to my indulgent husband on the subject. But to go on with my story.

It happened, one morning, about ten o'clock, as we were sitting in our usual place, that I saw something coming out of the little coppice, and proceeding towards us along the path; but at that distance, whatever it might be, it appeared only like a black speck. After a little while I looked again, when I could distinguish a small figure clothed in black; and as the figure approached, I

perceived it was a little girl, perhaps not seven years of age, carrying a basket. She came tripping along with a light and graceful step, discovering in every motion so peculiar a vivacity and elegance as greatly attracted my attention, and convinced me that, whatever her place of abode or her parentage might be, there was in her something which I had not often observed in children; yet what *this* was I could not define. I watched her till she had passed the garden-gate; and about an hour afterward saw her return, having been, as I supposed, to the village, which was at some little distance from our hired habitation. I marked her till she had retraced her steps, and entered again into the coppice. A second view did not destroy the first impression which the appearance of this little girl had made upon my imagination; and as my head was then filled with poetical and pastoral ideas from the books which we had been reading, I said to my husband, "This little girl wants only to lay aside her mourning-dress, and to be clothed in white, with a straw hat, a wreath of flowers, and a crook, to become as elegant a shepherdess as any described by Sir Philip Sydney."

The next day about the same hour, while we were engaged as usual under our walnut-tree, the little shepherdess appeared again. I traced her uneven and childish steps, as she sometimes tripped hastily onwards, and then stopped and stooped, as I rightly guessed, to gather flowers; for I afterward saw a few violets tied together with a blade of grass in her basket. At length she ascended the hill towards us, while I went out at the gate of the garden to look at her, resolving, if I liked her equally well on a near approach as at a distance, to speak to her.

I had time to examine her minutely as she came forward. When she first perceived me, dressed as I then was, in my large hoop, my silk gown and petticoat, full-trimmed, and my head dressed, I thought that she would have expressed some surprise; but the only visible effect my figure produced upon her was, that she walked forward with more steadiness than before, yet without the least appearance of embarrassment. Her hood was not pulled very far over her face, and her fair brown hair was gently agitated by the breeze. But it is impossible to describe her countenance, and equally so to give an idea of the delicacy of her features, or the sparkling vivacity of her blue eyes: yet what was most remark-

able in this child was, a dignified kind of carriage and self-possession, which was not in the least disturbed when I addressed her. She was exceedingly fair; but air and exercise had given her a high bloom, which added much to the sweetness of her appearance. In her hand she carried a basket, which had nothing in it but the bunch of violets before spoken of. Her dress was mourning, and, though neat, bespoke an attention to economy.

I had now stepped into the middle of the path, and addressing her as she came up, I asked her name, her place of abode, and several other questions. In answer to which, she made me understand that her name was Emily; that her father, who had been an officer, was lately dead: that she once had a very dear little sister, who was also no more; and that now she only was left to her dear mamma. She added, that her mother having left the place in which she formerly resided with her father, had come to live at a cottage in the wood, which she pointed out to me, where they occupied only one room, there being other inhabitants in the house. She informed me also that her mother was very ill.

While she gave me this account, which she entered upon without confusion or hesitation, the colour rose in her cheeks, her eyes filled with tears, her lip quivered, and at length she burst into an agony of crying, making a motion as if she would have thrown herself into my arms, as, no doubt, she had been accustomed to do on like occasions, into those of her tender mother; but hastily recollecting herself, she recovered with a peculiar dignity, and stopping short, was going to wish me a good morning with much sweetness and courtesy; when I said, "My little miss, do not be in a hurry to leave me. Tell me why you cry; and let me know if I can do any thing to comfort you."

"When I think of my papa and my little sister," she answered, "I cannot help crying; and yet I know it is wrong."

"Wrong, my dear;" I answered, "why should it be wrong to weep for such dear friends?"

"Because," she answered, "they are very happy, they are gone to our Lord Jesus Christ, and are in his house: I know this, and therefore I ought to be glad, and not to cry."

I found my heart strangely drawn to this little girl from the first moment I saw her distinctly, and every

word she said increased my interest in her. Finding however a reluctance to speak with her on religious subjects, I inquired only whither she was going.

"I am going, ma'am," she said, "to the village, to fetch a roll for my mother, and one for myself, with a little pot of butter, and some medicine for my mother; and I go almost every day."

"And these violets," said I, "what are they for?"

"They are to put in a glass in my mother's room," she answered; "I thought she would never go out and get violets again, and therefore I gathered them for her. But my mother is not unhappy about being ill," added the sweet little girl, "because our dear Saviour visits and comforts her."

I found myself strangely affected by the discourse of the little Emily. There was an elegance and a refinement in her ideas which I had never before observed about a child; and being totally ignorant, as I before said, of the power of the Holy Spirit of God in producing these beautiful effects, I attributed them to the more than ordinary care of a refined and well-instructed mother in the direction of her early studies. But again, I thought that accomplishments of this kind are above the capacities of children. Where, then, and how can this child have acquired these ideas? Had I understood the following passage of Scripture, I should not have had so much difficulty in tracing the peculiar loveliness of this little girl to its right cause—"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." Sol. Song iv. 16.

Being, however, not a little confused and perplexed with what I had seen and heard, I wished Miss Emily a good morning; and hoping that I should meet her again some other time, as she so often came that way, I returned into my garden.

The next day the little shepherdess appeared again with her basket. I met her at the gate, and invited her in; while she, with great politeness, begged to be excused till she had asked her mother's leave. I wished to present her to Mr. Graham, and would have had her come in without waiting her mother's permission; but she refused, with a mixture of inflexibility and sweetness, saying, "I must not disobey my poor mother, now she is ill in bed."

I replied, "You are a sweet good child, Miss Emily, and your mother is very happy in having such a little girl."

"Mamma loves me," she answered, "but I am not good."

This reply of the little girl's surprised me; and on questioning her further, she made me understand that her mamma had taught her, that all mankind are sinful and utterly depraved, and that she herself could not do the least thing well without the help of the Holy Spirit of God.

It cannot be supposed that I could have lived between thirty and forty years in a Christian country, and been constantly in the habit of attending the divine ordinances, without hearing of the depravity of human nature; or that I could have read the Bible continually, as I had been in the habit of doing, and never have found it there: yet so it was, that this doctrine out of the mouth of this little girl, seemed perfectly new to me, and came with a force which I could not account for. I felt ashamed and embarrassed before the child, and hardly had presence of mind to say to her, "Well, my little miss, go home now, and if your mamma will give you leave, call upon us to-morrow in your way to the village."

Mr. Graham smiled at my enthusiastic description of the little Emily; but the next day, when she came, with her mother's permission, into the garden to speak to us in her way to the village, he confessed that she fully answered my description of her.

From that time for a few weeks she came every morning, when I generally contrived to have some little nice thing to send by her to her mother, from whom I received many grateful messages in return, with one or two little notes, elegantly written on small slips of paper, expressive of gratitude, not only for my kindness to herself, but to her little Emily.

Feeling, however, that what I had done for this distressed lady was too little, I resolved, as soon as Mr. Graham should be able to walk, that we would go together to see her, the cottage in which she resided being so situated as not to be approached safely with a carriage.

In the mean time, as the summer advanced, the strawberries in the garden began to ripen fast; but we had

not yet gathered any, when one morning our little Emily came in as usual, and with a peculiar meaning in her sweet face, stood awhile, lingering and looking earnestly at me, even after I had told her that it was time to go: for her poor mother, in one of her notes, had requested me not to detain her longer than a certain hour, adding, that she could not bear to be long deprived of her. Emily, however, as I said before, this day lingered some minutes after I had told her it was time to go. At length, colouring deeply, she said, "Ma'am, will you sell me some strawberries?"

I was surprised at the request, and the more as she had never before asked for any thing. I was going to say, "No, my dear, I will give you some;" but Mr Graham checked me, whispering that he wished to know what the little girl was about.

"I have got a penny of my own, ma'am," she said, perceiving my hesitation, "and I should like to buy some strawberries instead of a roll."

"What, for your own eating?" I said.

"No," she answered, "not for myself."

Mr. Graham himself immediately gathered her a large cabbage-leaf full, and took her penny; at which she appeared to be in an ecstasy of joy, her whole face brightening up in a manner that I had never witnessed in any creature before.

"I shall be so happy now!" she said. "Yesterday my mamma wished for stawberries, and now I shall have some to give her." She then took her leave, and hastened to the village.

I contrived to meet her at the garden-gate as she came back. I looked into her basket, and saw that the number of strawberries was not diminished, and that she had purchased but one roll. The joy of her countenance still remained without any abatement; and cheerfully wishing me a good morning as she passed, I watched her as she went tripping along the little path-way.

The next day, at the usual time, my little Emily appeared again. She came running into the garden with her basket, to tell us that her dear mamma had enjoyed the strawberries so much!—so very much! In her hand she held her penny, and begged us to sell her some more strawberries.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Graham, taking her upon his knee, for he had now become even fonder of her

than I was, if it were possible to be so, "what did you do for your supper?"

She looked earnestly at him, not knowing what he meant.

"Your roll!" he said, "how did you do without your roll?—you had no roll last night."

"I did not want my roll; I saved some of my potatoes at dinner, to eat at night," she answered.

"But, my dear," inquired I, "what did your mamma say when she saw you eating potatoes?"

On hearing this question, her cheeks reddened, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, ma'am!" she answered, "my poor mamma does not know now what I do." She could say no more; but being quite overcome, threw her arms round my neck, and burst into an agony of grief.

"What! my child," I said, much affected, "is your mamma so very ill?"

I found, by her answers, that the poor lady had kept her bed for several days; but I could not find out whether she was actually in danger of death: however, I told the little girl that I would certainly come the next day and see her.

On hearing this, her countenance brightened up, and she began to tell me how her mamma had relished the strawberries. "She ate them all, ma'am," said the little girl, "so eagerly! and this morning she wants more; and here, ma'am, is my penny."

"No, my Emily," said Mr. Graham, quite affected, "no, no, we will not have your poor penny, sweet child. Take it back; you are welcome ten thousand times, and so is your dear mother, to all our garden can afford, and our house too."

"But please, sir," said the sweet little girl, "please to take my penny: I want to give the strawberries to mamma—please to let me buy them."

There was no resisting the gentle importunity of the lovely child: it seemed to give her particular pleasure to deny herself in order to gratify her mother. There was a touching mixture of childishness and warm disinterested love in the conduct of this dear little girl, of which I never before could have formed a conception, and which quite overcame Mr. Graham and myself. We could not resist her, but, taking her penny, we all set

to work to gather the strawberries; with which she hastened home as before, transported with joy.

The next morning I prepared myself for a walk to the cottage in the wood, which was the residence of my Emily, intending to accompany the little fair one back again, when she came, as I expected she would, for strawberries. At the usual time, therefore, I looked for her; but she came not. An hour or more passed away in expectation; but no little figure in black appeared tripping along the pathway. Mr. Graham began to be uneasy, and walked two or three times to the garden-gate to look out for his little darling.

At length some one came out from the wood: we at first thought it was our Emily, but we presently could distinguish a woman in a gray cloak. She ascended the hill, and coming in at the garden-gate, told us, in reply to our eager questions, that she was the daughter of the poor woman in whose cottage Mrs. Norton (our Emily's mamma) had lodged; and that she now came to tell us the poor lady had died early in the morning, leaving no directions what was to be done with her dear child, or about her own funeral, excepting only a letter to her nearest relation, which was to be put in the post-office. This letter, the young woman informed us, had been sent immediately after the writer had breathed her last. "But in the mean time," added she, "we know not what to do with poor little miss, who takes on so bitterly that we fear she will do herself a mischief; and as we know that she loves you, madam, and the gentleman here, my mother has made bold to send me for your advice."

I cannot tell you how I was affected on hearing of the poor lady's death, nor how much I reproached myself for my neglect in not having once gone to see her. I burst into a flood of tears, and loudly lamented my negligence: while Mr. Graham kindly comforted me, saying, "Do not afflict yourself, my dear; the little Emily is left, and has probably no friends who love her as we do. We have no children; let us adopt her. She shall be your child, if God permits, and you shall fill up the place of the mother she has lost."

Animated and comforted with this sweet hope, I immediately rose to follow the woman, requesting Mr. Graham to send a man-servant after me to the cottage, in case any assistance might be wanted.

I cannot describe to you how strangely I was affected as I trod the narrow foot-path, in which I had so often traced with an eye of affection the little shepherdess, as I always loved to call our Emily. At length we entered the wood, where we saw before us at a small distance, deep in the shade, a white cottage, having an upper-room, in which, from the window being open, I supposed the corpse to be lying.

A neat old woman, on whose venerable countenance the tenderest feelings of sorrow were depicted, came forth to meet us, and to say how thankful she was for my kindness in coming down.

"Where, my good woman," I said, "is my little Emily!"

"Oh, madam," she answered, "it would have cut you to the heart had you seen her yesterday. She came in from your house about eleven o'clock, as blithe as a bird, and ran up to her mamma with the strawberries; but the poor lady had taken a change while little miss was away, and was even then dying. She could not take the strawberries which the sweet babe offered her; yet it was plain to see she was pleased and touched with the kind attentions of the dear little girl, for she prayed earnestly for her child, her lovely Emily, as she called her, and some of her words were these:—'O! my God, I leave my child without anxiety; for her Redeemer is mighty, he will plead her cause with thee.'" Prov. xxiii. 11.

I could bear to hear no more of the old woman's discourse; but hastening on, entered the cottage. I passed through the lower apartment to a narrow staircase, which ascending quickly, with a beating heart I entered the chamber of death.

There such a scene presented itself as I never can forget. On a decent bed lay the poor corpse, neatly laid out; but the figure was so death-like, so emaciated by long or sharp sickness, as to convey no idea to my mind of what the poor lady might have been when in health. By the side of the bed, which was low, on a little foot-stool sat the beloved Emily; and, O affecting circumstance! having removed the lifeless arm from the position in which it had been placed by those who had laid out the corpse, and resting her sweet face and ruby lips upon the pale cold hand (overcome with fatigue and sorrow, after watching all the night), she had thus fallen into a deep sleep.

What a contrast appeared between the countenance of the mother, worn with sickness and fixed in death, and that of the blooming daughter! for though her mournful pillow was no other than the cold hand of her dead mother (a hand which had been the guard and support of her tenderest infancy), yet the kindly warmth of balmy sleep had flushed the fair cheek of the little Emily, and was gently restoring the strength and spirits which her late watching and sorrow had exhausted.

The apartment was, as might be expected, meanly furnished: nevertheless, it contained several little things which pointed it out as having been the residence of one who had fallen from a state of comparative affluence.

Over the narrow chimney-piece hung the portrait of an officer dressed in full uniform, which I conceived immediately to be Emily's father. On a little round table stood a gold watch, the beating of which was distinctly heard in the death-like silence of the apartment; and near it lay a handsome Bible, which appeared to have been much used.

But what affected me most was the little basket of strawberries, for which the sweet daughter had a second time paid the price of a self-denying act rarely practised by children. She had procured those strawberries as a gratification for her dying parent; but it was a gratification which came too late to be enjoyed.

Having gazed for some minutes on this scene, I turned round to the old woman and her daughter, who had followed me up stairs.

I know not what my countenance expressed, but the old woman, seeming to discover in it something of disapprobation, said softly, but earnestly, "Indeed, indeed, madam, we could not get little miss away; she would not leave her mother, but was ready to die with grief whenever we attempted to remove her."

"Then," I answered, "now must be the time to separate them:" and hearing my servant below, I called him up, and directed him gently to lift up the sweet child, and convey her with as soft a motion as possible to our house. This was done as I wished. Into so sound a sleep had she fallen, that he raised her up without waking her, and carried her away; leaving me standing by the corpse.

Very affecting thoughts passed through my mind as we were removing the child from the remains of that

tender parent, who had so carefully watched over her from early infancy.

"Oh! poor corpse!" at length I said; "I remove your Emily—her tears will never again moisten your cold hand—but I will, God permitting, supply your place. Yes;" I said, kissing the hand on which the sweet child's cheek had so lately rested, "I will be a mother to your Emily—but Oh! I am not worthy to fill your place—I have hitherto lived as without God in the world—the Bible has not been my companion as it was yours—I have lived a stranger to my Saviour; a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God."

Speaking to this effect, I fell on my knees by the bed, and still holding the hand of the corpse, I prayed in a manner which I never had done before, not with the *lips*, but with the *heart;* my affections, I humbly trust, being under the influence of that Holy Spirit who helpeth our infirmities: "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Rom. viii. 26.

The import of my prayer was this—that, if it should please God to grant us our wish, and place the little Emily under our care, he would give us grace in every respect to supply to her the place of her departed parents, and to carry on that Christian education which her mother had so piously and successfully commenced. I prayed also for myself and my husband, that when the time of our departure should come, we might be enabled to trust our cause to the Almighty, and to say of ourselves, as the departed lady had said of her child, "Our Redeemer is mighty, he will plead our cause with thee."

I waited by the corpse till I had, in some degree, recovered my composure: then kissing its cold forehead, I gave some few directions to the old woman, and returned home.

On my arrival I inquired eagerly after Emily. She was awake, and was sitting on Mr. Graham's knee, with her head resting on his shoulder, while he was most kindly endeavouring to comfort her. She received me with sweet affection, and asked me if she might not go back and sit by her mamma till she was laid in the grave. I endeavoured to persuade her not to think of such a thing.

"It would make me happy," she said. "O! dear

Mrs. Graham, let me go once again—let me kiss my mamma's hand only once more!"

I did not know what to say, or how to talk with her on the subject; but I rather put her off, for the present, than absolutely refused her request.

I took her in my arms, and held her to my heart, and spoke to her of dolls and playthings, which I would send for her from London. But in the midst of all this, to which she seemed to have listened from politeness rather than interest, she said, "O ma'am! talk to me of mamma. Where is my mamma now? Is she with papa and my little sister? and are they all with my Saviour? Are they clothed in his righteousness? Is my mamma very fair now? is there no spot or stain of sin about her? Please, ma'am, to talk to me about these things."

How could I talk to her about what I did not understand? I was not acquainted with religious subjects: I feared, even before this child, to show my ignorance; so, I said, "My dear, my heart is so heavy and sad that I cannot talk."

"Please then to read the Bible, dear ma'am: read about our Saviour;" she answered. "I think that will comfort me; the Bible tells about heaven."

"I will, my dear child," I said, "I will read the Bible, and Mr. Graham will read it also, if you will but stay with us, and not want to go away: and we will serve God together; and, with God's help, we will prepare ourselves for that time when we shall all go to be united with your dear parents in the house of our Saviour above."

She seemed pleased with this, and said, "Shall I never leave you, ma'am?"

"No, never, never, my sweet child," I said, "so long as God will allow us to dwell together."

"Will you love me, ma'am?" she replied: "please to love me."

"Love you! I have always loved you," I answered, "and now I shall be your mamma."

"Mamma!" she said, "no, not my mamma—you shall not be my mamma—my mamma is dead; but you shall be my aunt, my own aunt, my darling aunt, and I will never, never leave you."

In saying this she clasped her arms closely round my neck, and broke out afresh into tears.

After this conversation, the dear child became evidently more composed. In the evening, however, her

fatigue returned, having, as I found, had nothing but disturbed nights for some time past. I confided her to the care of my own maid, a well-disposed and respectable young woman; whom I directed to sleep with her, and tenderly to sooth her as often as she might awake and call for her mother, which she was in the habit of frequently doing for some time after she came to live with us.

I was exceedingly uneasy till the relation arrived to whom the posthumous letter of poor Mrs. Norton had been sent, lest, on his arrival, he should be disposed to remove Emily from us. But we found him so far from making any objection to our keeping her, that he expressed himself very happy in discovering that his little kinswoman, as he called her, had fallen into such good hands; by which it was easy to perceive that he meant, into the hands of persons so able to provide for her.

We asked him how it had happened, that Mrs. Norton, who appeared to have been a woman of respectable family, was left to die in such obscurity.

He replied, "That her husband was an officer, with little private fortune, who had fallen in the late campaign on the Continent; leaving her with only a small pension: that her rich relations had offered her a situation in one of their families, which she had declined, choosing rather to live in obscurity, and devote herself to the education of her little daughter."

This was the only account which I could get of my sweet Emily's parents; and the only worldly goods which she inherited from them were her father's picture, her mother's watch, and the Bible which I had seen.

We thought it better, if possible, to prevent Emily's seeing her mother's remains again, as even the mention of her name so affected the child as sometimes quite to disorder her. The day of the poor lady's funeral was therefore kept secret from her little daughter: and almost immediately after it, Mr. Graham not finding his health improve so rapidly as could be wished, we gave up our present situation, and, crossing the country, took a house on the sea-shore in a little village in Wales.

Here Mr. Graham's health was greatly restored: and here our sweet Emily, after the manner of children, soon regained her former vivacity. Yet though, from her sprightly manner and very affectionate deportment towards those about her, it might seem that she had

ceased to think of her parents and her little sister, this was not really the case, for the recollection of them was never effaced from her mind. Past scenes and former tender endearments were frequently brought to her remembrance, by certain little delicate associations of which at first I could form no idea; so that I was often surprised when in the midst of a calm conversation, or a country walk, her countenance would suddenly change, and her eyes fill with tears which could not be suppressed. But, what especially shows the power and importance of early religious instruction, she seemed never to think of her dear departed friends, without having her mind immediately raised towards God: insomuch that her lamentations for the death of her parents, and her early separation from her sister, were regularly followed by expressions of gratitude to that Saviour, through the merits of whose death she looked to a happy and eternal reunion with them.

Mr. Graham and I, by God's blessing, perceived the loveliness of this little girl's character, and what it might become, if so fair an outline could ever be adequately filled up. We earnestly, I trust, and sincerely, wished to do our duty towards her. But Mr. Graham, who was an accurate observer, made me sensible, that flattery might soon destroy that beautiful Christian simplicity which adversity had in some measure assisted to produce; by which means he kindly restrained my overweening fondness, and taught me to refrain my lips from indiscreet commendation.

We remained, during the whole of that summer and autumn, in the country: whence returning to London in the winter, we lived in much greater retirement than we had formerly done; Mr. Graham finding, from the experience of several past months, that he was most happy in the bosom of his own family.

My mornings were devoted to the instruction of Emily, and our evenings to reading. The events of the last summer had given a serious turn to our thoughts; and that love for the Bible which our little adopted daughter brought with her into our family, had led us to read it more frequently than in former days, partly, for the purpose of satisfying her, and partly, with the desire of increasing our own acquaintance with it. We now also began to take delight in other religious books; while our attendance on the outward observances of religion became less a mere matter of form than it once

had been. Yet I mean not to boast; since all this time, I may truly say, that my growth in grace was exceeding slow, my backslidings very many, and my love of the world continually interfering with my religious duties.

Eight years had now passed away since Emily entered our family—eight years of uncommon happiness, perhaps of more happiness than was consistent with our spiritual good. But why do I say *perhaps*, when this was *certainly* the case; seeing that "this is not our rest." Micah ii. 10. Therefore the Lord leads us from *this* towards a better "resting-place, as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings." Deut. xxxii. 11. In this state it became necessary to make us feel that the present world was not our home, not our abiding-place.

Our dear Emily had attained her fifteenth year, growing up, under the blessing of God, an exceeding lovely young woman. Never did I see, in any young person, vivacity so tempered with an abiding fear of God, or natural and acquired endowments so sweetly shaded by Christian humility. Though she described herself to be (and that truly) a miserable sinner, in whom, naturally, dwelt no good thing; yet her conversation and deportment displayed so much of the beauty of holiness, that we could not but feel assured, that her bosom had indeed become the abode of that Holy Spirit, "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."

At the age of fifteen, her mind seemed to take even a still more serious turn. She became also at this period more anxious for my spiritual welfare, and that of Mr. Graham. At the same time her health beginning visibly to decline, she expressed her decided opinion, that she should shortly leave this present evil world, and enter into everlasting rest.

Whenever she spoke on this subject, it affected me greatly; though I could not bring my mind to think it possible that I should be so soon deprived of my darling. The probability, however, of such an event became gradually more apparent. The insidious disease which had unexpectedly assailed her, continued to gain ground; yet so slowly, that for a year and a half we were deluded with the hope of her recovery. At length all hope was removed, and we were brought suddenly to see,

that we must speedily make up our minds to part with our lovely child. This proved a grievous trial of that faith which I had for some time supposed to be thoroughly confirmed. I lately imagined that my mountain stood strong (Psalm xxx. 7.): yet no sooner had the Lord prepared a worm to smite my gourd, than I fainted, like Jonah, and said, "It would be better for me to die than to live." Jonah iv. 7, 8.

Mr. Graham behaved more like a Christian on this occasion than I did: he submitted more patiently to the will of God, and was sooner enabled to say, "My God, not my will, but thine, be done." But I will pass rapidly over this part of my history.

The growth in grace of our dear child was especially apparent to every eye during the last weeks of her life. A few hours before she was seized with the last mortal pangs, she, in the most solemn and affecting manner, thanked Mr. Graham and myself for all our kindness, expressing her affection for us as for very dear parents; and assuring us, that her feelings at that moment were not stronger for her natural parents, than for us her adopted father and mother. She then proceeded to exhort us, in a manner which I hope will never be forgotten, to a serious concern for our immortal souls. She pressed upon us the important doctrine of our natural depravity, and consequent utter incapacity of helping ourselves. She next spoke of the Saviour: and on this subject all her accustomed warmth of feeling, with all her usual vivacity of thought, was called forth in praise of Him who is altogether lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand. She entreated us to hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; reminding us how little the world could give, in comparison of that happiness which is laid up for the faithful: after which she proceeded, in a manner inexpressibly affecting, to point out the pleasure which she conceived to await us on our reunion in the presence of our adorable Redeemer. Here, however, her feelings overcame her dying frame, and her lovely face sunk upon my bosom, as I sat supporting her in my arms. But the subject becomes too affecting.—Oh, my Emily! my Emily! child of my tenderest affection! beloved of thy Saviour! thou art removed to a happier world; while I am left bereaved of the delight of mine eyes, and the idol of my affections.

I perhaps loved this amiable young woman more than was right, bestowing upon the creature what was due only to the Creator. But I stand reproved, and, I hope, submissive to the will of God. Yet, although several years have passed away since I lost my Emily, my wounds continue to bleed; and I still find it necessary to pray for a more entire submission to the divine will.

But I hasten to conclude this painful relation. I have performed the task assigned me by your friendship; and I shall probably hereafter rejoice that I have had power to execute it. I could add much more, but dare no longer expatiate on this subject. I therefore close my letter with an earnest prayer—that my will may be brought into a complete subjection to that of my Almighty Father.

M. GRAHAM.

When Miss Jenny Peace had reached the conclusion of this distressing story, all the young people remained silent; not one word was spoken; nor indeed, for some moments, could any one of the party articulate a word: every eye was filled with tears, and some even sobbed aloud. At length Miss Dolly Friendly, bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed, "O lovely, lovely, Emily! I am sure that if I had been Mrs. Graham, I should have been just like her, and should have loved my Emily too much."

"But, my dear Miss Dolly," replied Miss Jenny, wiping away her tears, "I have heard my governess, and also my poor mamma, very frequently affirm, that whenever we prefer the creature to the Creator, how lovely or excellent that creature may be, we commit a great sin: and in such a case there is reason to believe that the Almighty will, in his mercy, remove the object of our excessive affection, in order that we may freely give our hearts to Him who alone is worthy of our entire devotion and love."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the bell ringing for supper; on which the young people all hastened into the house. Mrs. Teachum was rather pleased than disconcerted at the proofs of sensibility which she observed on their faces at this season, readily guessing the occasion of that appearance. She however took no notice of the matter at that time.

After supper, the little party having attended divine

service, retired to their beds; where they spent their time, till they fell asleep, in thinking of the lovely Emily, and considering how far they themselves were inferior to that extraordinary child.

SATURDAY,

The ninth Day.

Early on the morrow, after morning prayers, which Mrs. Teachum never failed to offer every day in the school-room, the little company took a walk in the garden while breakfast was preparing. The fine weather, and the beautiful prospects around them, all united to increase their pleasure. They looked upon one another with delight, while every object in nature reminded them of that God to whom they owed their happiness, and whose love for them they had lately been taught to consider as unquestionable, since he had given such a proof of his tender regard for the whole sinful race of man as never was or could be given by one earthly friend to another: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

Miss Jenny Peace could not here refrain from remarking, that they were happier than any other society of children whatever.

Miss Dolly Friendly replied, "And all our happiness, my dear Miss Jenny, is owing to you."

Miss Jenny answered, "I thank you, Miss Dolly, for your kind opinion of me: and yet, my beloved friend, I should be better pleased to hear you give the glory where alone it is due; not unto me, but unto God."

Miss Dolly made no answer, but looked serious: when Miss Jenny added, while she held out her hand to her in an affectionate manner, "In all our intercourse with each other, Miss Dolly, we must remember that we are sinful creatures, and if saved at all, must be saved as brands plucked out of the fire: and this recollection should make us very sparing in the use of flattering ex-

pressions one to another, which generally tend to mislead and injure us. True affection always seeks the good of its object; not merely its *present*, but its *eternal* good."

Miss Dolly Friendly blushed, and confessed that her feelings often ran away with her on such occasions, inclining her to testify in an improper manner her regard for those she loved.

Miss Jenny Peace kissed her tenderly, and begged her to pardon the liberty which she had taken in speaking her mind with so much freedom.

Miss Dolly Friendly had scarcely time to assure her that she not only forgave her, but heartily thanked her for what she had said, before Mrs. Teachum appeared on the steps of the hall-door, calling the children to her. They ran towards her in haste. In her hand she held an open note which she had just received; and as her countenance appeared peculiarly smiling and pleasant, the young people were made to hope that she had something agreeable to communicate to them: nor were they disappointed, since the note came from a lady living in the neighbourhood, requesting Mrs. Teachum to bring her young ladies in the afternoon, to drink tea with her. This lady's house was situated about a mile and a half from Mrs. Teachum's, in the centre of a beautiful wood, which was distinctly seen from the windows of the school-room. She was a lady of high rank and title, a widow, and without children; but of so great an age, that, although she perfectly enjoyed all her faculties, yet she had not been able to leave her house for many years. She saw little company; but being truly pious, she was always anxious to do good, forming and executing many plans with that view. She was not personally acquainted with Mrs. Teachum; but having been told how anxious this excellent woman was to bring up her young ladies in the fear of God, she sent to request their company, with the intent of affording the young ladies pleasure, and encouraging them to proceed in that sacred path which leads to the truest happiness.

After reading the invitation in an audible voice, Mrs. Teachum kindly promised the little party, that if they behaved well, she should have great pleasure in presenting them to the noble lady who had done them this honour. The young ladies were greatly delighted, and hastened to the school-room to begin, without loss of

time, the tasks which their governess had appointed them. And I am happy to say, that they all worked with willing hearts and hands: insomuch that they had completed their work before dinner was announced, although Mrs. Teachum had ordered it to be ready half an hour sooner than usual, for the purpose of giving them full time to prepare for their walk; as the Lady Faulconbridge (for such was the name of this venerable person) had requested that they would come early.

About two o'clock the happy little party were assembled in the hall, all neatly dressed, each in a silk slip, with a lawn apron and lace tucker, and wearing a small cap, with a narrow border of lace neatly quilled round it. Each of the young ladies had a rose-bud and a sprig of jasmine in her bosom, and each held in her hand a silk hood and tippet, ready to put on as soon as their governess should appear.

Mrs. Teachum, who was always very punctual to her appointments, soon came into the hall; and having looked at her little pupils, one by one, to satisfy herself that they were decently habited, she exhorted them all to remember those rules of Christian courtesy, which she had often laid before them: namely, to "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another." Rom. xii. 10: to "render to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; and honour to whom honour." Rom. xiii. 7. After this short admonition, she directed Miss Jenny Peace and Miss Sukey Jennett to lead the way, while she herself walked last, leading little Miss Polly Suckling by the hand.

It happened very fortunately, as the weather was extremely hot, that most of their way lay through shady lanes and under hedgerows, now richly adorned with wild honeysuckles and roses, till they came into the deeper shade of Lady Faulconbridge's wood, through which they had nearly a mile to walk.

At the entrance of the wood, Mrs. Teachum, looking at her watch, and finding that she was a little too early, proposed that they should all sit down on the trunk of a tree, which had been lately felled, and which was then lying on one side of the way. The little party were in so cheerful and contented a state of mind, that every thing appeared sweet and delightful to them; so, with

a general smile, they sat down upon the rustic seat to which Mrs. Teachum had invited them.

While they remained in this place, they had opportunity of observing many things which greatly pleased them. They saw two little squirrels in an opposite tree, sitting on one of the boughs, holding something in their fore paws, which they lifted to their mouths just as a human creature would do; while their tails, adorned with long hair, were raised up behind them as high as their heads. But upon one of the children moving, the pretty animals started and ran away, which set all the little merry company laughing.

The air in this place was filled with the perfume of flowers; and here and there the blue-bells grew so thickly under the trees, that the ground appeared to be quite enamelled with them. In other places the many-coloured vetch with the wood-anemone afforded a beautiful variety, raising the one its *gay* and the other its *delicate* head from among the thick moss. Mrs. Teachum made her little girls to observe all these beautiful works of God; pointing out to them how in the wilderness, where no man dwelleth, the Lord satisfies the desolate and waste ground with the rain from heaven, and causes the bud of the tender herb to spring forth. Job xxxviii. 26, 27.

From hence, too, copying the example of our blessed Saviour, she proceeded to draw this useful lesson—that, as God Almighty supplies even the wants of each little flower of the forest, he will assuredly much more supply both the bodily and spiritual wants of those who love and trust him. "Therefore," added she, "my dear children, apply to your God and Saviour for assistance to behave well and to do good. Remember these little flowers, how beautiful are their forms, how bright their colours, and how sweet their perfume; and do you, my dears, pray to be made equally lovely—becoming gentle, obliging, courteous, modest, and, like these flowers, capable of adorning the several stations to which God shall appoint you."

So saying, Mrs. Teachum rose up, when they all walked forward, and soon came in sight of the Lady Faulconbridge's house. It was situated in the lowest part of the wood, and the descent to it was very considerable. It was a very large though not a lofty house, formed partly of black timbers, the ends of the beams

being carved into many grotesque figures, representing the heads of dragons, lions, and sphinxes. The doors and windows were pointed or arched, the doors being set with bosses of iron, and many of the windows filled with painted glass. The house was surrounded with a flower-garden, laid out in formal parterres, each alley being terminated with a yew-tree seat, and the whole enclosed with a high wall.

Mrs. Teachum now walked first, and finding the garden-door open, she proceeded to the entrance of the house; where, having pulled a bell, the door was opened by an old man-servant, who led the party through a very large hall, at each end of which was a grand oak staircase, to a large parlour, adorned with china boxes and cabinets, and hung with many pictures. At the upper end of this room, near an open window, sat the Lady Faulconbridge. This lady had the appearance of extreme old age. She had lost all her teeth, and her mouth was so much fallen in, that her nose and chin projected towards each other. Her face was extremely wrinkled and yellow. She wore a black silk dress, with a large hoop, a little plaited lace-cap and hood, with long lace ruffles, which hanging round her thin arms, made them appear still more emaciated. Her manners however were exceedingly pleasing; and as she looked through her glass at the young people, she smiled upon each of them in a peculiarly sweet and gracious manner. She very politely begged Mrs. Teachum to sit down, and asked the young ladies if they would like to amuse themselves in the hall or garden till tea-time. They looked at Mrs. Teachum for her approbation, and having each made a low courtesy, they withdrew into the hall; where, requiring rest after their walk, they placed themselves in a window-seat till they should be called to tea.

Here they were much amused by a parrot, which being seated on a perch in a corner of the hall, scolded and talked to them in a loud shrill voice. One of the young ladies was about to answer the parrot, and to provoke the creature to prate more loudly, as she said, for the general amusement. But Miss Jenny Peace intimating that such behaviour would be extremely impolite, bade her remember the pretty flowers in the wood, which were content to adorn each the little spot in which it was planted: she then proceeded to extol the

charms of modesty and inoffensiveness in a little female. The young lady blushed, and running to Miss Jenny Peace, kissed her affectionately, while a tear dropped from her eye on Miss Jenny's bosom.

Being now called to tea, they walked into the parlour in a pretty and modest manner, according to their several ages, courtesying low at the door. They then took their seats at some little distance from the tea-table, without noise or confusion, as they were directed by the elderly servant. A lady whom they had not seen before, a friend of the Lady Faulconbridge, was engaged in making the tea.

While they were sitting at tea, and the Lady Faulconbridge was talking to Mrs. Teachum, the attention of the little party was greatly attracted by a large picture which hung on the opposite wall, and in so good a light that every part of it was seen to advantage, and appeared exceedingly beautiful. It represented a very handsome lady sitting in an open alcove. The lady wore a rich silk dress, extremely full, with loose sleeves, and a kind of tippet of fine lace. Her glossy hair was dressed flat on the top of her head, hanging in curls down her neck, and richly adorned with jewels. Notwithstanding however the natural beauty of this lady, there was a haughtiness of aspect about her which much struck the little observers, and made them turn continually with more delight, to the figure of a little girl of about eight years of age, who was ascending the steps of the alcove, looking up to the lady who sat within. The dress of this little girl resembled that of the lady, with this difference only, that she wore a fine lace-cap instead of jewels on her head; and in her hand she held an open book, written within, *The Holy Bible*. This little girl was perhaps not so regularly beautiful as the lady who sat in the alcove; but her complexion was delicately fair, while her sweet countenance indicated an habitual and pious composure, mixed with some little degree of awe of the lady to whom she was looking up. Through the open pillars of the alcove (for the picture was very large) was seen in perspective a highly ornamented country, presenting open lawns on which deer were feeding, interspersed with lofty groves of trees.

It was not to be wondered at, that this picture, produced by the best painter of that age, and being in every respect exceedingly beautiful, should so entirely attract

the attention of our young people, that the greater part of them could attend to nothing else, scarcely hearing a single syllable of the conversation which passed in the room. The Lady Faulconbridge observed what it was that drew their attention; so when the tea-things were removed, and the servants were withdrawn, "My dear young ladies," she said, "you have been looking very earnestly, I see, at the picture which hangs just before you: will you tell me what pleases you most in it?"

Being somewhat embarrassed by this question, the young ladies turned towards Mrs. Teachum, who assured them that they might speak without fear of giving offence, since the Lady Faulconbridge had honoured them by asking their opinion.

Miss Jenny Peace then, in the name of the rest, replied, "We think the lady in the alcove very beautiful; but we are more charmed with the figure of that lovely little girl."

The tears came into Lady Faulconbridge's eyes on hearing the remark of Miss Jenny; to which she returned this answer: "My dear young ladies, I am pleased with your opinion; your judgment is correct. That lovely child was indeed a child of God, and in her countenance you may see something of the beauty of holiness: and since I have reason to think that what I am going to do may prove useful to you, I am willing, though it may cost me some pain, to repeat to you the history of that lovely child, who was lent to her parents for a very little while, as a sweet messenger to call them to heaven; and who now, being dead, yet speaketh."

Here the Lady Faulconbridge paused for a few minutes, wiping the tears from her aged eyes—neither was there any one in the room who could refuse to shed a tear with her, beginning now to apprehend that this child, over whom the venerable lady wept, was indeed her own, and had been long lost to her.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY FAULCONBRIDGE AND HER CHILDREN.

"Although I am now," said the Lady Faulconbridge, "so decrepit and melancholy an object, I was once represented by the lady sitting in the alcove. You look earnestly at me, my young friends, and perhaps are try-

ing in vain to trace some resemblance between me and that picture: but you will be less surprised at the change you observe, when I tell you that above fifty years have passed since yonder portrait was taken, and that I was then only thirty years of age. My life has been protracted to a great length; I have long survived every individual of my family, and have spent many years confined by infirmities to this house. But I bless God for every affliction with which I have been exercised; I have not received one stroke too much from my heavenly Father. I have, during my long life, enjoyed many comforts; and my latter days have been blessed with the sweet hope of an everlasting union in the world to come with Him who died for me, and, through Him, of being reunited to that husband and those dear children, from whom I have been so long separated. But to continue my relation.

"My father was a nobleman of high rank and large fortune, residing almost constantly in the court of our gracious sovereign King Charles the Second. I was the youngest of my father's children, the most beloved, and thought to be the most beautiful among them, although all my sisters were handsome. We were brought up in extraordinary pride, and consequently acquired that love of gayety and pleasure with which all the court was then infected.

"When I was fifteen years of age our sovereign died, and we retired from court till the arrival of William Prince of Orange and Queen Mary. We then returned to court, where I was made one of her majesty's maids of honour, a station which I occupied only a few months; for the Lord Faulconbridge looking upon me with a favourable eye, and demanding me of my father, I shortly afterward with the queen's consent became his wife.

"My husband was at that time a young and gay man, having little sense of religion, and possessing a high degree of pride. I was little more then nineteen on my marriage, and was extremely haughty, uncommonly vain of my beauty, a lover of pomp and pleasure, and eagerly seeking opportunities of displaying my accomplishments in public.

"It happened, that almost the whole of my lord's very large estates, excepting only those which lie in this part of the country, were all entailed on the male heir; that is," added the venerable lady wishing to

make the matter clear to her young auditors, "it was so ordered by law, that if my lord had no son, he had not the power to leave his estates either to me or to his daughters. It appeared therefore of great consequence to us both that we should have a son: but we had been married nearly three years, before there was a prospect of our having any children. This circumstance fretted my lord, and made me extremely impatient. At length there appeared a probability of our having a child—a son we were determined it should be, and I caused the most superb baby-linen to be prepared for our little heir, as we doubted not it would prove. But at length, when the time of the baby's birth arrived, the nurse presented me with a little girl; that same sweet child, whose picture you have now before you.

"Such were my disappointment and mortification at this event, that I turned with disgust from the harmless infant, and desired it might be taken from my presence. My nurse and maid expostulated with me, telling me that the baby was delicate and small, and that, in all probability, it could not be reared without its mother's milk. Upon this I grew so violent, that, fearing to endanger my life, they removed the baby from me; though not till I had given orders for a proper nurse to be procured for the support of the child.

"My faithful maid being more anxious for the life of my baby than its unnatural mother, was so indefatigable in her inquiries after a nurse, that before night she procured one, as it appeared, every way proper. This nurse was the widow of an officer killed in battle only a few months before, who had lately been delivered of an infant which died a few hours after its birth, living only to receive the blessings of our holy church upon earth, and then going to be made for ever happy in heaven, through the imputed righteousness of Him in whom is the offer of life unto all. 1 Cor. xv. 22.

"This bereaved wife and mother was brought to our house, where an apartment was appropriated to her, and where she received my little one into her bosom, bestowing upon her the tenderest caresses. To this little girl we gave the name of Lucy; but we seldom spoke of her, except as of one whose existence was a misfortune to her parents; although a lovelier baby was perhaps never seen.

"Thus you perceive, my little misses, how the heart

may be hardened, and the sweetest ties of nature broken by the indulgence of any evil passion. Pride was the ruling passion both of myself and my husband; and hence the fear of not having a son to inherit our honours made us even hate the name of daughter.

"As soon as I was able to go out after the birth of my child, I returned into public, appeared at court, and devoted my whole time to the pleasures of the world. But before the expiration of fourteen months, all our wishes were accomplished by the birth of a son, whom we called Herbert, and to whom I was not unwilling to perform the part of a mother.

"My little Herbert was, like his sister, a lovely child, having a graceful shape and a beautiful countenance. As these children grew older, Herbert was permitted to come into my presence whenever it suited him; but Lucy was only brought before me once a-day, when she was taught to pay her compliments formally, and to stand still till I gave her permission to withdraw; and the greatest favour I ever allowed her, was sometimes to kiss my hand.

"In this manner three or four years passed away; the little Lucy still living in the retired apartment of her nurse, who had now become her governess, and of whom I required that she should teach her fine needle-work, a service which she seemed very capable of performing; besides which she was to see that the child was dressed with the most curious neatness. Lucy's governess submitted with the utmost willingness to all my commands, appearing to consider nothing as an inconvenience, nor to dread any possible event but that of a separation from her little lady.

"At the end of the four years above mentioned," continued the old Lady Faulconbridge, "my lord, fancying that he was not so well received at court as he had been, suddenly determined to remove with his family into the country. I was exceedingly grieved at this resolution, considering the pleasures of the town as indispensable to my happiness; upon which I used every means to prevail upon my lord to remain at court; but not being able to succeed, I was obliged at length to submit to become an inhabitant of one of my lord's country residences. And O how happy might I there have been with my husband and my beloved children, possessing all this world could bestow, even to magnificence itself!

but pride and the love of pleasure empoisoned all my happiness.

"On our settling in the country, I became sullen and dejected; I refused to associate with my country neighbours, and made myself so unpleasant to my lord, that, in order to beguile the time, he had recourse to field-sports. He was now almost continually abroad, with his hounds and his hunters; and when at home he chiefly associated with the companions of his sports, in whose company he acquired the habit of drinking freely. At the same time, observing how improperly I indulged my little son, he procured a tutor for him, insisting that he should be with me only a few hours every day. Thus neglected by my lord, and separated from my son, I considered myself as the most miserable of human beings; not reflecting that I was myself the author of all my troubles, many of which were indeed merely imaginary. I now spent much of my time in bed, and the rest in reading romances, dressing, and sauntering about my garden.

"The alcove represented in that painting was a place where I often sat: it was at the end of a broad straight gravel walk, which extended from the grand front of the house to the park-gate, commanding a view of the house and garden on one side, and of the park on the other, adorned with many beautiful groves of trees, a lake of clear water, the village church and churchyard. To this place, as I before said, I used often to resort during the warm weather, where I spent my time in reading such of my favourite romances, or books of poetry, as tended to cherish a foolish and selfish melancholy.

"When we had occupied this retirement rather more than three years, my little daughter's nurse died, and was buried in the churchyard before mentioned: after which I placed my daughter under the charge of my maid, the same person who had procured the nurse for her. My maid had been brought up in a situation above her present rank, and was a pious and faithful servant. She had often endeavoured to insinuate good advice, which, had I followed it, would have saved me much remorse and anguish: and now she took occasion to expostulate with me concerning my conduct towards my little daughter—she represented to me that she was an extremely lovely child, and had been brought up by her affectionate nurse and governess in such habits as, with the blessing of

Almighty God, would render her all that a young lady of rank could be wished; being pious, modest, gentle, intelligent, and industrious, and withal having a wonderful dignity and composure of deportment, together with a sweet and gracious manner, calculated to set forth to the utmost advantage all her other perfections. She informed me how tenderly my little Lucy had watched by her governess till the moment of death; and how she had ever since mourned her loss, not by a noisy grief, but with a deep and silent sorrow, which she testified by a strict and solemn observance of all her injunctions, as well as by an exact preservation of those habits which she had inculcated—all these expostulations my maid concluded, by entreating me to cultivate the affection of this sweet child. 'You complain, my lady,' she said, 'of being alone; of having no friend, no companion. O, permit your faithful servant to persuade you to find the friend and companion you want, in your little daughter.'

"I answered haughtily, that a child could not be made a suitable companion for me; and in this manner the subject was dropped. I could not however shake off the uneasy feelings which this conversation had excited in me. The whole unreasonable tenor of my conduct towards my child was frequently brought to my recollection. I even felt jealous of the regard which she testified to the memory of her nurse; while the merits and fidelity of that excellent person, who had laid upon me the highest possible obligation to gratitude which a mother could feel, filled me with envy and dissatisfaction.

"While I was in this state of mind, I went one day to sit in my favourite alcove. It was a lovely morning in the early part of the summer-season. All nature was smiling around me; the roses and jasmine in the garden breathed the most fragrant odours, and a gentle breeze waved the branches of the trees in the park, under which the deer were feeding. All about me was harmony and delight, while all within was discord and dissatisfaction. I had made an idol of myself, and had received in myself that recompense of my error which was meet (Rom. i. 27.); for I was completely miserable, dissatisfied with myself, and discontented with the whole world. I held in my hand a romance, with which I endeavoured to beguile the time. But as

a person long used to opiates finds at length that they have lost their efficacy, so I found, from a like cause, that these dangerous books had become unable to alleviate, even for a moment, the uneasiness of my feelings.

"While I was in this place, my little daughter came out at the door of the house, dressed as you see her in the picture. She descended the high flight of steps, from time to time looking at the book in her hand. And as she came forward along the straight walk, she stopped several times to gather flowers: but being evidently engaged with her book, though not always looking upon it, she did not perceive that I was in the alcove, till her foot was upon the steps leading to it.

"On seeing me she started slightly; and while the colour rose in her cheeks, which were in general but faintly tinged with a slight bloom, she begged my pardon for the intrusion, and was going away; when I called her back, and asked her, no doubt, with my usual haughtiness, why she had not seen me earlier that day? and why she did not pay her usual compliments to me?

"At this undeserved reproof she turned again, and approaching me with a sweet composure of spirit, she kissed my extended hand, begging me to excuse her apparent negligence, as she feared to interrupt me, seeing I was reading.

"I made no other answer than to tell her she was now at liberty to go. But while speaking, my eye glanced upon the book which was open in her hand, and which I perceived to be the Bible.—*The Bible! the Holy Book of God!* was the private and chosen study of my little daughter; while her mother wasted her precious time in reading romances.

"This thought pressing very strongly upon my mind, produced in me a very painful sensation of shame, which, added to my other uneasy feelings, made me burst into a violent fit of tears; while my eye followed the lovely little creature, whose character I now for the first time began to see and admire.

"Along the mazes of the shrubbery she had, it seems, intended to pass through the alcove, as the shortest way into the park; but being intimidated by me, she took a winding course among the shrubs of the pleasure-ground. In several different places I caught a glimpse of her, as she walked slowly on, reading her

Bible, or stopped to gather flowers. Her little elegant form and gentle aspect, still more softened by distance, struck me in a manner they had never done before; and indeed I had never before beheld her with the eye of love. But God was at that time beginning a work in me which will never be finished until 'he present me unto himself, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy, and without blemish.' Eph. v. 27. O wonderful work! O resurrection from death! O second creation! by which one so vile and hardened, so utterly corrupt, as I then was, was made new in Christ Jesus! And although that work, after fifty years, is still very imperfect; yet I feel that He who called me is faithful, and will assuredly accomplish it in due season. 1 Thess. v. 24. But to return to my story.

"I lost sight of my Lucy for a little while, and then again saw her passing the bottom of the park, when I perceived that she was directing her steps to the village churchyard. I now understood the object of her walk —she was going to strew flowers upon her nurse's grave. I saw her pass through the little wicket, where the trees in the churchyard hid her from my view. How long it was before she appeared again I cannot tell; for in that interval, be it long or be it short, such things passed in my mind as can never be forgotten. All my sinful negligence and cruelty towards this lovely child were brought before me with an order and force which I must ever attribute to an immediate divine influence; 'for the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Heb. iv. 12.

"I remained lost in painful thoughts till I saw my little girl come out of the churchyard, and return towards the house. It was now distressing to me to see how carefully she avoided the alcove in her way to the house. I traced her steps as she sometimes appeared in view in a distant part of the pleasure-grounds till at length I saw her enter the door. I then broke out in the anguish of my heart to this purpose; 'O my sweet Lucy! lovely and holy child! how unworthy am I to be called thy mother! Thy real mother now sleeps in the dust; 'tis she who now lies in the grave whom thy

heart acknowledges to be such—she was thy mother, thy instructress, thy truest friend.'

"I remained in the alcove weeping, bitterly weeping, till the hour of dinner drawing near, and expecting some strangers to be present, I hastened to wash away my tears, to change my dress, and to affect a composure I little felt.

"The next morning, after a very uneasy night, I opened my heart to my maid, telling her that I had resolved to change my conduct towards my little girl, and begging that she would immediately bring her to me. I was sitting on a couch in my dressing-room when she was introduced. Her manner, as usual, was composed and graceful; and she stopped at some distance from me courtesying low, as she had been taught.

"'Lucy,' I said, 'come near to me.' I then hesitated; for I really felt awkward and ashamed. I held out my hand. She came forward and kissed it, looking anxiously at me, not being able to guess what was passing in my mind.

"'Lucy,' I said, 'can you love me as you loved your nurse?'

"Her face flushed high at the name of her nurse, and the tears started into her eyes. She tried to speak, but could not.

"I clasped my arms round her, and kissed her. 'Lucy, my child,' I said, 'can you love me? will you love me? Will you be to me what you were to your nurse?'

"She burst into tears, and pressed her sweet cheek against mine, answering, in a low soft voice, 'Will you allow me, madam?'

"But the time will not permit me," said the Lady Faulconbridge, "to enter into every particular of my story which may seem interesting and affecting to myself. Suffice it to say, that after this interview my little Lucy became my familiar associate, while I showed myself as impetuous, and eager, and injudicious in my regard for her, as I had before been cold and backward. In a word, this sweet child now became my constant companion, my darling idol, and the object of all my foolish attentions and flatteries. I extolled her beauty; I had the first artists from London to draw her likeness; taking a strange delight in adorning her with jewels

and other vain ornaments: and assuredly I should have destroyed the good effects of all her nurse's endeavours to lead her in the heavenly way, had not the work been of God, and her pious instructress only an humble instrument in his hands—but that work being truly divine, could not be destroyed.

"Under all these trials of high prosperity my lovely child preserved her former sweet composure, with all her usual pure and pious habits. Her Bible was her daily delight, and she frequently asked permission to read it to me, as a divine directory to everlasting happiness. Her manner towards me never lost any of its former respectfulness, but became sweetly tempered with love: nor did she ever express any recollection of my former cold neglect, so that I sometimes even doubted whether she had been aware of it. Towards her little brother also her manner was indescribably amiable; and her endeavours to lead him in the right way were so earnest, and so highly blessed, that he often assured me, after the lapse of many years, that his first views of religion had been received from his sister."

The Lady Faulconbridge now paused for a moment, to wipe away a tear that was trickling down her aged cheek; after which she proceeded to the following effect. "I had enjoyed the sweet affection of my pleasant child rather less than a year, when she was attacked with a slight fever. From this however she seemed soon to recover: but a cough shortly afterward succeeding it, she began, though at first almost imperceptibly, to fade away. She became thin, the colour left her cheeks, and her lips appeared pale. I observed these symptoms at first without much alarm; but a remark made in my presence, though not intended to reach my ears, not only filled me with anguish, but excited in me such a degree of apprehension, that I immediately sent for the best medical assistance which could be procured. This remark, so replete with terrors for me, was, that the sickness which had brought Lady Lucy's nurse to her grave, after beginning with the same symptoms as those then apparent on my beloved child, had ended in a confirmed and hopeless consumption.

"Had my beloved child been threatened with any other death, I felt that I could have borne it better: but

in *this* I saw the direct and immediate punishment of my own criminal negligence, and that at a time when I supposed my sin to be forgotten. I knew too well how liable children are to partake of the constitution of their nurses; neither could any one induce me to think, after the dreadful hint I had heard, that if my child died, it would not, in all probability, be in consequence of my not having fulfilled the part of a mother to her. No care, no skill, no tears, no prayers, were allowed by the Almighty to arrest the progress of that fatal disease which had seized upon our Lucy, and which proceeded so rapidly in its dreadful course, that towards the end of autumn we were called to resign our lovely child to the silent tomb.

"During this illness our gentle Lucy visibly grew in grace, sweetly drawing comfort for me and her afflicted father from the only fountain of true consolation, and exhorting us to seek that Saviour through whose tender love and sufferings, she, though a feeble and sinful child of Adam, was enabled to subdue the fear of death.

"When once, in an agony of mind, I mentioned to her my persuasion, that she had derived from her nurse the seeds of that disease which was then effecting the destruction of her mortal part, and that had I but performed a mother's duty towards her at that early period, she might have been spared to us for many years—she raised herself in her bed, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, affectingly exclaimed, 'I thank thee, O my God, for thou hast done all things well.' Then turning to me, she continued, 'O my beloved mother! take this for your comfort—that if I drew the seeds of temporal death from my beloved nurse, she was made the means also of leading me into an acquaintance with him who is the Resurrection and the Life. It was she, my dear madam, who very early in life, even as long ago as I can remember, pointed out to me the Saviour, and implored for me, with many earnest prayers, the blessings of the new covenant.' She then embraced me, and besought me, in a more earnest manner than she had ever done before, to forsake the pursuit of worldly pleasures, and to devote myself wholly to God. 'Our beloved Saviour,' she said, 'is now drawing you, my dear mother; he is drawing you at once by tender love and gentle chastisements. O run after him; he will bring you into

his chambers, and comfort you with his love.' Sol. Song i. 4.

"My beloved child did not live long after this conversation, but passed sweetly through the grave and gate of death into her Saviour's bosom. Before, however, that awful moment arrived, she requested that she might be buried by the side of her nurse. I at first objected; but my lord insisted that this last favour required by a child lately become so dear to him should not be denied. Accordingly the grave of our Lucy's nurse was opened, and her little coffin placed beside that of her early guardian. We erected over them a superb marble monument, upon which the names of both were engraven, with the dates of their death.

"After the loss of my little girl I sunk into a deep melancholy. My lord, who partook of my sorrow, was exceedingly kind to me, and gave up many of his field-sports and amusements in order to devote his time to me. He allowed me also to enjoy more of my little boy's company; while the last exhortations of our departed darling were certainly neither unfelt, nor unattended by a divine blessing.

"The Scriptures now became a chief part of our studies, and we attended all the public ordinances of religion with more than usual exactness. But my lord's advance in the Christian life was evidently more rapid than mine, and the exemplary death of his little girl was rendered more especially profitable to him.

"When a few years had abated my grief, I ceased to think so much of my Lucy, and began again to make an idol of my son, who was growing a fine youth, and discovered a serious inclination to the service of God. I now began to look forward to the time when he would make a figure in the world, and promised myself much happiness in seeing him become the father of a family, among whom I might perhaps behold another Lucy. These prospects insensibly drew me from my religious thoughts; thus making the loss of many other earthly comforts necessary to the admission of the Saviour into my ungrateful heart.

"My son, as he grew older, became more decidedly pious, as did also my lord as he advanced in years. And now, old as I am, I remember with a delight which makes me sometimes break out into hymns of praise and thanksgiving, how sweetly these two were accus-

tomed to commune together on heavenly subjects, and how their religious principles were evidenced by their circumspect conduct. Still however my heart remained in a state of great hardness. Sometimes indeed I had strong convictions; but, as I before observed, the world so blinded my eyes, as to render further and greater privations necessary to my eternal good.

"These salutary afflictions, though long delayed, at length overtook me. I first lost my lord. His death was sudden, but attended with such circumstances as an humble Christian may reflect upon with satisfaction. And my son had hardly entered upon his estates and titles, when he was called away from those empty possessions to an inheritance which fadeth not away.

"With him went all my high hopes, together with all those prospects of worldly happiness which I had so long entertained; so that out of all our immense posessions, this estate only remained to me. This remnant of our former property I then looked upon as an inconsiderable thing; but I have since felt it to be far, far above my highest deserts, and more than sufficient to supply me, not only with the necessaries, but even with the choicest luxuries of life, had I been disposed to require them.

"Upon the death of my son, I immediately retired to this place, where I have now lived five-and-thirty years, under a growing conviction, that all my past chastisements were absolutely requisite to subdue my rebellious will, and bring me to God. Yes, there has not been allotted me one correction too much, nor one stroke too heavy. More than this, I have learned to see, that in God's dealings with me he has been particularly, most abundantly, most amazingly merciful, yea, merciful beyond his usual mercies. I asked the honours of this world for my husband and my children, and he has given them instead thereof *an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.* 1 Peter i. 4. I asked a *stone* for them, and he gave them *bread;* I asked a *serpent*, and he gave them a *fish.* Matt. vii. 9, 10. Thus has he done for my husband and my children; nor has he dealt less bountifully with myself, giving me in his house and within his walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters, even an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off." Isaiah lvi. 5.

When the Lady Faulconbridge had finished her affect-

ing history, there followed a silence of some minutes; during which every one struggled to repress her own feelings, no one daring to speak, lest any thing should escape her that might increase the freshly revived sorrows of the noble sufferer. At length Mrs. Teachum, who best knew how to express herself on this occasion, ventured to lay before her ladyship some of those rich and powerful consolations which she herself, in somewhat similar circumstances, had drawn from religion.

The Lady Faulconbridge was very sensible of Mrs. Teachum's kindness, and expressed a hope that their acquaintance, thus agreeably commenced, might only terminate with her death; which event, she added, her advanced age led her to suppose must be very near at hand.

Twilight, now fast approaching, reminded Mrs. Teachum that it was time to take her leave: she therefore directed her little companions to prepare themselves for their walk. But the Lady Faulconbridge would not permit them to go until she had presented each of her young visiters with some pretty little specimen of her own needle-work, taken from the drawers of one of the Indian cabinets before mentioned. To one she gave an embroidered pincushion; to another, a needle-book; to a third, a little work-bag: in short, every one received some little token of remembrance from the hands of their venerable hostess. And there was not one of the young ladies who did not duly estimate her kindness; while all sincerely rejoiced on hearing that they were invited to repeat their visit in a few weeks.

During their walk home, the subject of their conversation was, of course, wholly supplied by what they had seen and heard; and all the way their young hearts glowed with an ardent desire of becoming like the lovely Lady Lucy Faulconbridge. In this state of mind they retired to rest, and were thus sweetly prepared for the duties of the following day.

SUNDAY,

The last Day.

This sweet morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, inviting all persons to prepare for the solemn services of the day. The morning was fine, and the whole house was rendered fragrant with the odour of the fresh flowers with which every chimney-piece was adorned.

On assembling in Mrs. Teachum's presence, all neatly dressed, and every countenance beaming with holy peace and joy, the whole party cordially joined in the morning song of praise, led by their governess.

After having attended divine service twice, the little party met in the evening, as usual, in Mrs. Teachum's parlour, where they drank tea together; after which they fell into discourse upon the events of the past week, and the happiness they had enjoyed for several days past. They spoke much of those two lovely children, the Lady Lucy Faulconbridge, and the sweet Emily; nor did their governess fail to point out to them wherein the peculiar excellence of those characters consisted, namely, their freedom from selfishness. "In neither of these children," said Mrs. Teachum, "was there the smallest desire of being brought forward into notice, or of indulging their own appetites and passions: the comfort and happiness both of their parents and their guardians was what they earnestly and continually sought to secure; and such was the sincerity of their love for them, that death itself could not destroy it." She then proceeded to observe, that these dear children were by nature such as others; but that being renewed by the Holy Spirit of God, they had become new creatures: upon which she again took occasion to enforce the necessity of seeking assistance from the Holy Spirit, in order to do well. She thence went on to remark, that whatever excellence may appear in any human character, it can be but as a faint shadow of *that*, of which the dear Saviour's character was the substance; exhorting them therefore daily to take their Lord's con-

duct, when on earth, as the only perfect example of a holy life. And here she set before them his wonderful humility, his compassion, his patience, his gentleness, his entire freedom from every selfish feeling, his contempt of earthly glory, his purity, and his invincible fortitude. After dwelling for some time upon these topics, she earnestly and affectionately entreated the little company, that they would endeavour in all things to adorn the gospel of God their Saviour; concluding her address in the following words: "My beloved children, though our house is set in a fragrant garden, though it is spacious and airy, and possessed of every desirable convenience; though all our earthly wants are here supplied even to abundance; though we possess health, and strength, and the society of our friends; notwithstanding all these advantages, if we live estranged from Christ, and set up self as our idol, we must needs be miserable—while, on the other hand, a sense of the divine favour is of itself sufficient to counterbalance the loss of every worldly accommodation and comfort, as was exemplified in the case of Daniel, who found peace even in the lion's den, because his God was with him there."

END OF THE GOVERNESS.

THE

LITTLE MOMIERE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

"THE LITTLE MOMIERE."

THE little Momiere, having been written by the express desire of certain pious ladies of Geneva, and actually commenced in that place, it is hoped that it will be found to be a correct representation of the manners of the little territory, and a faithful picture of that singular custom by which the daughters of the higher classes of Genevese are thus early deprived of the blessings and privileges which children in other Christian countries derive from the leisure of the Lord's Day.

THE LITTLE MOMIERE.

Pauline and Sophie were the daughters of a merchant of Geneva,—a man of the first consideration in the city towards the end of the last century; but as it does not suit the collector of these memoirs to mention a name which may be too well known, I shall drop the real name of this gentleman, and adopt another in its stead. The name I have chosen is that of De Levrat.

Monsieur Levrat had a town-house on the promenade de la Traille, which is in the most elevated part of the city, and a campagne or country-house beyond the Port de Rive, on the road to the Saleves.

Pauline de Levrat was some years older than her sister Sophie, the latter of whom was so unfortunate as to lose her mother on the very day that her eyes opened on this world of pain and sorrow; in consequence of which she was intrusted to the charge of a servant of the family, one who had married from the family some years before, and who had just had an infant, and was well able to impart the nourishment so necessary for infants to another child as well as her own. Thus, an affectionate foster-mother was, by the kind arrangements of Providence, prepared for the bereaved infant, and, as will be seen, a further advantage accrued to little Sophie than what first appeared to those who only looked to present things.

The house of Janet Keller may still be seen by those who are curious in such matters, on the border of that triangular green, shaded with three rows of chestnuts, called by distinction Pré l'Eveque, or the Bishop's Meadow, from having formerly made part of a domain,

possessed in this quarter by the bishops of Geneva, and where, indeed, still appears a mansion, standing within a walled garden, which was the bishop's palace. Although the exterior of this mansion has undergone so complete a metamorphosis that its ancient destination would not be easily supposed, nevertheless, a grove of very ancient chestnut-trees cast a solemn shade upon one part of the domain, and give an air of distinction to the whole place. The house in which Janet Keller dwelt was, however, from its situation, particularly convenient for Monsieur Levrat, or his eldest daughter with her governess (a personage denominated la Bonne on the Continent), to call upon the little nursling as they passed from the town to the country-house. Though it should be remarked, that the father's carriage was seen much oftener at the door of the nurse than that which was appropriated to the use of Mademoiselle Pauline. But in speaking of the quarter called Pré l'Eveque, I cannot say whether it had then deserved that which has been since said of it, that it is a principal resort of those who adhere more closely than the national church of Geneva at present does to the opinions of the old reformers. At present, however, the followers of the reformers have a chapel close to the palace of the ancient bishops; and it has happened to me more than once to hear their notes of the purest, most simple, and pathetic harmony, arising in the stillness of evening from beneath the humble roof under which these persons assemble to perform their acts of praise and prayer, as I have been passing along under the high walls which encompass the ancient seat of the bishop; but the people of this country have an intuitive taste for music, and in no place which I have ever visited have I been so thoroughly satisfied as I have been in this with the fashion of their sacred music. But I am departing from my subject, and as I was saying before, I know not how long it is since those who by derision are called Momiers in Geneva, have erected one of their chapels in this place, and, as it were, collected themselves in this quarter; but this I know, that under the simple roof of Janet Keller, so far back as the infancy of Sophie, there was not unseldom a reunion of persons, who made the Holy Scriptures the foundation of their hopes in death, and of their consolation through all the trials of this eventful life. Janet, like

most of her countrywomen, had a sweet voice, and when occupied with her household concerns accustomed herself to sing certain ancient sacred airs, which she had received from her pious ancestors. Hence it was, with the songs of praise as old as the days of Calvin, that the infant Sophie was lulled to sleep in her cradle; and as she was left with Janet till she was four years of age, she was able to remember in after-life many scenes of infancy, associated in her mind with kneeling before her nurse to repeat her prayers, with portions of verses taken from the sacred writings, and a finger lifted up to heaven, to indicate, that He who dwelt above was to be looked to in every circumstance of life. Nevertheless, when Sophie was four years old, she was removed to her father's house, and all familiar intercourse with her nurse terminated at the same time, by the new habits of life into which she was initiated, and the removal of the excellent woman to a little farm in the village of Monetier in the Saleves.

And now we must follow our little Sophie into new scenes. As la Bonne expressed it, she had been too long with her nurse, although the extreme delicacy of her health had induced her father to delay subjecting her to the pain of parting from her adopted mother to a period beyond what would otherwise have been thought right, and it was expedient, therefore, to lose no time in giving her those habits which are necessary in the formation of a fashionable and elegant woman. The governess was from Paris, and the accents of Sophie, as she herself expressed it, tortured her ears, and gave her a sensation truly insupportable. The ideas of the child were also so grotesque, that for awhile la Bonne even doubted whether she had the common understanding of children. She was soon, however, satisfied that there was no natural deficiency in the little girl: neither did she despair of soon forming her according to the belle ideale which she had in her mind. Nor was the governess deficient in the measures which she took to secure her end, for the children of this world have this advantage over those whose interest is in the affairs of the next, inasmuch as they have no contending feelings —the present world is their object, their only and sole object. They may, indeed, have some passing alarms respecting what may follow death, and might be glad to evade the consequences of their evil actions in the world

to come; but they never distract their minds from present things by anxious thoughts respecting the future life. They pursue the world, and only the world, till the world passes from them in the last moment of their lives, unless touched by a divine hand, and brought to a stand by a power superior to their own;—a statement of the case, which may perhaps be questioned by people in general, but which cannot be doubted when this fact is understood, that throughout the whole heathen earth we have not upon record a single prayer made in health and prosperity for celestial happiness.

It is for some earthly good, and for that only, that the multifarious prayers of the ungodly are poured forth to the objects of their idolatry. But la Bonne had no objects of worship but herself and the world. She was a disciple of the modern school, and her morality was little else than expediency, with a continual reference of that expediency to her own advancement in society. It was expedient that she should render Sophie as agreeable in the eyes of the world as Pauline was already accounted to be, in order that her own credit as an instructress might grow thereby: and, as I before remarked, she bent her whole soul to this purpose, using that worldly wisdom which is more perfect in its way than the wisdom of the child of God, inasmuch as that the wisdom which is from above, when admitted into the heart of man, is continually counteracted by the natural corruption of that heart; hence the inconsistencies, weaknesses, and imperfections ever visible in the people of God, whereby the church of Christ is brought to shame from age to age in the eyes of the world, and its members counted but as silly sheep, wandering over the dark hills of this earth, and having no hope but in the Shepherd, who will assuredly guide them, erring as they are, by his words of wisdom, into a place of safety, which otherwise they could never attain. However, la Bonne erred not in her path, but rather went right forward to her object. Perceiving that the little girl had acquired some ideas of religion which she did not approve, she carefully avoided reminding her of these, by speaking to her of her nurse, or of any of the circumstances of her infancy, while she laboured sedulously to present new objects to her attention. By her care, Sophie was provided with the most elegant attire, and the most beautiful toys;

instead of her little muslin cap, she had her fair hair accurately arranged, and she wore a hat of the finest straw, decorated with a garland of artificial flowers; instead of her little frock of flowered chintz, she had a silk dress, trimmed with lace, and a cashmere scarf; and though only four years of age, she had an enamelled watch suspended from her neck by a chain of gold. Thus she was presently converted from the little cottage child into one of the most elegant girls seen on the public walks; and she was taught to smile and courtesy when she received the compliments of the ladies of her father's acquaintance. In the mean time, her sister, who, being seven years of age, was already admitted into the Sunday evening assemblies (the nature of which I shall explain hereafter), was held up to the little Sophie, not only by her governess, but by her father, as that model of perfection to which she must endeavour to attain.

Poor Pauline had not enjoyed the few advantages which had been allowed by Providence to Sophie; she had never been instructed to lift up her eyes to One above, as to the sovereign Ruler of all things. If any idea of the Almighty had been given to her by her governess, they had been no other than those vague and dark notions suggested by vain philosophy—notions which, as well as all other views of the Divinity, however modified by the word of God, which fall short of the whole truth as revealed respecting him by that word, fall powerlessly upon the heart. She had been made to feel that the customs of fashionable life were all, in fact, that were worthy of attention, and that money was only valuable to her, inasmuch as it enabled her to excel her companions in the elegance and variety of her ornaments. She had, as I before said, been introduced into the Sunday evening assemblies of her young companions, and these reunions had already begun to exert such an influence over her heart as in a certain degree to supersede all other feeling. Since this introduction her mind and manners had lost all that had remained of youthful simplicity, and from one Sunday to another she referred all her actions to the decision which might be passed upon them by her little coterie.

One evil effect of these assemblies was remarkable, above all others, in the elder sister, when the younger was brought home, and this was, that feeling herself to

be the member of a society which had the manners of the world, she could not accommodate herself to the ways of a child of four years old. Pauline had already relinquished her dolls, I will not say her toys, for she had only exchanged one sort for another fitter for an older baby, and she could not be prevailed upon to take them up to please the little one. Accordingly, for some time she took no notice of her sister; but when she observed that her infant beauty attracted the attention of those about her, she grew jealous of her, and this feeling long remained with her, though, in after-life, she felt it due to her own character not to let it appear to the world. But as it is not the history of Pauline that I can enlarge upon, having but little information beyond what I have already given respecting her younger years, I shall merely say, that the governess met with no interruption in her plans with either sister, which were entirely built on the basis of the new philosophy at that time so prevalent on the Continent, excepting at the period when it was thought proper by Monsieur De Levrat that his daughters should be confirmed and admitted to the Holy Supper, previous to which, according to the rules of their national church, they were to go through a sort of examination from the minister of the district or parish.

Accordingly, in preparation for this examination, it was necessary that something must be learned, and the Geneva catechism, as offering the speediest and most approved method for obtaining the requisite information, was purchased and put into their hands, in order that as much of its contents as might be barely sufficient to enable them to pass through the required forms of the church without disgracing their friends might be committed to memory; which end being obtained, the means were forgotten, and in the true spirit of the popery of the human heart, the form having been attended to, the catechism was thrown aside, and as completely forgotten as if it had never existed; while mademoiselle, by whom I wish my reader to understand that I mean the governess, recommenced her efforts for rendering her pupils complete in the eyes of the fashionable world, with an energy which seemed to have gathered strength from the momentary pause. And here it might be remarked, although I profess myself to be as impartial as every true historian ought to

be, that if the little analysis of religion which the young people had been made to learn, and the governess to teach, had contained only one single simple statement of any truth, that truth could not have entirely fallen to the ground without some effect, for thus saith the Scripture, Isaiah lvi. 11, "The word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it." But inasmuch as the volume we speak of left not a trace behind it on the minds of those who had been occupied with it, we fear that we must acknowledge either that the scripture is false, or the little volume not conformed thereunto, since it had missed so entirely of its aim in the instance alluded to; for this I firmly believe, that the word of God never fails of producing the effect whereunto it is sent, either of awakening the soul from the sleep of death unto the spirit of life, or of exciting that irritation which permits not the hearer to enjoy that fatal repose which is the death of the soul.

But to leave these digressions, and to return to our history. The efforts of the governess were so successful, that when that discreet personage found it expedient to leave her pupils, in order to travel with an English family to Rome, she had the pleasure of thinking that she did not leave behind her in Geneva two young people who dressed and danced in a superior style to her pupils, or who had more of the Parisian accent in speaking the language of the country.

After the departure of their preceptress, the two sisters did not remain long in a single state, for Pauline was the happy and distinguished individual who was first married from the little coterie to which she belonged; and Sophie followed her sister's example in less than three years. And now, having advanced thus far in my history, it is necessary (for the sake of such of my readers as are not much acquainted with what passes on the eastern side of the Jura), that I should explain the hints already given respecting the assemblies of young people, which must hitherto have appeared perfectly unintelligible, inasmuch as the singular custom to which I refer has no existence, I believe, beyond the valleys of Switzerland.

These assemblies of young girls on the Sunday evenings are formed when they are children, and often from

the ages of four to five, and generally by mothers attached to each other, having often themselves been members of a similar society, and wishing that their children should be connected in the same way. When they think that the number of those who are proposed is sufficient, they then refuse any more, and the society is said to be closed.

These young girls meet every Sunday in the winter, and amuse themselves as they please; they are watched in their infancy, and as they advance in years are gradually left to themselves. These societies are thus arranged:—Each society is only composed of single girls until one of its own members is married, at which time an entire revolution in its plans takes place. The society in its original form is supposed to be closed, and when reopened admits gentlemen; such of its members as have not been confirmed or taken the sacrament generally waiting to assist at this new kind of assembly till these forms have been duly observed.

When these arrangements are all complete, that is, when one marriage has taken place, and all the members who are old enough have been confirmed, the gentlemen who wish to be of the society which is about to be reopened then make it their business to get an introduction to some young lady of the society, in the hope that she may be induced to recommend him. A general meeting of the young ladies is then held, at which each young person produces a list of the gentlemen candidates who have applied to her. A general list is then made out, and an express invitation sent to each gentleman to meet the society at the house of the new-married lady, and from that time these gentlemen have a right to meet the assembly every Sunday evening without further invitation: it is also taken for granted that after the reopening, the fathers of the young ladies have a right to be members of the society, and from this time no changes take place in this society excepting such as accrue from the marriage of young ladies, when the husbands of these young ladies become members of course.

"It should be observed," remarked the lady who favoured me with the information given above, "that these reunions give great advantages to women, inasmuch as that by introducing their husbands to their Sunday assemblies, they also introduce them to their rela-

tions and friends; and if it should so happen that they should marry a man whose situation in life is not equal to their own, they bring their husbands into the circle in which they themselves have been accustomed to move; but the same advantage is not derived by the man, for he cannot introduce his wife into the society into which he has been admitted; he may be invited to his society without his wife, but a woman cannot be invited without her husband. You may understand from this that mothers are very scrupulous regarding the choice of the young girls who are admitted into the same society with their daughters, and who are to form with them a friendship which may last for their lives, observing carefully that their rank in life should be the same. The eldest and youngest members of these societies have seldom more than four years' difference in their age. It is particularly (say the natives of Geneva) at the two extremes of life that these societies are precious, for the purposes for which they are formed; in infancy these young girls gain, by mixing with numbers (for there are seldom less than twelve or fifteen in each society), the habit of accommodating to each other, and of being complaisant; in short, they are exposed by these societies to that sort of friction which polishes young people.

"These are the advantages," (say the higher classes at Geneva), "to be obtained in youth by these societies: still later in life, other advantages are said to arise from them. When other engagements have succeeded—when other associations with new people demand a portion of the time, with what delight do they meet again those friends who have been their companions from infancy!—their sentiments, their recollections, their interests, all, even to their ages, being conformed; because being nearly of the same standing in life, they grow old together without remarking the changes in each other."

My reader will excuse my entering into this long detail, which I can assure him to be genuine, bearing within itself the evidences of having been written in a foreign language; for in translating it from the original, my anxiety to adhere closely to this account, which was given me by a lady of distinction in Geneva, has led me, I see, to fall into several modes of expression which are not entirely English. Neither is it my ob-

ject to condemn these associations as utterly useless, though wholly, I think, inapplicable to a religious state of society, from the single circumstance of assemblies which are not for the purpose of religion having a regular recurrence on the Lord's day.

I have said that the two sisters married early: the one being the first of her class who entered into that state, which, with the divine blessing, is the most happy condition of human life; and as much the contrary when not attended with that blessing. The husband of Pauline was a man of large fortune, a merchant, and of one of the best families in the city. We shall call him Prevot; though we do not say that this was actually his name. As to the rest, he was a man of an ordinary character. On the other hand, Sophie had rather been influenced by a pleasing amiable character, and an agreeable exterior, in her acceptance of a partner for life, than by riches. Her husband was a younger son, of a small fortune, and actually engaged as a sort of inferior partner in the house of his brother-in-law, M. Prevot. Notwithstanding which, M. Roquenord was a gentleman both by birth and education, and a person to whom M. Levrat could not object, although he would have preferred a richer man.

When Madame Roquenord was married, her sister had already two daughters; and Madame Prevot having one day assembled at her house as many of the little association to which she had belonged ever since her sixth year as the changes attendant on this ever-varying scene would permit, the following conversation ensued. The place which they had selected for spending this evening was in an open balcony of the house of Monsieur Levrat, overhanging the promenade of La Traille (for Madame Prevot and her husband had lived with their father ever since their sister's marriage).

This promenade is a terrace of most extraordinary beauty, commanding a smiling valley, which on one side is enclosed by the stony heights of the Saleves, and on the other by the long line of the Jura, seen as far as where these mountains terminate abruptly at the Pas l'Ecluse, leaving a deep rocky bed in the bottom for the escape of the Rhone into the valleys of France, between itself and the still bolder acclivities of the Oouache; thus together forming the western boundary of the valley, while the undulating range of the many

hills, which bear the august appellation of the mountains of Zion, terminate the southern prospect.

Such were the scenes which lay extended before the young people collected in the balcony; and while they looked upon the hills so dear to every native of their own sweet valley, their hearts began to glow towards each other; and, while under these impressions, some of them recurred to days and seasons past, and others seemed more disposed to look to future times, and at length it was proposed that every one then present (if ever it should so happen that those then single should marry and have daughters) should consider herself as bound to associate them with those of her companions, so far as circumstances would possibly permit.

This proposal was unanimously admitted, though two mothers were then only present, viz. Madame Prevot and Madame St. Clare; the first of whom had already two daughters, and the second one. And these two young ladies then resolved that, as soon as their children were of a proper age, this reunion in another generation should commence without loss of time.

"You have the advantage of me, I confess," said Madame Roquenord; "but not, I trust by so many years, but that a daughter of mine may be old enough to join the party at no remote distance of time after its establishment. And I have often thought what pride we mothers shall have in decorating our children for their Sunday reunions, and telling them how it was with us when the happy day arrived on which we were first counted old enough to be introduced to the Sunday parties. At least," she added, gayly, "if I may speak for one, I never thought so much of myself as when my maid, having *dressed* me for my first introduction to the assembly, which was that evening at your mother's house, Madame St. Clare gave me my gloves and fan, and bade me remember that I was no longer a baby, but a pretty mademoiselle, who was expected to sit still in her chair, and speak handsomely when addressed."

"And I remember more," said Madame Prevot; "viz. how we quarrelled when we came home, Sophie; and how la Bonne threatened to put you in penitence because you maintained that you were as good, and wise, and discreet as your elder sister.

"That may well be," replied Sophie, laughingly; "though I do not remember it, for my honours were

then new, and all blushing rosy red upon my young brow; and we all know that wiser heads than mine have found it hard to carry themselves aright, when thus arrayed. But to leave my follies in oblivion, let it be remembered by all here present, that I sign the compact, and that my daughter is to have the privilege of membership in the proposed association."

"Be it so," said Madame St. Clare; and she called every young lady present to witness the agreement. After which, other subjects were discussed, and the evening terminated as gayly as it had commenced. Neither did the party disperse till the golden hues of the mountains had faded into the violet, and the violet had passed away into the pale sad shades of parting twilight.

It is often well that we cannot look forward to the events of a year, a month, a day, or even an hour. What would Madame Roquenord have felt, could she have known that she was never again to meet on earth with many she had seen that evening; but so it was. M. Prevot had much intercourse with the city of London, and had an acting partner always in that place. A letter was received the next day, informing the Geneva house that the partner in London was dead: it was necessary not only that some responsible person should go over immediately to England, but also that that person should remain there. M. Prevot proposed the journey to his brother-in-law. M. Roquenord was willing to undertake it, but it could not be thought that he would separate himself from his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; nor could Sophie hesitate for one moment between her country, however dear that country might be, and her husband. She therefore prepared herself for the journey, and within a very few days found herself on the road to Paris; arriving in England within the fortnight of her leaving Geneva. What her thoughts and feelings were on finding herself in a strange land (for she had hardly felt France to be quite a strange land, inasmuch as she still heard her own language spoken), I cannot pretend to say; yet it appears that after a while she became not only reconciled to England, but so fond of it, that she would often say, "Could I but see any thing like a hill, and would the sun but shine as frequently as it does in my own sweet land, I think that I could bring my mind to spend

the rest of my days in this new country." But Sophie had a father in Switzerland, and although M. de Levrat had been too much occupied by business to give much time to his daughters, yet it is painful to think that an aged father may descend into the grave, and his child may see him no more. This was, however, to be the case with Sophie: M. de Levrat died suddenly, soon after his daughter's arrival in England, thus snapping her strongest tie to her native land.

The business of M. Roquenord lay in London, but he procured a house for his wife in one of the neat and elegant villages in its vicinity; and there he dined and slept, returning every day, after breakfast, to his counting-house.

Sophie had never been entirely dependent on society; yet, at first, she found the hours hang heavy when left by her husband. It was winter—the days were short and gloomy. It is common for people to be wholly unacquainted with their next-door neighbours in the neighbourhood of London; but Sophie was peculiarly situated as it regarded hers. She was living in the skirts of a village, and the house she occupied formed one building with another, the gardens being only divided by a slight iron railing, insomuch so, that when she stood at the window of her dressing-room, where she generally spent the morning, she could see the family walking in the garden, and could even hear their voices. This family consisted of a gentleman and a lady, with two little girls, the youngest of whom could just trot along the gravel walks, when held by the hands of her elders. She might be nearly two years old, the other might be four. There was an old grandmother also, who used to come out on a sunny day with one or other of the family; and there seemed to be old servants too, who belonged to the household; and an old dog, with other appendages which spoke of a family in its own country—all of which were interesting in the eyes of Sophie, who, as we said before, in the absence of her husband, was condemned to many lonely and melancholy hours; for she had not yet been taught to seek that exhaustless source of real comfort, which as a fountain insinuating its course through the rocky fissures of a snowy mountain, and bursting forth in the valleys below, becomes even more abundant when the plains are parched with the droughts of summer—even

that comfort which is eternal as the mountains and rich as the treasures of the snow. And here another remark might be added, tending to magnify the power of the Redeemer, viz. that as the consolations of the world depend on its visible presence, those of religion are independent of all external circumstances; for, as says the prophet, Habakkuk iii. 17, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

The business of the house, and of the affairs which had been left in perplexity by the deceased partner, in the mean time pressed more and more on M. Roquenord; his absences in consequence were longer and longer, and when he was at home he was necessarily more abstracted. His Sundays, which had formerly been devoted to his wife, were also given to his books, though in private, and at his country-house; and thus poor Madame Roquenord was condemned to an almost perpetual solitude; and in consequence, through the divine blessing, she was driven to reflection, and by reflection brought to consider many subjects which had never occupied her seriously before. It was then that the hours of infancy recurred to her memory, and the little habitation of Janet Keller in the Pré l'Eveque, with all those simple exercises of religion to which she had then been accustomed. Some few broken passages of the holy songs which she had then learned recurred to her mind, and among these, one especially which spoke of the Lord as the father of the fatherless. I have not the passage; it was taken from an exceedingly old and scarce collection of sacred songs—I therefore cannot give it; but while singing this verse again and again, as she sat alone, her hands being occupied with her pencil, she much lamented that she could recollect no more of the hymn: and having no other book by her on the subject of religion, she turned to the copy before mentioned of the Geneva catechism, which she had studied before confirmation, and which by accident had found itself in one of her trunks.

The first part of this little volume afforded some interesting instruction to Madame Roquenord, who had

actually forgotten the outline which it gives of sacred history; and having never studied that history in the Bible itself, she was entirely in the dark respecting it; but when arrived at the doctrinal parts of the catechism, her progress seemed to be at a stand, and the very first answer of the third section confounded her beyond measure. It was this: "We acknowledge as divine the Jewish religion and the Christian." Then, thought Sophie, there are two true religions, and if both are divine, I might choose either one or the other. But if I was baptized into the Christian religion—I live in a Christian country—all things being considered, I will then choose to be a Christian.

It would have been well had a pious friend been present to have told Sophie that there is but one faith, and that this faith is the same which has been acknowledged by all the holy men of God, from the time of righteous Abel until the present day, of which the object is the divine Trinity in unity, and the end the redemption of the chosen seed, according to the everlasting counsels of the Godhead.

But Madame Roquenord having judged that it would be more convenient and proper for her to be a Christian rather than a Jew, proceeded with much self-gratulation to perfect herself in the character she had thus wisely chosen; and in consequence went on to the next question, which seemed to come in most naturally, viz. "In what consists the Christian religion?"

Madame Roquenord did not want sense or ingenuity, neither were her powers of reasoning so weak as those of women are generally supposed to be; therefore, upon comparing one part of the catechism with another, she formed to herself, with an accuracy which did credit to the clearness of her head, as perfect a creed as her authorized instructor, viz. the catechism of her church, that is, the national church of Geneva, could supply; of which the unity of God—the right of Christ to be called the only Son of God on account of his miraculous birth—the excellence of his nature, and his intimate union with God—the help which God gives to the believer to perform good works—the remission of sins through faith in Jesus Christ—repentance, and leading a better life, formed the most important articles. Although Madame Roquenord was certainly much puzzled respecting two assertions made in different portions of the cate-

chism; first, that the sins of the believer are to be pardoned through faith and repentance; and, again, that in the day of judgment every man will be judged according to his works; these things appeared, in some degree, irreconcilable to her, yet, "All things considered, I must change my life," she said; "I must abstain from evil, do good, and watch without ceasing over my conduct, for I know not the hour of my death, nor that of judgment." Being arrived at this point, she set herself to work out her own salvation by a severity and strictness of life, which, like a cord of hemp, she pulled tighter and more tight every day, hoping to find that peace by these observances, which she remembered, though imperfectly, on the countenance of Janet Keller; and it was when having tried to establish her own merits for several months, without finding what she sought, that she was one morning surprised by a visit from her neighbours, the gentleman coming forward and addressing her with much kindness, and apologizing for not having called before, by a simple statement of the truth, viz. that in a place so large as London, or even in the neighbourhood of London, it was never safe to form hasty acquaintance with persons even of the most respectable appearances.

Madame Roquenord acknowledged the truth of this, and her visiters then proceeded to say, that having been accidentally (or rather providentially as might be hoped) made acquainted with the history and circumstances of their neighbour, they were come to offer the solace of their friendship to her who was a stranger in a foreign land; and then the gentleman proceeded to state to his new acquaintance the circumstances of his own family: his name, he said, was Seymour, he was a clergyman; the only son of a widowed mother, who resided with him, possessing a moderate fortune, but from a weakness of voice unable to undertake the regular service of a church, yet ready to help a brother in the occasional duties of the sacred profession; married to the lady of his choice, and blessed with two little girls, fond of domestic life, but having no objection to open his doors to one who would come and be as a member of the family.

This was exactly what Sophie wanted, and the acquaintance which commenced that day presently advanced into confidence, and shortly afterward ripened

into friendship. Not that friendship, indeed, so called by the world, but that immortal union of hearts which is known only by the children of the King of kings, for Mr. Seymour was a Christian in the most decided sense of the expression; the law of his God, and his revealed word, was his rule of faith; and it was enough for him, if the Scriptures said it, to receive any doctrine, however apparently uncongenial to the natural man.

From that day, which was the beginning of spring, that season in which the delicate plants of a northern region begin to unfold themselves on the sunny banks, half-timidly concealing their blossoms within their leaves, as if afraid of the lingering frost, that the prospects of Madame Roquenord commenced also to wear a more sunny aspect; for her husband's countenance began to assume an appearance of less care, and the delightful society of her new acquaintance, under whose roof she spent several hours each morning, added much to her happiness. She had her chair, and table, and especial corner in the drawing-room of her friends, and there she heard and saw all that passed, was present when Lucy, Mr. Seymour's eldest daughter, received her lessons; and when the father endeavoured to lead the mind of his little girl in the way of holiness: when he conversed with his wise and venerable mother, or read to his assembled family; and it was there that she first became acquainted with the Bible.

It is too much the error of religious persons to despise elegant literature and science—the one being valuable from the insight it gives to the work of God in the mind of man, the other to the work of God in the material world—a sort of prepossession which gives a coarseness of manner and poverty of ideas even to the best of persons, and renders it difficult for the children of God to keep up a frequent intercourse with their fellow-creatures, without falling into that sort of conversation which at best is unfruitful, and never agreeable, viz. the gossip supplied by the events and circumstances which take place in the little circle in which they reside; and although such persons no doubt make it their endeavour to bring the circumstances they speak of in this manner to the test of truth, condemning only that which is unpleasing in the sight of God, and speaking well only of that which is agreeable in the eyes of their heavenly Father, yet I believe

that in all cases where conversation is confined to a narrow circle, it is apt to sink into personal censure, and into the condemnation of habits and actions which are not exactly our own. It is often pleaded that in this life there is no time for any speculations which do not directly belong to the eternal interests of the soul, or to the needful support of the body. But why then has the Almighty spread before his creatures such an infinite variety of objects for supplying intellectual feasts? Why are our fields and mountains so richly diversified with buds and flowers of every hue? why is nature so exquisitely beautiful, and why are her laws so skilfully arranged, but for an exercise of our faculties? why are the reed and string so formed as to produce the most ravishing sounds? why are the air and water filled with creatures so wonderfully constructed? and finally, wherefore are the minds of some individuals so conformed as to enable them to take of these materials, thus provided by nature, and to form with them that which would appear almost like a new creation?—if these are not given for the solace and delight of the children of God in their passage to that state of being in which all the divine works of the Almighty in this lower world will be developed, and will then appear in a state of glory indescribable. Is the progress of the traveller impeded by the ardour with which he admires the beauties which present themselves in his course? Or do we ascend the mountains of the land of our fathers, those almost unparalleled exhibitions of the divine power, the more slowly, or with the less ardour, because we taste and feel their wonders more decidedly than the dull plodder by our side, who sees nothing on the hoary Alpine heights but the stones that strike against his foot? No—let it no longer be questioned but that there may be piety in the enjoyment of the works of God, as displayed not only in the natural, but the intellectual world; and this was a sentiment of Mr. Seymour's, and a sentiment which gave a charm to his conversation, which was felt not only by Madame Roquenord, but by her husband, long before they could appreciate the value of his character in reference to his clear views of Scripture, and strength and sincerity of his faith; for Mr. Seymour took some time to obtain the confidence of Madame Roquenord, before he ventured to press her closely respecting her ideas of

religion, which he truly judged to be entirely false. But at length finding such an opportunity as he desired, when she was complaining of some failures in her laborious course of self-imposed duties, and the backwardness of her heart in the services of God, he surprised her by the sudden question, "And how, madame, should you expect it to be otherwise with you?"

"Why, my good friend," replied Madame Roquenord, "have I not laboured for weeks past in the execution of my duties, according to the advice given in the twenty-third section of the catechism of the church of my native country, in hopes to obtain what is there promised, namely, 'the perfection of the faculties of my mind and body—the enjoyment of a pleasing sense of existence—the removal of *ennui*—a deliverance from evil thoughts, and the advancement of the health of my soul?' And what have I obtained but an increase of doubt, weary and painful feelings, and such an augmentation of weariness, that to let you into a secret, I am so tired of my own company that—"

And here she hesitated, and Mr. Seymour taking her up, added, "That of the two evils you prefer our society to the solitude of your own house."

"Pardon me, sir," said Madame Roquenord; "but I might have said with more truth, that I prefer the company of my maid to being left to myself, and am glad of any excuse to leave my laborious duties unfinished; yet you, who are a religious man, ask me how I should expect it to be otherwise."

"Because," replied Mr. Seymour, "I never yet understood how a sick man could be cured by feeding and administering to his diseases; or how a fire is to be put out by adding fuel to the flame."

"You speak enigmas, sir," said Sophie.

"I ask," returned Mr. Seymour, "whether you are sick or well—I speak with reference to your soul?"

"Sick," replied Sophie; "sick and sad, and tired of myself; full of vain thoughts, knowing that my soul ought to be cared for, and feeling it to be an intolerable burthen to perform those duties whereby it must be saved."

"What may these be?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Good works," replied Madame Roquenord.

"Come, come," said Mr. Seymour, "let us leave all this, believing that you are so far instructed in human

affairs, dear madam, as to know that all attempts which man has ever made to work for himself a perfect righteousness, from the beginning of time to the present day, have utterly failed. We will now proceed to something better and more satisfactory;"—and the worthy gentleman then went on to open out the whole outline of salvation by Christ our Lord, not as stated in too many of our national churches and assemblies of nominal Christians, wherein salvation is represented as a sort of patchwork garment, composed of the rags and shreds of man's righteousness, helped out by the merits of Christ, to be put on or off at the pleasure of the creature; but as a robe of righteousness, complete in glory and beauty, without spot or stain, provided for the elect through the death and obedience of the Son, before the foundation of the world, according to the will of the Father, "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

Such were the leading doctrines taught by Mr. Seymour to Madame Roquenord, though in a form far more amplified than I have given them; for feeling that I am not yet arrived at the history of the real heroine of my little story, I am not inclined to enlarge in this place, and yet it is necessary that I should proceed one step further in describing the Christian progress of Madame Roquenord. This lady being delivered from the deadly heresy so natural to man, and so prevalent in every clime and region of the earth, through every form of false and idolatrous worship, the next error into which she fell was that of doubt respecting the application of the promises to her own state. She saw indeed the fulness and freeness of salvation, as it respected the children of God throughout the whole earth, yet still she could not apply the promises to herself; and why, forsooth?—because she was not worthy.

"Still looking at self," said Mr. Seymour, "instead of to the Saviour;" and he pointed out to her the history of the brazen serpent in Leviticus, asking her what she should have thought of any individual among the congregations of Israel who had refused to look at the brazen serpent?"

"Either," she replied, "that he did not find the need of healing, or doubted the power of God to heal through the serpent."

"You are not, my dear lady," replied Mr. Seymour, "among those who doubt their need of the physician. Am I then to suppose that you are among those who doubt his power? Do you look on Christ our Lord as the Redeemer of the church, or as the helper and assistant only?"

"As the Redeemer," she replied, "in the fullest sense of the word."

"Was it reason that revealed this mystery to you?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"No," replied Sophie, "these things are above reason."

"This mystery," returned Mr. Seymour, "is revealed to the redeemed, not by man's reason, or by historic evidence, which is merely human, but by God the Father, and it is revealed only to the redeemed. This knowledge is the white stone, on which a name is written, known only to the forty and four thousand, and this knowledge is the surety from on high, not that you will be saved, but that you are saved, that you are a child of God—a member of the church which is above—a citizen of Zion—a branch of the tree of life—a jewel in the crown of the King of kings. And whereas, before you saw the Redeemer, your cry might well be, 'Lord, save me, I perish,' your song must now be thanksgiving for redemption finished; and henceforward, having been received into your Father's family, it behooves you to look to God the Spirit for sanctification, for justification comes first, and sanctification follows; but you have looked first for sanctification, and experiencing it not because you wanted faith, your doubts prevailed, and you counted yourself ready to perish."

In this manner Madame Roquenord was led on step by step from the darkness of a state of spiritual death, into the full, bright, cheering light of the gospel day. Nor was it possible for her in such a state of mind not to have the most ardent aspirations after the spiritual health of her husband. She was not, however, long left in anxiety respecting him, for he was presently brought to receive the truth, and then indeed was the little society formed by the two families blessed in all its members, having as it were but one heart, and meeting together daily, like the Christians in the primitive church, to unite in prayer, and praise, and instructive conversations, while the little ones of the family were as it were the common property and delight of both

households, being always consigned to the care of Madame Roquenord, when Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were unable to attend to them. It was at this time that Madame Roquenord was made happy in the birth of a little girl, who was named Sophie after her mother. The parents of the younger Sophie had been married two years before they were blessed in having a child. The time had been in which they had murmured at the delay of their wishes in this respect; they now acknowleded the goodness of God in not granting their desires until they were in some degree instructed in the divine life.

It was a day of solemn and delightful feelings when little Sophie was brought by her believing parents and sponsors to receive the outward and visible sign of adoption into the church of Christ. When brought back to the house, Lucy and Emily Seymour were brought to kiss her, and made to kneel down and pray for her, that she might be as a lamb led by the shepherd, by living fountains of water. "And you, my children," said Mr. Seymour, "must love her very much, and be her friends, as long as God permits you to be near together, and teach her, as you have been taught, to love your God, and thank him because you are redeemed." The little girls then knelt down on each side of the baby, as she lay on her father's knee, and the eldest, without being prompted by her parents, began to pray for little Sophie, that she might be made a holy child, and that they might ever love her. The words which Lucy used in her prayer were very simple, such as little children use who are not taught to ape the language of grown-up people; and although Emily did not speak, yet she looked all intelligence, as if she thoroughly understood the tendency of what was passing.

This scene had not taken place in the room with the ladies of the family, but in a small room within the saloon in which they were assembled, and Madame Roquenord had observed what was passing, not only with such an interest as every tender and pious mother might be supposed to feel on such an occasion, but with such a retrospective view to the sort of alliances which existed between herself in infancy and her early friends, as affected her so violently, that she withdrew from the room, and into the garden, where at the very end was an arbour, shaded by many trees from the windows of the house.

"O my country, my beautiful country!" she exclaimed, "than which on earth there exists not any which can be compared with it—my own fair native city, once the seat of holy men, who were as burning and shining lights to an infidel world, when will scenes like these take place within thee; when will those reunions of thy infant daughters, which ancient custom has established, be converted, by believing parents, to the purposes of holiness instead of those of vanity and folly, and worse than folly, of dissipation, and the profanation of the day of the Lord!" and she lifted up her eyes, glistening with tears, and beaming with holy love and pity for her beloved native land, in ardent prayer for a fresh pouring forth of heavenly truth on the apostate city of her fathers.

Do prayers like these ascend unheard to the throne of Him by whom they were inspired; have the children of this fairest of earthly cities been led to pray for it in vain? What does experience say? Although the lamp of divine truth which was set in its towers through the instrumentality of the reformers in ages gone by, at the hazard of fame, of peace, nay, of life itself, has been obscured, nay, wholly darkened by the fogs of infidelity arising from the dark atmospheres of Clarence and Ferney—though the flame has smouldered down in the socket, and the enemy has rejoiced in its total extinction, yet has it not blazed forth again, and will it not continue to pour light on the paths of many who some time walked in darkness, till the fogs of infidelity shall roll away, as the smoke of a furnace, at the coming of the Holy One, flashing as lightning from the east unto the far distant west?

And now, having introduced our little Sophie to our readers, and described the happy auspices, to use a somewhat heathen expression, with which she entered this troublesome world, I shall henceforth be obliged to confine myself to her own more especial history, the documents from which I derive the account of her parents from this time becoming much more scanty; neither is much recorded respecting the early years of little Sophie, from which it is presumed that the period which passed from her first to her tenth year, at which time many changes took place which greatly affected the life of the little girl, was one of those calm and peaceful seasons sometimes vouchsafed to the children

of God, which leave no records behind them to fill the pages of the writer; for when one day follows another in the quiet interchange of holy services and ordinary duties, what can be said, but that God is infinitely kind in withholding the rough winds so long from the frail tenements which shelter our feeble frames? But the infant years of the younger Sophie were not only calm, but sunny—not only peaceful, but actually happy—for month passed after month in which this little girl experienced only a succession of mercies, descending like showers on a field which the Lord has blessed; the little darling of two pious families, she passed only from one house to another to obtain confirmation in the ways of holiness, and repeated tokens of the tenderest affection.

Every morning when she arose, she was accustomed to hasten, after having received the blessing of her parents, to demand the same from the elders in the adjoining house; every day she accompanied Lucy and Emily, when their morning lessons were concluded, to prayers, either in their own room if the weather were cold or damp, or in the arbour at the bottom of the garden if the season were more propitious. Sometimes Lucy and sometimes Emily led the prayer, and they always addressed their God as children address an honoured parent, not as questioning that they were among the redeemed, or that their salvation was doubtful, or that their sins would ever rise against them in judgment, but possessing that entire and perfect confidence which children feel towards a tender father, being each of them, as it regarded her God, "not as a stranger or a friend, but as a child at home," yet knowing at the same time that a child, however loved, might still displease; and they well knew what those things were which were not pleasing in the eyes of God; therefore when any one of them had done wrong, there was no rest or peace to their souls till they had confessed their offences, and prayed for help to enable them to forsake their evil ways. It was a common cause, and a common cause of humiliation, when any one had thus offended; and it was most gratifying to their pious parents to be assured that the offence of one only would bring all together on their knees, though these things were never spoken of in the family, for Mr. Seymour loved better that religion which quietly influences the

tenor of the believer's life, than that which spends itself in words; also, by a sort of tacit agreement, it was understood that little Sophie was to spend every Sunday afternoon, from dinner to tea, with her beloved young companions, and in consequence, at that period she was always seen going to the place where she expected to find her friends, with her Bible and hymn-book in her hand, and was never seen again till tea-time, when both families always met to finish the evening together in the exercises of their religion. These were their sweetest hours when thus enjoying that communion, which the children of God only know. Nevertheless, this little family had other pleasures, over which the remembrance of their religious hours shed a sort of inferior joy. They had their walks in the fields, and airings in an open carriage to greater distances, their visits together to the assemblies of their fellow-Christians in the places of public worship, their calls on the cottages of the poor, and their little reunions for working and reading: in short, they were very happy, and if sometimes the thought would intrude that such happiness could not be expected to be of very long duration, the assurance that it could be troubled only for a short time set all right again.

I have remarked before that we have least to say of those portions of our past lives in which we have enjoyed most happiness, as the most successful journey is that in which the traveller meets with the fewest adventures. I therefore have very little to add of the nine blessed years which Madame Roquenord spent in England; but if I have little to say of this pleasant period, I have less inclination to dwell upon the events which took place during the tenth year of her remaining there, at which period M. Roquenord, who had been ripening fast for glory, as Mr. Seymour afterward remarked, for some years past, was suddenly cut off by a fever, at the very time in which his wife had anticipated a very different dispensation; for she had herself inherited a remarkably tender constitution from her mother, and had always felt persuaded that her husband would survive her, and that, she trusted, for many years.

To be thus suddenly deprived of a husband in whom she delighted was a blow she had not expected, and Mr. Seymour was pained to see the violent effect it had upon her health; for although she struggled hard with

her feelings, and struggled in a strength above her own, it soon became evident that the divine decree which had deprived her of the best of husbands, had fixed also an arrow in her breast which never would be removed; for although the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak: and indeed it was no doubt in love, even that love divine which arranges every thing for the good of the believer, that Madame Roquenord was not permitted to recover the blow which had laid her prostrate; for it became very evident to her friends that it would not be possible for her long to survive her husband, as it appeared soon after his funeral that, whether from grief or from a cold caught in attendance upon him, her chest, which had always been delicate, was considerably affected; and as it was supposed that the winters in England were too long and too cold for her, her physician urged her strongly to accept an invitation from her sister, which reached her in reply to the letter carrying the account of the death of M. Roquenord, to repair immediately to Geneva.

I shall not enter into any very particular enumeration of the various reasons which (after many discussions with Mr. Seymour) at length induced the widow to separate herself and her child from the friends who had endeared themselves to her by a long course of unvaried kindness, and from the beloved young people who were as daughters to her, and sisters, more than sisters, to her little girl. Scenes of this kind are painful merely in description, and in real life frequently so terrible, that we can hardly understand how they can be endured without the consolation of religious hope; I shall not therefore dwell upon them. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Seymour accompanied Madame Roquenord to Boulogne, where having seen her and her dear child in the hands of a careful voiturin, he returned to his home, where he doubted not but that his family would require the comfort of his presence; and here we must part from this excellent family, to follow our lonely widow in her long sad journey, which, although made as slowly as she conveniently could, was not to be prudently delayed, on account of the approach of winter, for it was already September, when, after leaving Dijon, the mountains of Jura first met her eyes.

It was during this journey that Madame Roquenord, who from great weakness was often obliged to recline

on one of the seats of the carriage, while her daughter sat opposite to her, found a consolation far greater than she had expected in the society of that dear child. It often happens that in a company consisting of several persons forming one family, the character of a single child does not develope itself. Sophie had been so constantly associated with her two young friends, and they had so constantly appeared together, and partaken so intimately in each other's griefs and joys, that the finer lights and shades of each individual character had hardly been understood by Madame Roquenord; but now it was in the time of trial that the Christian excellences of little Sophie first developed themselves to her mother. Young as she was, she seemed thoroughly to understand her mother's trials, and it was touching in the extreme to observe the efforts she made to overcome her own feelings (which were no doubt sufficiently wretched) to amuse and comfort her afflicted parent. With this view she tried to talk and to smile, though the tears were often in her eyes, to affect to be pleased and amused with all she saw, to find no inconvenience whatever in the sordid inns where they were obliged to put up, and to talk of the pleasure she should have in seeing her cousins. And then her attentions, how unremitting, how constant they were! it is impossible to say how precious they rendered her in the sight of her mother, and yet how painful it was to that tender parent to see that young and gentle creature struggling thus vehemently and thus triumphantly against feelings which at times, when circumstances rendered them more lively than usual, seemed almost to suffocate her.

Madame Roquenord never doubted but that it was faith that strengthened the mind of her child, faith which is the evidence of things not seen, and which brought with it the assurance that all would be well yet —that all was well already; yet she had hitherto not been aware of the strength of her daughter's faith, nor felt how very much, under the divine blessing, she had owed to those lovely little girls with whom Sophie had been associated from infancy, and it is not easily to be described how this discovery augmented her sense of gratitude to that Divine Providence which had prepared such friends and guides for her little girl; but being thrown so much on the society of her child, and observing so much of her noble principles and conduct, the

poor widow seemed as it were to forget her very tender age, and in consequence, as she proceeded on her journey, she accustomed herself to converse more and more openly with her, to state her feelings more fully to her, and to apply to her for consolation as she would to a friend of her own age. It was pitiable to observe how, on these occasions, the little girl exerted herself, and, as it were, forced her intellects, in order to administer to the exigences of her mother's situation, to be a companion, a friend, and an humble adviser; and wonderful also to see how she was assisted in so doing no doubt by a power above her own. But the cares which at that time, and afterward, devolved upon her were by no means conducive to her health; every hour of sorrow and anxiety deducted more and more from the bloom of youth, and one would hardly have recognised in the little pale child in deep mourning, seated in the voiture opposite to her beloved mother, the happy, merry, and playful companion of Lucy and Emily Seymour.

Madame Roquenord had languished during the whole journey, feeling always an increase of weakness which she naturally attributed to fatigue; but it is thought that she might have reached Geneva in a state admitting of some hope, if an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred on the last day but one of her journey. Having had a late breakfast at Champagnole, on the western side of the Jura, they had proceeded on their journey, always ascending the mountain; there was a heavy rain falling, causing the mountain torrents to overrun their channels, and in many places almost to flood the roads; deep dark clouds hung on the forests of pine on the right and left, sometimes wholly concealing the craggy heights above, and sometimes rolling beneath them on the summits of the pine. The air was also extremely chilly, but Madame Roquenord had caused all the windows of the carriage to be closed, and being wrapped in her furred cloak, was congratulating herself in the idea that she might pass this barrier of mist without injury, when suddenly the carriage came to a stand, and voices arose from without, as if in violent altercation.

Madame Roquenord started up from her recumbent posture, and looked out, and now for the first time perceived what the mist had hid from her before, viz.

that the carriage had arrived at a most terrific height, the road forming a gallery around a promontory jutting from a higher part of the mountain over a horrible precipice, the depth of the dell beneath being in some degree concealed by the mist. But what rendered their situation really dangerous—for otherwise the danger would only have been imaginary—was, that in this giddy height and narrow ledge they had met another carriage, which had not been seen by reason of the mist till the horses' heads almost touched each other, nor heard, although the horses of each carriage carried bells, because of the whistling of the wind among the pines.

Madame, in her alarm for herself and her child, never thought what was to be done, or how the carriages were to pass: but entreating to be set at liberty, notwithstanding wind and rain, and the overflowings of the mountain streams deluging the road at every hundred yards, she got out and walked on with her daughter for nearly an English mile, and when the carriage overtook them they were both drenched to the skin.

When arrived at St. Laurent, a miserable dirty inn in the mountains, they contrived however to get a fire and procure dry clothes; and Madame Roquenord, when she found herself in a warm bed, with her little girl by her side, hoped that they had both escaped the effects of the accident; although when she awoke, after a heavy sleep of two hours, she was painfully convinced to the contrary. For although the little girl was sleeping sweetly by her side, she was herself in a burning heat, and suffering from a sense of suffocation, such as she had never experienced before. Her first feeling was that of gratitude to her heavenly Father, that she was so near home; and finding herself better in the morning, she was able to look about her with more pleasure than she could have expected.

The sun shone bright, for the clouds of the day before had rolled away from the summits of the hills, although as the morning advanced the mist arose from the channel of Le Bref de la Chaille, which was at the bottom of a rocky defile, commanded by the road for several leagues. The mist formed beautiful transparent wreaths of a snowy whiteness, encircling the dark granite rocks, till rising into the higher regions of the air, it mingled with the purer ether, and was lost.

In passing through Morez, the pinnacles and copings of tin sparkling gayly in the sunbeams, and the air of thriving industry in this little town of many streams, seemed to impart some degree of cheerfulness to the mind of the widow. Hence, as they slowly ascended the heights beyond the bridge of Morez, she began to open a conversation with her little girl, which occupied them till they reached la Vattay, which is the highest summit of the pass.

"My child," said Madame Roquenord, "to-day I trust that we shall reach the native city of your parents, and that you will see your relations there. But you must not expect to find in them such persons as you left behind. Do not weep my child! it is not now the time to give way to sorrow, to look back on past joys, or on the former sunny days of our earthly pilgrimage, now hid from us by the clouds of natural sorrow; but let us look forward first to the glorious promises of future happiness already secured as to their fulfilment, by the earnest we have received from Him whose word is truth, in the conversion of our souls; and secondly, to that which may be required of us in our passage to this glorious state, in which our union with the Redeemer will be complete." She then proceeded to state to her little girl, that she feared that she would not find true piety among their relations and associates in Geneva; that she would be exposed to many new trials and temptations from her young companions; and that probably she might suffer from unkindness, when it was found that she would not yield her opinion to theirs.

"But, mamma," replied Sophie, "cannot I be with you, I am happy with you, dear mamma—I have been so happy with you during this journey. You alone remain to me of all—all,"—and she would have said, of all the friends of my youth, but near you I am content: but she could add no more, and as she spoke, she dropped her fair head, like a bud o'ercharged with dew, on the breast of her only parent.

It was at this moment that it occurred to Madame Roquenord, that she ought to prepare her child for even her probable separation from this, the last friend of her infancy; but when she would have suggested this idea, the words died on her lips, and she contented herself with pointing out to her that as long as we rely only on earthly friends, we rest our hands on reeds, which,

breaking, pierce them to the quick. "Life is uncertain, Sophie," she added, "and the removal of one earthly prop after another should admonish us, that we ought to rest our hopes on the rock which abides for ever."

"I know it mamma, I know it," replied Sophie, looking up with tearful eyes to her mother; "but parents are given by God to take care of children when they are very young."

"Yet sometimes, as in my case, a mother is taken away before her child has learned to lisp her name," replied Madame Roquenord.

"Have you any particular meaning in what you say, mamma?" asked Sophie, becoming unusually pale.

"If I have, would it shock you too much, my child?" replied Madame Roquenord.

Sophie made no answer, but heaved a long deep sigh.

Her mother placed her hand on hers, and looked earnestly in her face; the little girl again drew a long deep breath, and for a moment her mother feared that she would have fainted, for she looked so very pale; but the colour presently returned to her lips and to her cheeks, flushing her whole face, and she spoke again, though as with a violent effort.

"Please, dear mamma, do not say any more upon this subject now. I know that all that God does is right: but I cannot bear to think of such things. May we not be quite sure that our Lord will manage every thing for us?"

"We may, my child, my beloved one," answered the mother; "because he has promised that he will order and arrange every thing for his children. Why then should we be anxious? Should I not have remembered that when deprived of my mother, I never wanted any attention which the tenderest mother could have bestowed upon me; and," she added, lifting up her eyes in an act of thanksgiving, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

"Mamma," said Sophie, rousing herself, as if with a sudden pleasing thought, "I will now show you some verses which dear Lucy and Emily wrote in a little book for me, which I was to read when I was unhappy." And she immediately produced a little volume, in which these sweet children had written many precious promises indicative of the divine care of the Almighty for those who have been brought to confide in him; these

quotations from Scripture being interspersed with portions of hymns, and, as it were, emblazoned by the pencils of the lovely young compilers, with many little emblematic ornaments adapted to the various subjects.

These sweet promises, as read over by little Sophie, sounded in the ears of Madame Roquenord as the rush of waters in the thirsty desert; the peace which was thus, by the Divine blessing upon the ministry of the child, imparted to her soul, presently exhibited itself in her countenance; and the remainder of their drive as far as Lavatay was so sweet both to the mother and the daughter, that it would have seemed as if they had left all their sorrows behind.

Lavatay is situated immediately under the Dole, which summit was formerly accounted the highest point of the Jura, being 4,017 French feet above the level of the lake of Geneva. Lavatay is a little solitary inn, picturesque as to its exterior, the house being white and having green shutters; but being most bare of all accommodations, and even of the unexpensive recommendation of cleanliness. It is situated in the centre of an immense forest of pine, through which the road extends, even to the descent of the Jura towards Geneva. Madame Roquenord and her daughter procured some small refreshment at this place, and not being strong enough to proceed on foot to where the descent to Geneva commences, they waited until the horses were refreshed, being seated on the trunk of a pine which had been felled about a stone's throw from the inn.

Every event of that day fixed itself so indelibly in the memory of Sophie, that even the most minute circumstances which took place afforded subject of reflection to her in after-time. Why was it so? Who among my readers is sufficiently acquainted with the qualities of the human mind, as to be able to account for the strong hold on the recollection which some small circumstances seem to take; while others of greatly more importance entirely pass away. Sophie could afterward have recorded almost every word her mother had said as she sat on that tree, and could almost have remembered every motion of two goats, who were browsing on the other side of the road.

Janet Keller afforded the subject of their discourse. Madame Roquenord said that she hoped she still lived, as she had not heard of her death, and as she was not more than sixty years of age. "I have an idea," she

added, "that she is a truly pious woman, but I may, perhaps be mistaken; she may not have the light I think she has, but I owe her a filial affection. I feel that I have performed my duty towards her very imperfectly; and, indeed, what duty have I ever performed without many imperfections? But you will remember, Sophie, that I have told you how kind she was to me, when I was a helpless babe: and I shall be able presently, I trust, to show you the hills among which she dwells."

When the horses were refreshed, Madame Roquenord and her daughter got into the carriage to renew their journey, and passing along the terrace from Lavatay, about a league, they arrived at a point where the road parts, going in one direction towards St. Claude, and in the other to Geneva. This village is just in the very gorge of the pass; and, as it were, a new and astonishing world opens to the traveller as he advances along the rural street. The descent from this place to Geneva is so precipitous, that it can only be effected by a wheel carriage by various turnings and windings under the rocks, by which the descent is rendered gradual; but there is nothing whatever to intercept the view, as in too many mountain scenes; all is clear and open from this lofty point, which is about three thousand feet above the level of the valley, to the sparkling heights of the mountains of Chamouney at nearly twenty-five leagues distance; in the centre of a range, of which at least three hundred miles is visible, rises Mont Blanc, of which the snowy pyramids are exalted above all the neighbouring heights, while the form of the earth, and the greater distance of the other mountains to the right and left of this central one, seems to depress them to the eye more than their real heights might actually seem to allow of.

Madame Roquenord proceeded in the carriage to the very brow of the descent, there causing the voiturin to stop, she got out with her daughter; the alarm she had received the day before making her unwilling to encounter the dreadful galleries she had to pass in her carriage. Being on foot, she stood awhile observing the astonishment of her little girl, in looking upon the snowy mountains, seen there for the first time by the traveller from the west. When these mountains first appeared, as it were, in a line with the eye of Sophie, being flanked on the right by a grove of dark pine, and on the left by

a huge rock, the child had supposed them to be clouds of a dazzling white, for the day was particularly clear, and the whole range was visible, or at least the most important parts of them, in all their rude and sublime variety, tumbled one upon another in forms so wild, so fantastic, so grotesque, so awfully vast, so beyond what imagination could conceive, that the little girl stood fixed, and for a moment unable to believe that these were actually mountains, and not merely clouds, which she beheld. "It cannot be, mamma," at length she said, "and yet it is; I see the lights and shades, the dazzling light of the sides where the sun is shining on the snow, and the deep shade of the valleys, where the sun has not yet come, and that lofty peak—what is that, mamma?"

"Mont Blanc itself," replied Madame Roquenord, "which is 14,795 feet above the valley of Chamouney, and the other heights in the range were once all known to me by name. These are the hills I used to look upon from my little chamber in my father's house in La Traille; they are to me as old, very old friends, yet I see them now as with new eyes, Sophie: they speak to me of other things than what they used to do. I only marvel how I could ever have looked at wonders such as these, and not felt my soul drawn up in solemn acts of adoration to Him who made them; but, come on, my child; another minute, and the city of your fathers will be revealed to you." The hand of Madame Roquenord trembled as she took that of Sophie; nor did it tremble only, it burnt from the effect of that fever which had already seized her vitals, but to which the strong excitement of her feelings, in seeing again her native hills, and in seeing them under such circumstances, had led her to be wholly inattentive: for although she felt herself to be very unwell, yet she attributed so much of the symptoms she did not quite understand to fatigue and agitation, that she was totally unapprehensive of her real situation.

Mother and daughter being thus hand in hand, began to descend the pass, and turning round the base of a circular rock, which arose precipitously for some hundreds of feet above their heads, the whole valley of Geneva, from the Jura to the Saleves, with a long reach of the neighbouring country of Savoy, burst upon their view. They were, as I before said, some thousands of

feet above the level of the plain, on which, as on a map, every road, campaign, or grove, or little farm, or field, or copse, or tower, or steeple, was traced as accurately as with a pencil. Beyond which extended the lake, as it were, stretching itself towards the north till concealed by the mountain, and having the city of Geneva, which appeared clearly in the distance, close where the lake empties itself into the Rhone. Beyond it, and apparently on its very edge, arose the two Saleves; and, as it were, lifted into the very clouds above the Saleves, again appeared the snowy ridge. Here Madame Roquenord stood still, and looking at her child—"There, Sophie," she said, "in that fair valley I first drew my breath. I feel, indeed, that I must give it up; yet, perhaps, not soon—not so very soon; therefore, be happy, my little one. But," continued the poor widow, looking again on the valley at her feet, "I know not if those were my pleasantest days which I spent there; yet I love my country—I love many who dwell in it; but then I knew not those blessed truths which are now my only consolation. The comfort I now enjoy—such comfort, my lovely child, as the world can neither give nor take away—such comfort as the prospect of death, so far from disturbing, tends to augment;—but the tears are in your gentle eyes, my little Sophie. I am to blame to trouble you thus; and yet, my child, I have much to say to you. You will not forget, my beloved one, all that has passed to-day, and what I have said to you on this journey; and when you see this pass—this winding road, which leads down this mountain, it will serve as a memorial to you of what your mother has endeavoured to inculcate."

Little Sophie felt that there had been something in her mother's manners during that whole day which she could not understand; but still, having the impression that this peculiarity of manner was merely the effect of the recurrence of the recollections of her early days, and of those scenes which were so intimately connected with the memory of her departed father, she was less alarmed than she might otherwise have been at symptoms she did not understand; and, in pursuance with the plans which had been suggested to her, no doubt by the divine Inspirer of all motives contrary to that selfishness habitual to man, she endeavoured to suppress her own uneasy apprehensions, and to look about her to

collect materials for subjects which might divert her parent's attention from the indulgence of more affecting thoughts; but the task, which had been comparatively easy in places not connected with former associations, was beyond the address of the little girl in the situation in which they then were; for where was the grove, the rock, the waterfall, the hill, near or remote, the chalet, the upland, or the vale, then beneath her observation, which was not in some way connected, in her mother's mind, with the affecting recollections of days which were gone, of youth which was past, and of friends which were no more. In consequence of which, the little girl, after several vain endeavours to excite a smile upon her mother's wan countenance, relapsed into silence till they had reached the fountain and cistern of marble which had been there erected by Napoleon.

There Madame Roquenord, almost sinking upon a slab of granite on the road side, exclaimed, "It is finished—I can no more, my Sophie, yet I would willingly have passed on one foot or more of these terrible galleries which are to come. Yet why should I doubt? is not our God all-sufficient; has he not measured out these mountains in the hollow of his hand; cannot he preserve us here as in the valleys; and do I fear the valley of the shadow of death while I have his rod to rest upon? And yet, Sophie, if you could obtain for me one drop of water from that fountain;"—and the poor mother looked at her child with such an expression as that child had never before seen but once, and that was in her dying father. It was then for the first time that she really believed that her mother would actually soon be taken from her; the lines of death, those indescribable tokens of mortality, were already graven on the features of Madame Roquenord, and the little one about to become an orphan indeed, as to this world, was too well able to decipher these terrible characters. Still her presence of mind, or rather her heavenly Parent, did not forsake her; she hastened to take a little cup, which she carried in her basket for purposes of this kind, and having procured some water from the sparkling fountain, she brought it to her mother, who received it with eyes lifted up to Him who provides the waters of comfort in the Valley of Baca. The mother and daughter having only permitted the carriage to make the frightful turn round the fountain, took their usual seats, and remained

still, and without adventures, till they arrived at Geneva, where, at the Porte de Carnurn, a servant on horseback from Madame de Prevot met the carriage, and directing the voiturin to follow him, led him quite through the town to Porte de Rive, beyond which was the country house of M. de Prevot, on that side of the town in the neighbourhood of the beautiful little village of Chene. Madame Roquenord had sat, or rather laid quite still, with her handkerchief over her eyes, ever since she had got into the carriage on the Jura; neither had she moved when the wheels began to rattle over the rough pavement of Geneva, and to rumble over the double bridges of the rapid Rhone. Little Sophie hoped that she was sleeping, and would be refreshed. Children have no idea, or at least a very imperfect one, of those sufferings or of that exhaustion which produces perfect quiet; the little girl, therefore, was for the present easy with respect to her mother, and considerably amused with the appearance of the old town, in many respects so different to any she had yet seen on the Continent. The amazing height of the houses first struck her as extraordinary, and the accumulations of old buildings tumbled upon each other without plan or order in the island formed by the two branches of the Rhone, as it pours from the lake, struck her with astonishment. She thought it best however not to disturb her mother, and thus was driven forward through the city, and over the drawbridges by le Pré l'Eveque into the country, where having ascended a small eminence, she found herself among beautiful houses, whose gardens and pleasure grounds bordered the road on each side. It was autumn, as I mentioned above, and the noble chestnuts and acacias which shaded these gardens, of which the foliage was only slightly tinged by the glow of autumn, looked only more beautiful than they might have done in the height of summer.

Having passed several mansions, the avant-courier caused the great iron gate, which led up through a long avenue to one of these chateaus, to be thrown widely open, and the next minute Sophie and her mother were within the boundaries of that very domain in which the latter had first seen the light, for this estate had descended from her forefathers and had been given in dowry to her elder sister.

It was the stoppage of the carriage before the portico

which first roused Madame Roquenord, who, moving slightly, and removing the handkerchief which she had thrown over her face, uttered a deep sigh, saying at the same time, "Not long—I shall not be long; I am coming now."

"Mamma," said Sophie; "mamma, we are arrived. Will you get up? we are at the end of our journey."

"No, my love, not yet," replied Madame Roquenord; "we have another valley to descend, and another river to pass."

"Mamma," repeated Sophia, "mamma, do you not know me, mamma? Speak to me, mamma—look at me, mamma;" for it seems that Madame Roquenord's eyes were lifted up as it were to the roof of the carriage, and there intently fixed.

While this short dialogue, if such it could be called, was passing between Sophia and her mother, Madame Prevot was standing on the lofty flight of steps which led to the principal door of the chateau, the servants had gathered round the carriage, and every one seemed to wonder wherefore the persons within did not attempt to move.

But Sophia was so entirely occupied by the situation of her mother, that she never turned to look at her aunt until she heard that lady directing the servants to lift out the demoiselle. Sophie then recollected herself, and turned anxiously to see her aunt.

There had been originally a strong family resemblance between Pauline and Sophie, but this resemblance, instead of increasing during the progress of years, had gradually worn away, until a stranger, in looking at the two sisters, and in comparing the ruddy and highly set-off figure of Madame Prevot with the pale, emaciated, and subdued appearance of Madame Roquenord, would have said, "Surely there can be no kindred between two persons so entirely different, so totally dissimilar." The voice, too, of Madame Prevot was set in a much higher key than that of her sister, and her bearing was also indicative of that long course of outward prosperity which she had been permitted to experience (I was about to say enjoy, but I have retracted the word), whereas that of Madame Roquenord denoted a total failure of bodily strength, and the overthrow of all self-sufficiency and confidence in any human mind. But this want of resemblance, this entire

difference of appearance and manner, caused little Sophie to shrink back rather than to spring forward at the sight of her aunt: however, recollecting herself, the next minute she permitted herself to be lifted out of the carriage, and to be set upon the platform, where Madame Prevot having kissed her on each cheek, and welcomed her to Geneva, was told by her niece that she feared her mother was very, very ill.

"How," said Madame Prevot, looking unutterable things, at least things incomprehensible to such a child as Sophie, although one better instructed in the ways of worldly persons would have understood what they meant, viz. that she hoped the poor widow was not come to act doleful scenes in her house. "How! is my poor sister so ill!" and she descended to the side of the carriage and spoke to her; but Madame Roquenord had fallen again into insensibility, and Madame Prevot, under considerable alarm, caused her to be lifted up and taken to a chamber which had been prepared for her. And now we must almost entirely leave the dying mother, to follow the little girl, whom we must henceforth consider as the principal personage of our history; for it was at this moment that Sophia first felt what it was to be indeed an orphan. As some of the servants were bearing Madame Roquenord through the extensive hall, and up a wide flight of stairs, being followed by others of the domestics, chiefly female, who had gathered at the call of Madame Prevot, Sophie was detained a moment behind by her aunt, who again addressing her, said, "How long has your mother been in this state? what is her complaint? how could you think of coming on when you found her so ill?" adding other questions much to the same purpose, to all which Sophie made no distinct replies, but looking anxiously after her mother, begged to be permitted to follow her, for her aunt was holding her hand, and she did not feel herself at liberty to withdraw it. "Well, be it so," said Madame Prevot; "but I must remain below, to give directions respecting sending for a physician.—How unfortunate it is that M. Prevot and my daughters should not be at home!" Sophie heard no more, but being set at liberty, ran across the wide hall and up the stairs, and along an extensive gallery, where, being attracted by voices, she soon found herself in the chamber to which they had carried her mother. It was a

large apartment, opening on a balcony of green lattice-work, shaded with creepers; the walls were adorned with large landscapes, richly and gayly painted, describing mountains, torrents, and ruined castles, with dark woods of pine, and cottages with their rustic porches, and cows, and sheep, with all the accompaniments of rural housewifery in the foreground; two large tent-like beds were at one end of this room, in alcoves, the hangings and other apparatus of these beds being of Lyons silk, mingled with threads of silver; the flooring of this chamber was brightly polished, and variegated with differently coloured boards; and chairs and sofas of cut velvet, with a magnificent time-piece on the marble mantel-shelf, with several tables of alabaster, completed the arrangements of this chamber; but all these circumstances of splendour were wholly lost on the afflicted child, who thought only of her mother, stretched on one of the beds, and apparently without life, while an old woman, dressed altogether like a peasant, was rubbing her temples, and lamenting over her in tones which went to the heart of the daughter. There were other women in the room, but the little girl saw them not; there were other sounds of condolence uttered in that chamber, but Sophie heeded them not; while the figure of the old woman, and the cries which escaped her, went straight to her heart, for the bearing of this person was that of a mother lamenting her first-born. "And are all my bright hopes thus clouded?" said the venerable peasant; "was it for this I came so cheerily from my home this day?—was it for this? Oh! my child, my daughter, look up once again, my dear one; only say you know me—say you know your poor nurse. Look but once at me, my child, my darling one!" It is Janet Keller, thought Sophie, and mamma does not know her. "Oh! poor mamma, is she really dying!" and down fell the little girl at the foot of the bed, pressing her face against the mattress in order that her sobs might not disturb her mother, yet looking up from time to time, as if she would have sought some token of an alteration for the better in the wan visage which she was soon to see no more, and then again burying her face in the bedding, as if it were possible thus to smother her anguish.

At length, on hearing some one say that her aunt and the physician were coming along the gallery, she sprang

upon her feet and ran out into the balcony mentioned above, where she sank upon a chair which had been set there, and remained a while in a state almost of stupefaction, the frequent effect of extreme excitement. There, while she sat unregarded, the shades of evening had stolen rapidly over the landscape, the disappearance of the sun being hastened by the rampart presented in the west by the long range of the Jura, and the last rays of the parting light being only just visible in their reflection upon the summit of the great Saleve; a gentle breeze had risen, and was agitating the leaves of the chestnut-trees, which grew in rich abundance in the domain, and in its passage bringing near and bearing away the deep sound of a funeral bell which tolled from the steeple of the Catholic chapel in the village of Chene; but neither breeze, nor bell, nor light, nor shade, nor rustling leaf, nor lovely evening scene, nor any other object nor sensation, had power to attract the attention of the unhappy little Sophie, and she might have remained all that long sad night in the same stupefaction of grief had not she been aroused by a gentle voice, and a kind though hard hand laid upon her own. The words which were thus insinuated were as follows: "And are you there, my little dear one?" said the person who spoke; "and does no one take thought of you, sweet child? yet they are all kindly engaged in rendering assistance to your beloved parent. God Almighty grant that her passage may be easy!"

Sophie looked up—it was Janet Keller who spoke to her, who stood by her, who extended her arms as if she would have invited her to lay her orphan head on that bosom which, in that very apartment, thirty years before, had first afforded nourishment to her mother! Nor did the worthy peasant extend her arms in vain. How sweet is the voice of sympathy to the afflicted heart! it is, to use a lofty emblem, as the voice of the chief Shepherd to the wounded and bruised of the flock; and as it penetrated the bosom of the little afflicted one, she half rose from her seat, and sank quite overpowered on the bosom of Janet.

The worthy woman, then seating herself on the chair from which Sophie had risen, took her upon her lap, and placing her aching head on her bosom—"My little one," she whispered, "you have been nurtured, I trust, in the fear and love of God: know you these words?—

'Je ne vous laisserai point orpheline, je viendrai vers vous.'" John xiv. 18.

"I do," replied Sophie; "but I cannot yet—" There she stopped.

"You cannot yet make up your mind, my child, to part with your mother. It was but a little hour ago, and I should have said in the same spirit, I cannot part with the daughter I have but just found—that daughter whom it has been my daily prayer (perhaps my sinful prayer) to be permitted to see once again on earth; but I have been made to see and feel the sin of this rebellious thought, and I have already—yes, already been enabled to say, 'My God, my God, thy will be done: take thine own—she is thy creature, thy redeemed one, thy blessed one—I kiss the hand that gives the blow.'"

"Oh, Madame Keller!" replied Sophie, "must mamma die so soon?"

"If now, at this moment, my little lady, she is suffering the last mortal agonies, would you wish them to be prolonged?"

Sophie uttered a faint scream in reply to this; then, as with a violent effort, controlling herself, she slipped from Janet's lap upon her knees, and uttered several broken words of prayer; and then, as if wholly overcome by sorrow and fatigue, it was very evident that she would have fallen fainting on the floor of the balcony, if Janet had not lifted her up and carried her to a distant chamber, where she put her in bed, and, by the advice of the physician, gave her a composing draught, which presently threw her into a long deep sleep.

But my history, I feel, leads me too frequently into those dark and shadowy scenes through which all must pass who are of the seed of him to whom it was said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Death, by which I mean merely temporal death, is the unavoidable portion of all those who partake of the nature of Adam after the flesh. Nevertheless I would willingly endeavour, as a skilful painter ought to do, to throw some sunshine on my pages; and truly I know not where to obtain such tints as may be brilliant enough to gild the gloom, unless I dip my pencil in those bright colours which true religion can supply. A torch or flambeau might indeed render more visible the darkness of a forest; but it is the light of heaven alone which can penetrate the gloom through all its shadowy intri-

cacies, or awake the song of birds, or illuminate the path of man.

I will not, therefore, dwell at length on the scenes attendant on the death-bed of Madame Roquenord, nor describe the pompous style in which she was committed to the dust, under the direction of her brother-in-law, who, in considering the honour of the family, judged that it would be proper to pay every possible respect to her memory—nor describe at full length the manner in which, when all forms had been duly attended to, every thing both in the town and country-house of M. Prevot fell into its usual routine, madame having settled it in her own mind, that if her sister were to die in her own country, she herself had been saved much uneasiness, by her dying as she did, before any arrangements had been made for her residing there, viz. a house taken, furniture obtained, or servants hired, &c. But leaving all these things, we will return to our little girl, who, when she awoke from her long sleep, and was told that her mother was actually no more, suffered so much, that it was thought that the best arrangement that could be made for her would be to remove her immediately, and not to permit her to witness any of the circumstances attending the obsequies; and as she appeared to be more easy with Janet Keller than with any other person, the entreaties of that excellent woman were attended to, viz. that she might be permitted to take the little lady to her cottage in the mountains—a proposal which appeared to be particularly acceptable to Sophie, M. Prevot determining at the same time that she should remain there for a month or six weeks at most, and then be brought back to his family, who generally spent most of the winter months at Geneva, in his house on La Traille, which had belonged to M. de Levrat. This plan was, however, not followed up in all its particulars, for when Sophie had been about a month with Janet Keller, Monsieur Prevot found it necessary to go to England, to close his late brother-in-law's affairs there, and madame, with the two young ladies, pressed so earnestly to accompany him so far as Paris, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. The ladies were to wait for him at Paris while he proceeded to England, where he expected to be about a month; but finding the affairs not to be so promptly settled as he had expected, he was obliged to delay his return till the winter had set

in, when Madame Prevot declaring that she could not think of passing the mountains at that season, the family continued at Paris, and actually did not return to Geneva till the month of May. In the mean time, Sophie was left with Janet Keller: when the frost came on, Madame Prevot wrote to Janet, to desire her to bring the child from the mountains to their country-house near Geneva, where she might have the advantage of warmer air and good masters, giving her the option of staying with her to wait upon her, or of placing her under the care of her housekeeper. It may easily be understood which of these measures Janet assented to. But we are anticipating, and shall now go back to describe the mode of life pursued by little Sophie in the mountains.

It was early on the day following that of the death of Madame Roquenord, when Janet Keller, taking in her arms that little daughter, to whom she had already extended all that warm affection which she had always felt for the mother, from the moment that she had received her a helpless infant to her breast, brought her down to the carriage, which waited at the door, and they were thus driven through the town of Chene to that of Mornez, a village at the foot of the little Saleve. This little village was in a valley encompassed with mountains, and watered by the Arve. Here Janet Keller took her little lady out of the carriage of M. Prevot, which had brought them thus far, and having set her on a bench at the door of the village inn, in the shade of many trees, whose roots were bathed by a pure stream which came bubbling from a stone cistern in the garden, she dismissed the carriage, and waited quietly for the arrival of her own son, whom she expected every moment from the interior of the mountain. A respectable old woman who kept the inn had taken her place by them on the same bench, and while employed with her knitting, she cast her eyes from time to time on the figure of the little girl, who, being in the deepest mourning, sat with her delicate hand within that of Janet Keller, while her eyes, which were overcharged with tears, were fixed upon the ground; her thoughts being with the cold pale remains of that poor mother from whom she was separated that day for the first time, and in whose company she had so lately sat, as at that day, at the door of a country inn.

The good old woman seemed as if she was anxious

to know what those circumstances might be which had the power of so entirely overcoming a creature so very young; and looking from her to Janet, whom she knew at least by sight as the inhabitant of a neighbouring village, she inquired the circumstances of the little lady, in a voice which could not reach the ear of the child. And when Janet had made her understand that Sophie was lamenting her last parent just dead, "Is it so?" she replied, speaking aloud. "So young, and already an orphan! but know you not, my little lady," she added, as she turned to Sophie, "that our blessed Lord is the especial father of the orphan?"

"I know it, ma'am," replied Sophie, "and I have found it so already—I have found that the verse is true."

"What verse, my child?" asked the hostess.

"Je ne vous laisserai point orpheline, je viendrai vers vous," said Janet.

"And whence are those words?" asked the old woman.

"From the Scriptures," replied Janet; "the words of truth."

"They are beautiful," said the woman. "And have you already found the truth of them, my little demoiselle?"

"I have," replied Sophie; while her tears gushed forth afresh, and she drew nearer to Janet, as if she would have added, I have found another mother.

Her companions both understood the motion, and Janet, as if to account for it to the stranger, said, "I was her mother's nurse—I took her from her dying mother, when only a few hours old, and I reared her till she was four years of age—have I not the right to love her little one?"

"God is good—is wise—is merciful," said the hostess. "O! that we could confide in him more entirely than we do."

"It is," replied Janet, "that we are blind and foolish, trusting to ourselves, and doubting his paternal care, though every moment of our lives brings with it fresh instances of his love; but we are as silly sheep wandering among the dark mountains of this world, and not knowing that we depend only on our shepherd for our defence and safety." She then repeated the following words, taken from a hymn which she often sang with her family:

Tes brebes, O Jesus! connaissant ton amour,
Tu les connuis aussi tu leur donnes tu joie,
Et c'est tu main que leur dresse la voie,
Qui les conduit au celeste sejour.

Sur elles, jour et nuit, tu veilles avec som,
Tu vois quels sont leurs maux, leur force ou leurs fai blesse,
Et des faveurs de tu riche tendresse,
Chaque moment est un nouveau temoin.

By this time the sound of wheels, as coming from the direction of the Saleves, was heard in the road, and the next minute appeared a long narrow four-wheeled cart or wagon, drawn by a mule, over which was slung a double seat, somewhat resembling the body of a gig, which could be taken off at pleasure, in which sat a decent young man, in a blue frock and leather cap.

"My son, your dear mother's foster-brother, mademoiselle," said Janet. "He is come for us, dear child; you are, I trust, prepared to see a very humble sort of life."

"Mamma's foster-brother!" exclaimed Sophie, with more sprightliness of manner than the good nurse had observed in her before. "Then I shall love him. May I call him uncle, nurse?"

"Surely, my love, if you will condescend so far," replied Janet. "Come forward and speak to him:" and she led her by the hand.

It was most pleasing to poor Janet to see the manner in which little Sophie advanced to her son, and to see how kindly she held out her hand to him; yet it touched her to observe how the young man dashed the tears from his eyes as he turned away to busy himself about the cart, as if he would, if he could, have set things in better order about the carriage for the reception of the little demoiselle.

Janet Keller had been particularly blessed in her family, though not perhaps in that way which the world or worldly persons might judge to be so. She was then a widow, although she had not lost her husband many years; but he had lived and died in that perfect assurance of the divine love which possesses a constraining power in the production of works of righteousness: for, as the Scripture saith, "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments." Who should love the Saviour so well as those who are assured of their redemption?

Her only daughter, who was some years older than

Madame Roquenord, had married and died, together with her husband, several years before, having left two daughters, now nearly grown up, who were living with their grandmother, and were her comfort and delight; insomuch so, that when they were waiting upon her, she would often say, "I am even more blessed than Job; for whereas after his first children were taken from him for a while, he had only the same number added to him again, while I have had two rendered to me for the one who is gone before me to his heavenly Father; for if I have lost my Aleine, I have another Aleine in her place, and with her a Louise also," for such were the names of these orphan girls; but Janet Keller had had several sons, two of whom, who were older than Josseline, had died in infancy, passing from the cradle to the arms of their Saviour, and two also, who were much younger, being still with their brother in the mountains, assisting him in the management of his farm; for the Almighty had blessed the substance of this humble household; and of Josseline it might be said, as of Abraham of old, "He was very rich in cattle," though we cannot add the remainder of the clause.

Josseline had been married four years, and been divinely led in his choice: his wife was all that her excellent mother could desire. Two little prattling babes, the children of Josseline and his wife Annette, a labouring serving-man, and a wooden-shod, iron-sinewed damsel, who could handle a pitchfork with more skill than she could guide a needle, completed this household, in which all persons alike submitted to the authority of the excellent mother—an authority which was, however, never exercised but in case of need, and therefore, when exercised, was the more respected. Such was the household into which our little Sophie was about to be introduced; a household, in its habits, greatly differing from those to which she had been accustomed in the elegant society which she had enjoyed in England: yet, having one bond of union with all the believers throughout the whole earth, viz. that bond of union which unites all the children of God, however far removed by time, by place, by circumstances, more surely and more firmly than any other tie which can be formed by any human interest or human motive, of whatever possible description.

But having enumerated the individuals of this little

household, which, as I should say, was as a garden in a wilderness, being within the limits of Savoy, which is a Roman Catholic country, I shall return to our travellers, and beg my readers to picture to themselves the cart above described, slowly creeping up the Saleve, Josseline being on foot at the head of the mule, and Janet and Sophie in the seat of honour. Persons who have been accustomed to the fine roads of England would perhaps hardly suppose it possible that any thing in the shape of a wheel-carriage could be kept in a progressive motion up such a rough ascent as the carriage in question had to encounter from Mornez up the side of the little Saleve to Monetier, where was the farm of Janet. A perilous passage, in truth, and one for which a delicate traveller would hardly think himself compensated by the magnificence of the scene; for, in measure, as the traveller ascends, more and still more of a prospect, such as Switzerland only can afford, unfolds itself to the astonished gaze.

Down in the vale beneath, at several thousand feet, winds the river Arve, in its passage from its source among the snowy mountains to its final dissolution in the waters of the Rhone, foaming and dashing and agitating itself in its course, like some mighty champion, or vain aspirer for earthly honours, who advances only the more rapidly to his doom, in measure, as he forces himself forwards.

The channel of this beautiful river, towards its source, being visible in many places, even as far as the town of Bonneville, its banks, together with the steeper heights in their vicinity, being as richly diversified as the various groupings of every beautiful object in nature or in art could be imagined to render them, still that hand must be skilful indeed which could describe, in all their beautiful particularities, those woody knolls, those verdant uplands, those farms and homesteads and little cottages, those solitary chalets, those spires and turrets, coped with tin, and glistening in the sunbeam, those old crumbling fortresses, and those winding pathways, passing away into regions seldom visited by the higher ranks of civilized man; neither would it suit my purpose so to do, were it in my power: and yet I must not leave my picture so unfinished as not to say, that beyond this valley, in the back-ground, are seen mountains beyond mountains, rising one above another, terminated in the horizon,

and, as if in another world, by the long range of the Alps of Chamouney, the Bouet and the Aiguille Vert, lifting themselves in proud pre-eminence above all other visible points.

But little Sophie had seen these mountains first in the presence of her mother; she therefore turned from them with a sort of shuddering, as from a painful association, and found herself in some degree relieved when, having passed the steepest part of the ascent, the carriage turned into a long avenue of chestnuts, in the hollow between the two Saleves, which rose on each side of the road. This avenue presently brought them to Monetier. This village is situated in a lofty plain between the mountains, shut out apparently from all the world, and, at the first sight, conveying the idea of perfect peace: but those who understand the human mind must be assured that wherever human beings exist, the human passions there will rise and burn the hotter and the higher where most closely pent; and yet a village shut up with hills, imbosomed in trees, and having its little church and humble spire lifting itself above those trees, with all its accompaniments of mountain scenery, seems to speak to the heart, and promise innocence and quiet, and a refuge from the storms of life. Reason may indeed suggest the fallacy of these expectations, and experience actually gives the lie to them; yet still the imagination again and again suggests the same ideas on the recurrence of the same images, and I think it therefore very possible that these associations, which seem altogether fanciful, and yet which are inherent in our very nature, are implanted within us to point out what our state will be in the latter days, when nature, which has been utterly marred by sin, shall recover her pristine glory, and be again what she was in Eden.

But I am lingering too long on my journey, and perchance am wearying my reader with speculations which may at first sight appear to him to be without foundation. I will therefore leave these things, to inform him that when Sophie first caught a glimpse of the tower of the church, she expressed some pleasure, saying, "Then we can go to church, nurse; it is long since I have been at church." In reply to which, Janet informed her that all the persons in the village were papists, that the minister was a papist, and that there were very few Protestants in the parish.

"All Roman Catholic!" replied Sophie, with a sigh, and then relapsed into silence.

The villages in Savoy cannot, in general, boast of their cleanliness; and probably it will be found that where the religion is not correct, external neatness is commonly neglected: but this is not a general rule; there are some exceptions. But the general slovenliness of this village did not extend to the homestead of Janet Keller: her house did not connect itself with the other houses; it was apart from the rest. I will not say on what side of the village, as I do not choose to indulge the curiosity of my reader in this particular. Suffice it to say, that when we entered the village, the mule knew the exact turn which it behooved him to take. It was through a lane from which the homestead was separated by a rude wall. A high gate, with double doors, opened from thence into a court paved with round stones. On the right was the cowhouse and stable; at the bottom a shed for wood, and a place of refuge for the poultry from the good-bird, a species of eagle dwelling on the mountains, and called good, no doubt, much in the same spirit as that in which the same epithet is bestowed on the little people so much dreaded in the northern provinces of Scotland. The house itself occupied the left side of this court, being none the worse for not being under the same roof with the cowhouse.

This house was a low building, having only one story, and a tiled roof hanging over a gallery which ran round the house, and into which the chamber-windows opened, this gallery being fenced with a rude unpainted railing; for, in fact, there was no paint visible on the house. The lower part of the house consisted of a very large kitchen, with a wide chimney, within which was a sort of parlour or chamber, with a neat bed in an alcove, a chest of drawers, a table and chairs, the walls being wainscoted, but not painted; and by the care of Annette, a small piece of carpeting being spread upon the tiled floor: the window of this room opened upon a field, and a vine, on which the fruit was hanging in rich clusters which had been trained up to the gallery above. This apartment was prepared for Sophie; and when Josseline lifted her out of the cart, Janet led her into it, the whole of the family standing back in consideration of her peculiarly melancholy situation.

I shall pass over the first few days spent by Sophie in the mountains; because during that time Janet kept her in her little chamber, to which she introduced, one by one, her daughters-in-law and grandchildren, sitting with her herself all day, and sleeping on a couch by her side at night. During this period Sophie became more calm; religion was doing its work, under the ministry of Janet, in bringing its consolations; and before the Sunday morning the little orphan had been brought to consider her parents in an existence of unutterable blessedness, as lifted entirely above all the sufferings of this present sorrowful life; in compliance with the idea contained in the following stanza:

O Fils de Dieu! quelle sainte assurance,
  Par ton esprit se repand en nos cœurs!
  Jamais la mort, ni ses sombres terreurs,
Ne prevaudront contre notre esperance.
Oui, notre foi triomphe en ta puissance,
  Et du tombeau nous rend plus que vainqueurs.

Her sorrow, then, being no longer without a heavenly sweetness, exhibited itself no more as it had done at first, in violent and sudden bursts of grief, which seemed as if they would have torn her tender breast, but in that gentle flow of kindly tears, such as nature permits for the relief of the swelling heart; thus proving the words of the poet, viz. that the fiercer passions of man are as the wind, which, rifting the snows of the mountain, causes them to fall with dreadful crash into the valleys beneath, bearing destruction on their terrible wings; whereas the milder influences of the Holy Spirit, as procured for us through Christ our Lord, are as the effects of the warm summer breeze, which, gently melting the snows of the mountains, causes them to flow in a thousand fertilizing rills, filling the valleys with plenty, and causing the furrows to stand thick with corn.

It was, as I before said, the morning of the Lord's day —we will not call it the Sabbath, for the day of our Lord is as much more blessed than the Sabbath of the Jews, as the gospel is more excellent than the law; and as the resurrection of our blessed Saviour is more full of hope for the redeemed than that day in which his precious body, being submitted to the powers of death, lay silently in the grave. Early in the morning Janet came to Sophie. "You shall come out among us, my little

lady, to-day," she said, "and see how we poor sheep of the mountains keep our Sunday. You shall assist at our family worship, and join with us in our hymns. You have been comforted, my little one, and have learned to know that the Almighty forgets not his fatherless ones." So saying, she assisted her to dress, and led her out into the hall, where all the family were assembled round a long table, on which the breakfast was neatly arranged, consisting of a bowl of soup, another of boiled milk, with huge flat loaves, coffee, fruit, and a little apparatus for making tea being placed at the head of the table: there also sat Josseline, with his wife and little children on one side of him, while, on the other, places were left for Sophie and his mother. Next in order sat the young people; and the servants occupied the bottom of the board.

Every one bowed and looked kindly when Sophie appeared; but no remarks were made. And when Josseline had asked a blessing, the meal commenced.

The window of the hall was open, and the sound of the village bell came swinging slowly over the trees, which rose thickly beyond the out-houses.

"That bell," said Josseline, "is not for us, mademoiselle; but we will pray for those of our poor neighbours who are summoned by it to their mistaken services."

On hearing this remark, one of the boys, as boys will do, used an expression of contempt for the stupid folly of his neighbours; on which the mother spoke. "Paul," she said, "what are we? that is, what is our station in life?"

"Peasants," replied the boy; "or, at best, farmers living on the mountains."

"Plain sort of people," added the mother, "having much rough work to do, and dressed in coarse clothing; our best habits being of blue cloth, our finest linen of spun hemp, our hats of coarse straw, our stockings of blue worsted, and our shoes of wood—"

"On week-days, and of leather on Sundays," added Paul, laughing.

"True," said the grandmother, "true, my boy; and now tell me what law or necessity there is for a man or boy, or woman or girl, who wears blue woollen instead of satin and velvet, and sabots instead of silk slippers,

to be more coarse and vulgar in his conversation than a person who is better dressed?"

Paul shrugged up his shoulders, as if to say, "Now my mother is down upon me for the slur I have thrown upon the papists."

"To whom are the gifts of sanctification by the Lord the Spirit promised?" asked the mother. "To the rich only and to the great?"

Paul was silent; but Aleine spoke this scripture, viz. "God is no respecter of persons."

"According to which," returned Janet, "is there any reason wherefore, we being persons of lowly estate, may not expect as abundant a pouring out upon us of spiritual blessings as those of higher degree?"

"Surely we may," replied Aleine.

"And that we may be assisted in an equal degree to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit?" proceeded Janet.

"Undoubtedly mother," returned Josseline.

"Then what are these fruits," continued the mother, "but love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?" Gal. v. 22, 23. "All these graces, I maintain, may flourish in a cottage as well as in the court of a king. And wherever they flourish, be assured that there will be no hard censures passed on a fellow-creature; no irritable feelings indulged against a brother in the faith; and no unkind ones against such of our fellow creatures as are not so; but love will have its perfect exercise, and gentleness and temperance will produce the same polish of manners which might be witnessed in the hall of a prince, with this difference only, that in the case of the believer, the courtesy would be real; whereas in the prince it is too often but superficial."

"Mother," said Josseline, "I see that mademoiselle is looking hard at you, as if wondering how a peasant of the mountains should be able to express herself as you do."

"Why, what have I said, son?" replied Janet.

"You have spoken but the truth, mother," returned the son; "but you must know that many of our betters have been surprised at the manner in which you express yourself. But the fact is, mademoiselle," he added, "and it might please you to know it, that my mother, being an orphan, though the child of a poor man, was brought up by that worthy lady, your great-grandmother,

and taught many things above her station; and since that period, having been brought to the knowledge of divine things, she has been prevented from sinking into those low habits into which her humble station might otherwise have led her."

"Religion has a wonderful effect," added Janet, "if it be of the right sort, in keeping us poor human creatures from sinking into coarseness and brutality. I have heard it said, that the wildest savage, when converted from his errors, becomes in some degree polite. The very dread which every Christian must have of giving unnecessary pain to any creature must, in some degree, make him a gentleman. What does the Scripture say, but this; 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.'"

Thus they continued to converse till after breakfast; after which, when Josseline had given thanks, every one went about those things which must be done even on the Lord's day. But these things being finished, they all met again for divine worship in the hall, the gates of the court being closed: and there Josseline read and prayed with his family; after which, he called the young people round him, to examine them in a chapter which he had given them for consideration during the week. Sophie took her place between Aleine and Louise, though not requested so to do: but every one was pleased to observe this act of humility. I do not exactly know what chapter it might be which suggested the questions which Josseline put to the young people; but his first question was, "Who do you take Christ to be?"

The answer made by Paul, was, "The God incarnate, who descended from heaven to redeem his people."

"And what has he done for you?" asked the catechiser.

"He has redeemed me," replied Joseph, the youngest brother.

"What do you mean by the word redeem?" asked Josseline.

"He has taken away all my sins," said the boy, "and I am saved!"

"How do you know that you are saved?" said Josseline. "Is every human being saved?"

"No!" answered Joseph; "because our Lord said of

Judas, 'It would have been better for him if he had never been born.'"

"Then how do you know," said Josseline, "that you are not like Judas; that is, that you are not one of those who are lost?"

"I know by this," replied Joseph; "because I believe with all my heart that no one else can save me but Jesus Christ. When I was sick, I felt it was so; and when I am well, I always think so too: and whether I am good, or whether I am naughty, I have no other thought, but that, if I am to be saved, Christ must do it."

"And I think so too," said Sophie. "Lucy and Emily used to tell me so; and my poor mamma also told me so; and I know, though she was so much better than most other people, that she never had any other thought but that it would be by our Lord Jesus Christ that she would be saved."

"Why do you say, 'would be,' mademoiselle?" said Josseline. "By what has Christ procured our redemption?"

"By his coming into the world to die for us, and by his resurrection and ascension," replied little Sophie.

"Well," said Josseline, "are those events past, or to come?"

"Oh, past a great while ago," replied Sophie."

"Then," said Josseline, "we are redeemed, the thing is done;—not *to be* done."

"Yes," replied Sophie, "to be sure, we are redeemed; that is, those who will go to heaven are redeemed. But then we, who are alive, cannot know whether we are saved till we die."

"You are mistaken there, my little lady," replied Josseline; "We cannot, indeed, know exactly what will take place when we die, or where we may be after death, any more that I can tell the nature of the moon, and the things which are there; but we may be assured of our salvation and our happiness, whether in life or in death, if we have been brought to believe that Christ, and Christ only, is our Redeemer."

"I do believe," replied Sophie, "that there is no other Redeemer but our Lord, and that he saves all those who are to be saved; but I cannot feel sure that I shall be saved. I often feel so naughty and so rebellious, and so vexed and grieved with the things which

God chooses to do, that I cannot always think I am a child of God, or that I shall go to heaven."

"Then I am to understand that you expect, it seems," said Josseline, "that your going to heaven has something to do with your obtaining merit by obedience and submission to God; and that in consequence your salvation depends upon yourself, in some degree. In that case, you have never yet received your blessed Saviour as your Redeemer; you have thought of him only as of a friend who is to help you in case you cannot do all that is necessary for yourself."

"I think I have," answered Sophie, after a moment's pause; "I think I have. I am sure, indeed, that I have always thought that I must do something for myself; and that if I did not do it, I should not be saved. But is it not necessary for us to try to be good?"

"We will speak of that by-and-by, my little dear," said Janet, who had been listening anxiously to what the child said; "but only answer me now one question: did your dear mother ever say that she must do any thing to work out her own salvation?"

"No, no," replied Sophie; "she always told me she could do nothing herself; but that our Lord must do all: and so did my dear papa, and Mr. Seymour, and Lucy, and Emily. I am sure they always told me this; but still I had an idea that I was to do something for myself; and I thought that I should go to hell if I did not do it."

"Thank God for the assurance," said Janet, "that my beloved child lived and died in the pure faith; and as to your error, my dear Sophie, learn that it is one that clings fast to our proud and evil natures, which cannot submit to receive the mercies of God as a free gift, entirely undeserved by us. But now that, by God's blessing, your mind is opened to see your unbelief, listen to my son, and he will, with God's assistance, unfold the truth to you."

"The three persons of the Trinity," said Josseline, "viz. the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are all equally engaged in the work of our salvation. You are acquainted, no doubt, with this doctrine of the Trinity in unity."

"I am," replied Sophie. "I think I have been taught in the right way; for all my dear friends worked very

hard to show me that whatever they taught me was in the Bible. But I fear I have not always learned aright; and I am sure I have not always understood all that has been said to me."

"Poor child," said Janet: "may the Spirit which is above descend in blessings on your young head!"

"Do you know," asked Josseline, "what God the Father has done, and continues to do, for those who are redeemed?"

"He gave his Son for them," replied Sophie.

"And what more does he do?" asked Josseline.

Sophie could not reply; but looked at Aleine, who, speaking for her, said, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." John vi. 44.

"Observe, then," said Josseline, "that no man can call Jesus Lord unless he is taught by the Father. If, then, you believe that you are saved by the Son, you have received the call of the Father; you have received that sign in your hearts which is the assurance of your salvation: not that you shall be saved, but that you are saved; for that by which you were redeemed is finished, and nothing depends on yourself. And now, having received this assurance, you may expect that that sanctification which is the work of the Lord the Spirit will forthwith commence in your heart. Do you understand, mademoiselle?"

"I think I do, uncle," replied Sophie; "but please to ask me again another time, and teach me more, for I feel that I know very little."

"But you know one thing, I trust, my child," said Janet, "and that knowledge is worth all else which could be taught you, viz. that Christ has redeemed you."

This catechising being concluded, the young party were set at liberty, and the boys, taking their Bibles, sought some favourite nook wherein to read in quietness. Aleine, Louise, and Sophie went together, and choosing an arbour in the garden, they also sat and read, each separately; and there, after they had sat awhile, poor little Sophie felt herself painfully affected by certain vivid recollections of the arbour in Mr. Seymour's garden, and of her fair young companions in England—,and papa and mamma were alive then, she thought, and I knew that I should see them when I re-

turned to the house; but where are Lucy and Emily now? and where are my dear parents? And the tears fell in large drops from her eyes, and she began to sob.

The young peasants were tenderly touched at observing her tears: they both laid down their books, and, gently taking her hands, they led her out of the arbour, and to that part of the garden where a clear stream of water came gushing from a stony part of the mountain above. There, giving her to drink from a little cup which was chained to the fountain, Aleine said, "This fountain, mademoiselle, never ceases to flow; it is never muddy, but always clear: as long as these hills remain, it will continue to bubble forth. But there is a fountain"—and she lifted up her fine dark eyes to the sky—"which will still flow when the heavens shall have departed like a scroll, and the elements shall have melted with fervent heat; and they that taste of it shall thirst no more; and our parents have drank of this fountain, and are satisfied. Why then should we weep, as those without hope? Let us kneel down here and thank God that we also have been made partakers of this spiritual life." Aleine then knelt, and, with her, Sophie and Louise; and these dear children prayed together that the assurance of the divine love might descend on the heart of Sophie, and change her songs of mourning to those of joy and thanksgiving.

When they arose from their knees, Sophie threw her arms around the necks of her young companions, and was led by them into the house, where the dinner was spread upon the board in the hall. After dinner, Janet took Sophie with her to walk upon the hill; and, as she led her gently along the thymy slopes, she endeavoured to amuse her by giving her histories of her younger days, when a child, residing in the house of her great-grandmother, pointing out, how in one way and another, every circumstance of her life had been arranged for her good.

"And for mine too," said Sophie. "O dear nurse Janet, how little did grandmamma think that it was in order that you might take care of the poor little orphan Sophie that she was rearing you so carefully."

"But there was One," replied Janet, "who did arrange all this beforehand, my child. And can you doubt that he, who has thus wisely managed all these things for you will not finish his work?"

"I do not doubt it, dear nurse," replied Sophie; "and to prove to you that I do not doubt, I will try to be cheerful and happy. Mamma and papa are happy, I know they are; and I will not think of myself."

"God helping you," said Janet.

In the evening of this blessed day Josseline again assembled his family to divine worship; and when they had supped in the same order as they had taken their other meals, they all retired to rest.

During the week, Sophie accustomed herself to associate with these excellent people, and to occupy herself with any little domestic matters which her nurse thought fit for her; and she needs must follow her favourite Aleine in all her employments: and thus, insensibly, her health improved, and her cheerful feelings were confirmed by the beautiful views of the love of God for the redeemed daily exhibited by Josseline at the hours of evening devotions, when the family were all collected in the hall, and the doors shut close upon the world without. This period was, indeed, a blessed one to the little girl. As the rain descending on the mown grass, so did the words of wisdom descend on the heart of this orphan babe, strengthening and confirming her against the day of trial which awaited her, and which, with the Divine mercy, was protracted from time to time, owing to the absence of her aunt. At length, however, when Sophie had been six weeks in the mountains, a letter came from M. Prevot, directing that his niece should be brought to his country-house, near Geneva; giving Janet the option, as I before said, either to stay with her there, or leave her under the care of the gouvernante or housekeeper till Madame Prevot's return.

Janet had no hesitation what she should do; nor did her family make the least objection to parting with her for the consolation of their beloved Mademoiselle Sophie. And, indeed, had she hesitated, the imploring looks of her beloved child would speedily have settled the matter. Accordingly, Sophie and Janet once again put themselves into the little cart, and, proceeding to Mornez, where they were met by a small carriage of M. Prevot's, which speedily brought them to the country-house mentioned above; the young people of Monetier comforting themselves with the hope that when the flowers bloomed again upon the mountains, they should see their beloved little lady again. Thus hope is found

to gild the path of life, and to shed its rays on many of its darkest spots.

The housekeeper, who had the charge of this campagne, for so are the country-houses called on the Continent, was a simple, pious person attached to the family; but ignorant in comparison with Janet. However, she was prepared to do all that was kind for Sophie, even to the extent of indulging her in every wish. It happened, indeed, that Sophie's desires were moderate, and that she was very much under the influence of the nurse, as she always called Janet Keller; but no thanks were due on this account to Madame la Gouvernante, who, in common with many others in her subordinate situation, had no idea of any distinction between excessive indulgence and that kindness which is discreet and proper. Nevertheless, little Sophie, being guided, as I before said, by Janet, and being, moreover, under the influence of a higher principle, enjoyed much peace while residing at her uncle's country-house.

We have spoken formerly of a Madame St. Clare, a friend of the aunt and mother of Sophie. This lady, being apprized by Madame Prevot of the situation of her niece, lost no time in calling upon her, and bringing with her her daughter Rozette, who was about four years older than Sophie.

Mademoiselle Roquenord was walking with Janet, in the avenue, when Madame St. Clare's carriage drove through the gates. The ladies alighted immediately, and, embracing her affectionately, offered their services to show her any kindness which lay in their power. Sophie was extremely pleased by the manner of Rozette towards her; although her dress was stiff, and her air peculiar in the eyes of one always accustomed to the English style, where it is generally thought good taste to leave the hair and figure as unrestrained in youth as neatness and elegance will permit, and the manners as little modified by fashion as the necessary attention to politeness will allow.

Sophie felt at once that she could love Rozette; neither did it enter into her mind, as she was so pleasing and amiable, to doubt that all might not be exactly as it ought to be with regard to those principles which she had been taught to consider of the first importance. However, before they parted, Madame St. Clare prom-

ised to call again, although she did not invite Sophie to her house; for which she afterward accounted to her daughter, by saying, that she did not like the appearance of Sophie, as it regarded health. "That dear child," she said, "exhibits some symptoms as if she would not be long on this earth. Such extreme delicacy of complexion is not natural; it is too like that of her mother, at her age, only more in the extreme. That beautiful pink glow on her cheeks does not look well. I doubt whether the air of our house, so close to the lake, might agree with her. At any rate, I will not take her, even for a day, from the hands of the careful old woman who is with her: but you shall visit her as often as you please."

"O mamma!" replied Rozette, "I hope you are mistaken. Dear little Sophie!—she is the sweetest child I ever saw. Let me visit her very often." Accordingly, from that time, Rozette often called upon Sophie; and she was attended also by several of the best masters in Geneva, according to directions given by M. Prevot. Sophie felt obliged to her uncle for this attention, and she was also much pleased by the visits of Rozette. During the few first of these visits, the conversation being led by Mademoiselle St. Clare, ran chiefly on the fashions and customs of the city, and more especially on the little assemblies spoken of in the commencement of this history.

"You must belong to our reunion, Sophie," said Rozette. "Mamma says, indeed, that you ought to be considered as one of us already, because you are the daughter of her own dear little Sophie Levrat: her little fair young friend, as my mamma calls her; for my mamma loved your mamma as much as I mean to love you, my little Sophie. And you must get your youngest cousin, Juliette, to recommend you, being of your own age, Sophie; for I am too old, you know. You are not ten, and I am turned thirteen. Your eldest cousin is the senior of the society, by some months. If she says she is full fourteen, tell her that she lies under a slight mistake. Mamma knows her age, and will stand to it: so you will be sure to have her on your side."

"I do not understand you, Rozette," replied Sophie.

"Tenez, tenez, ecoutez," exclaimed Rozette. "Voila le fait, Pauline does not wish you to be of our society:

she told me so before she went to Paris. She says you are—" And Rozette laughed, and blushed, and hesitated.

"What?" asked Sophie.

"A—a—," replied Rozette; "but I must not tell you."

"Yes you may," said Sophie.

"A momiere," returned Rozette; "*une petite momiere.*"

"What is that?" asked Sophie.

"Ah! you don't know—*n'importe*," said Rozette; "but, to return to our society, I will tell you all about it;" and she entered into a full detail of the laws and ordinances of the assembly, which it would be but a repetition to give again in this place.

"And what do you do, when you meet?" asked Sophie. "Do you read the Bible?"

"Ah! ah!" returned Rozette, laughing. "What should we do, do you think, Sophie? But you may be quite assured that we conduct ourselves with the greatest propriety, and with the utmost attention to all the ordinances of society."

"I suppose," said Sophie, "that these assemblies are something like our Sunday meetings in England. To be sure there were only three of us—Lucy and Emily Seymour, and myself—but we used to meet every Sunday evening;" and the tears came into Sophie's eyes, as she mentioned the beloved names of her little friends.

"Well," said Rozette, "we will speak of these things no more at present, dear Sophie; I did not mean to awaken sad remembrances."

"They are not sad, they are sweet," replied Sophie; "I love to talk about them. Shall I tell you how we lived in England? Shall I describe Lucy and Emily to you?" And without waiting any answer, she proceed to expatiate on many of the happy and holy hours she had spent with those her earliest friends; but in proportion as she proceeded, Rozette became thoughtful, and the colour rose in her clear dark cheek; for, like many of her country-women, she had sparkling black eyes, and a complexion of a delicate brown. At length, starting up from her seat, for they were sitting in a verandah, which looked over a charming country towards the mountains, "I must go now, Sophie," she said; "*la Bonne* is waiting for me in the carriage, and I wish you would not speak again of those Sunday evenings, or of

those little girls: it gives me pain in the heart to hear of those things; but farewell till our next meeting, my little Sophie;" and she kissed both her cheeks, and ran down the stone steps, which led up without the house into the balcony.

Sophie wondered for an instant at the strangeness of her manner, but thought no more of it; for Aleine was come to see her from the mountains, and had only waited to come up till the young lady was departed.

While Sophie was at her uncle's country-house, a period which endured from November till the end of May—for so long her uncle's family remained at Paris—she enjoyed much peace. Her mornings were spent with her masters, and sometimes diversified by a visit from Rozette, or Madame St. Clare; though, after the conversation above cited, mademoiselle never came alone, but always with her governess, or her mother, and never entered into very particular conversation with her little friend, though she was invariably kind. She dined early, and afterward walked, or sat with Janet, reading the Scriptures to her, as she was knitting, or playing and singing hymns to her, accompanying herself on the harp; and in the evening, she was commonly well wrapped up, and taken by Janet and the *gouvernante* in the little covered carriage belonging to her uncle, to one of those places of worship in and near Geneva, which are so well known and so dear to those persons in that neighbourhood who are attached to the old doctrines of the reformers. I shall not point out precisely, and by name, the places of these little assemblies of the children of God, although the ways which led to them have often been trodden by my foot, and although I have loved to think and feel that I shall yet meet those whom I have met *there*, and probably shall meet no more on earth, in the presence of that blessed Saviour, who has thus called these his sheep out of darkness into that path which shall shine more and more, until it break forth into the glorious light of perfect day. There are many in these assemblies who may have observed the figure of Sophie, and those of her less remarkable companions, mingling with the congregation; for little Sophie once seen, could not be easily forgotten, delicate as she always was, and singularly lovely, and dressed in deep mourning, her beautiful hair not as yet tortured *à la chinois*, hanging in glossy ringlets from beneath her

bonnet of crape; but those that have seen her in those assemblies will see her no more till they behold her blazing as a diamond in the crown of Him in whom she was brought to place a confidence as entire, as perfect, as that which the infant feels for the mother who gives him his first pure sustenance.

How much little Sophie enjoyed these evening assemblies, it would be difficult to say; yet how much the simple instructions she there received tended, with God's blessing, to confirm her in the holy way, will appear hereafter. But I should mention, that one evening, late in the season, scarcely, indeed, a month before the return of M. Prevot and his family, as the little party were coming out of one of these places of worship, in the town, a number of the lower sort were gathered round the door, shouting and singing, and among these, a great boy, pushing between Sophie and the gouvernante, forced back the bonnet of the former, crying out—on seeing the dress and air of the little lady—and exclaiming, "*Ah une momiere de plus! Une momiere de bon ton!*" On which a number of the mob joining in a chorus, sung what follows:—

"Encore une momiere de plus!
Dans l'école!
Qu'on enrole!
Encore une momiere de plus!
Bien que coute des ecus!"

Janet and the gouvernante soon succeeded in getting Sophie out of the crowd, and placing her in the carriage. And as they drove away, the child was anxious to know what all the noise was about. "What is a momiere, nurse?" she said. "Am I a momiere? I remember now that Madame St. Clare said I was one; and the people here say I am one. What do they mean?"

Janet could not help laughing at the simplicity of the question, yet thought it right to explain to the little girl that this word was meant as a term of reproach, and probably signified one who made a mummery of religion, or pretended to be more pious than he really wished to be.

"For what should any one do that?" replied Sophie. "Why should we try to seem more religious than we are, when we only get laughed at for it? But, dear nurse, I am sorry for these poor people who laugh at such things; and I am sorry for Rozette. I wish, nurse,

that everybody I love were religious enough to be called a momiere."

Janet joined in the wish, and the subject was then dropped, till a few days afterward, when a certain elderly single lady, who was acquainted with Madame Prevot, called at the country-house where little Sophie was, and, asking to see the gouvernante, she reproved her sharply for having taken Mademoiselle Roquenord to a place where she was liable to meet with such insults as she had encountered some days before. "I shall certainly," she added, "inform Madame Prevot of what has happened, in order that things of this kind may be prevented in future."

The poor gouvernante was alarmed, and begged the busy lady to spare her, promising she would herself tell madame, when she arrived, of what had happened at the door of the chapel.

"Yes," said the lady, whom we shall call Mademoiselle Fleury, "you will tell your own story your own way, I have no doubt. However, as I am the very last person who would choose to injure any one, or meddle with any other person's concerns, I shall say nothing of this story at the door of the chapel to Madame Prevot, or of the great insult passed on the young lady, in calling her a momiere, which is, by-the-by, the very last epithet which ought to be bestowed on a young lady of high family, such as that of Mademoiselle Roquenord: nor shall I bring your name forward, my good woman, since you wish it; but I shall, in general terms, put my friend on her guard against these momieres, for the young lady will wholly lose her place in society if her name is ever again connected with those poor creatures: therefore, rest at ease; I will not injure you."

The poor gouvernante, who had been frightened out of her wits, bowed and bowed, and courtesied and courtesied, attending the lady to the very gate of the avenue, thanking her for her kind consideration, and promising that the young lady's reputation should not again be exposed to such danger as it had already incurred. Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Fleury walked on to Geneva, calling on several of her friends by the way, telling every one she knew of the prudent step she had taken in defence of Sophie's reputation, and thus doing all that in her lay to connect the name of the little girl with that of the sect so much despised, and, in fact, with so much

success, that from that day Sophie was better known, by those who were not particularly intimate with her family, by the name of the little *momiere de bon ton*, than by that of her own father.

But this visit of Mademoiselle Fleury had so disconcerted the poor gouvernante, that she took good care that henceforward, whenever Janet proposed to take Sophie to any place of worship, the carriage should not be at her disposal.

Things, however, did not long remain in this state; for a letter arrived very shortly afterward, giving directions for the immediate reception of the family, the house in la Traille being seldom occupied by it during the summer. Janet did not leave her little girl till the very morning of the expected arrival. My reader may be assured that the separation was a painful one, and that it did not take place without a solemn act of prayer, in which Janet implored the Divine assistance for the continual support of her little one, or rather, I should say, in an act of thanksgiving, for the support which she was well assured would be granted in every circumstance of trial. Suffice it to say, that the sources of Sophie's tears were hardly closed, when the train of carriages, which brought back her aunt, her cousins, and the *filles de chambre*, drove up to the gate. Sophie had not yet seen her cousins, nor have I yet described them: they were three in number; two born before the marriage of Madame Roquenord, and one since. This last was a contemporary of her cousin. The eldest of these was called Pauline, after her mother; the other two were named Celie and Juliette.

These young people had been early introduced into society; and hence had obtained that manner, so much admired by some, and so much disliked by others. We profess to describe things precisely as we saw them, and not to be too prompt in intruding our own opinions. It is of little consequence whether we are or are not admirers of that perfect confidence and *nonchalance*; that entire freedom from embarrassment; that set expression of countenance; that firmness of step and correctness of carriage, which the usages of the world give to young people: it is enough for us to say, that the young ladies in question, having possessed these qualifications in a superior degree, while still residing at Geneva, where, of course, they mingled with the chil-

dren of the highest families, they had lost none of them by the winter's residence in Paris, where they had also learned to arrange their dresses according to the last and most approved taste of that polished capital.

When Sophie first saw them, they were grouped upon the steps of the portico, giving directions respecting their packages, which the servants were bringing in from the carriages. Though the eldest of these was nearly as tall as her mother, they all wore trousers, ruffled about the heels, having short, full, white frocks, which scarcely reached below the knee, the bodies being long, and closely compressed round the waist; a pelerine or tippet being over the shoulders, with immense wide flaps hanging over the upper part of the arms; the hair forced up from the face *à la chinois*, terminated by a huge tortoiseshell comb: for they had thrown off their head-dresses. And being thus attired, they were uttering their commands, as persons do who are accustomed to be obeyed.

The play of the features was once thought the chief beauty of the youthful face. And yet it may be as well that smiles, if they are of any value, should not be lavished on every object; and never, indeed, bestowed, excepting where there is a decided call for them. Sophie, however, as she ran forward to meet her cousins, might have been consoled, considering her friendless situation, by some little acknowledgment of sympathy of this description. And yet, perhaps, it were quite as well that she should be made to know at once what she had to expect from her cousins, who were by no means prepared to give her their confidence; for she was not of their coterie—neither was it their wish that she ever should. They had already had several arguments with their mother, who insisted that Sophie should be proposed as a member of her daughters' Sunday evening assembly, informing them of the promise which her sister had exacted from her and the mothers of the young ladies who composed the society; and adding, that as her sister was no more, Monsieur Prevot had decided, that it was a compliment which ought to be paid to her memory.

These arguments had been often introduced, and carried on with much vehemence, and had, at length, been terminated by the father of the family, who, hint-

ing his will, begged that nothing more might be said on the subject.

The reception which Monsieur and Madame Prevot gave to Sophie was considerably more kind than that of her cousins: nevertheless, she presently fell into a sort of routine of life in which very little notice was taken of her: though she had nothing to complain of, had she been inclined to complain, excepting that she was left alone—entirely alone; overlooked in conversation—ever considered in any family arrangement, but in the light of an appendage, and seldom attended to when she ventured to speak; but there was no actual unkindness on the part of any one. She was allowed every comfort, and every advantage of masters, &c. But man in paradise could not feel happy without a help-meet: and little Sophie had none. No one to whom she could speak her thoughts—to whom she could run and tell her little troubles, or to whom she could impart her little joys, unless it was the worthy gouvernante, who never failed to visit her every night in her little cabinet, where she slept alone, to tuck her up and kiss her, and sometimes to bring her a bunch of grapes, or a plate of strawberries. But, soon after the return of the family, there arose an increasing reserve and formality in the manner of Madame Prevot towards her niece; the cause of which at length explained itself—Sophie having given the occasion, by a petition which she made to be permitted to go to a chapel in Pré l'Eveque.

Madame Prevot was sitting in her drawing-room, on a sofa of cut velvet, having her foot on an embroidered stool, and her needlework lying before her on a superb table with golden claws, her daughters being seated at their drawing at another table, when the little girl, still wearing her deep mourning, and having her hair still hanging in their natural ringlets (for it had been privately settled, by the aunt and her milliner and waiting-maid, that the dress of the orphan should not be remodelled till it could be done with advantage, when her mourning was to be cast aside), came gently forward, and modestly advanced her request.

Madame Prevot coloured, and, as it were to gain time, made her repeat her request.

"Are you not content with the instruction you receive in the place of worship to which you go, in company with your own family, Sophie?" said Madame Prevot.

Sophie looked down, and blushed.

"You do not answer," remarked Madame Prevot.

Sophie looked up, and replied, "Dear aunt, do not be displeased? I will tell you the plain truth. I know you love the truth. Mamma always told me that the truth is the best at all times. I do not like the church we go to."

"Indeed," said Madame Prevot, "you are very young, I should think, to have opinions of your own on these subjects."

"Of course," remarked Pauline, "they are not her own opinions; they are derived from some other source than her own mind: there can be no question of that."

"You have been listening to Janet Keller," said Madame Prevot; "and the fault is mine, Sophie, for leaving you so long with her: but I thought only of your health and comfort. Mademoiselle Fleury made me sensible of my error immediately on my return. I ought to have considered the very singular opinions which are attributed to Janet, before I trusted you with her. Yet I could hardly have thought that a young lady of your rank in life would have been influenced so far as you appear to have been, Sophie, by a woman so low —though worthy, in her way—as Janet Keller. But enough, and too much of this, Mademoiselle Roquenord. You will please, as long as you are under my protection, to go with me, where I and your uncle think it right you should go. I do not admire that sort of religion which makes young people despise the opinions of their elders."

"But, mamma," said Sophie, and was proceeding, when her aunt interrupted her, saying:—

"No more of this, Sophie; you hear what I say. But do not fancy that I am harsh to the child of a dear sister," she added, as if recollecting herself. "Give me a kiss, Sophie, and permit me to judge for you till you are of an age to judge for yourself."

Sophie advanced to kiss her aunt, but it was with a swelling heart. And the cold embrace which she received, did not tend to remove the pressure she felt on her breast. Nor did she find herself relieved till she had wept long in her own room, and had, on her knees, besought the guidance of her heavenly Father. Peace was then restored to her soul; and it was put into her mind, that, as obedience to her aunt was her first and

obvious duty, she should endeavour to serve her God in her own little chamber, and quietly wait for better times.

But little Sophie had scarcely left the presence of her aunt, when that lady allowed those feelings to burst forth, which she had hardly restrained in the presence of her niece: "Just as Mademoiselle Fleury said! these momieres have poisoned the mind of the child, and rendered her wiser in her own eyes than all who ever went before her."

"I wish you had asked her why she did not like our church," said Pauline.

"What! have asked the opinions of such a child as that?" returned Madame Prevot. "Truly, Pauline, I should have been wise in so doing."

"But I should have liked to know what she would have said," replied the daughter.

"Well, ask her yourself, then," said Madame Prevot. "She has very likely got some of their arguments by heart. She is a quick child, and a thinking child, and I dare presume that she has more to say for herself than you may imagine."

"But what do the momieres believe?" asked Juliette. "I should like to know where they are different from us, mamma?"

"Really, Juliette," replied Madame Prevot, "I do not understand these matters; neither do I desire to understand them. I am contented with my own church, and my own modes of worship. I have no desire to be better than all the good people who ever went before me; and, in consequence, to despise all my neighbours, as these people do. But truly I should be glad to dismiss this subject; and, upon second thoughts, I desire you, Pauline, not to revive the subject with your cousin. There was a good deal of determination in her manner just now; and had I said another word, she would have broken out, I saw, and declared herself persecuted. and then we should have had a scene;—and of all things in the world, I dislike tragedies of this kind."

Thus closed this affair; and as the summer had commenced, so it terminated, without any increase of intimacy between the cousins. And although the house was constantly filled with company, Sophie was kept so much in the back-ground, that she formed no acquaintances independent of her cousins: neither did

she seem anxious so to do; for her favourite Rozette was not in the neighbourhood.

At the close of the summer season, many families, who had either been travelling, or at their country-houses, returned to the town; and Monsieur Prevot's family also removed to la Traille. There little Sophie fell in love with a small chamber, commanding the fine valley spoken of before, which is enclosed within the Salaves, the chain of Zion, the Jura, and the Vouache. This cabinet opened by a glass door, or rather double window, on the flat roof of the house; and on the other side rather hung over the wall: it had a small bed, in an alcove, and a marble chimney-piece, over which hung a little oil painting, representing Sophie's mother, as an infant, seated on the floor, by the side of a cradle: there was no merit in the painting whatever. And there were other likenesses of Madame Roquenord in the house of much more value; but this one had such charms for Sophie, that she begged to be permitted to have the little chamber which contained it. The favour was immediately granted by her uncle, in whose presence she had asked it; and here she presently established herself, and had the pleasure to think, that here she never could look from her windows without seeing those mountains which her parents so often described, as if speaking of old and very dear friends.

And now we are about to enter upon a new scene in the annals of little Sophie. The time of her mourning had expired; the friend who loved her mother best in all that country, with the exception of the faithful Janet, was returned to Geneva, viz. Madame St. Clare, and with her her pleasing daughter; and Madame Prevot, to whom, if we may not attribute a better motive, began to feel that it would not be to her credit any longer to seem to make any difference between Juliette and Sophie, who were of the same age, under the observation of so many ladies who had been intimately connected with her sister, now began to change her manner, being further instigated to this change of conduct by the hope that Sophie had lost the bent towards peculiar notions, as they regard religion, given her by Janet; for it seems that she had been led to take that method most likely to succeed with a young mind, in never permitting the subject to be revived after the discussion spoken of above. The daughters, too, had been brought

to vary a little from the coldness of their manner towards their cousin, partly from seeing that their conduct had not pleased their father (for men, in general, cannot enter into the little cabals of women), and partly from seeing so very different a manner in their friend Rozette. And thus, from various causes, the situation of Sophie being ameliorated, as it regarded external circumstances, there is little doubt but that the moment of trial was near at hand, and that it was soon to be decided, whether he that was with her was stronger than he that was against her; for we count not her own strength in the struggle more than as dust in that balance in which the mountains are weighed.

Madame Prevot had been no sooner settled in her town house, than she called a council of state; her milliner and *fille de chambre* being summoned on the occasion into her boudoir, to consider how Sophie might be made fit to be seen. The time was arrived in which the orphan might decently put off her mourning; and the marchande de modes had just pronounced her opinion that mademoiselle required a pair of stays, *fort baleiné*, and that her *boucles*, alias, curls, were altogether out of all good taste, when Madame St Clare and her daughter were introduced. The milliner immediately applied to madame, as to a person of a very superior taste. On which, Madame St. Clare insisted on the preservation of the curls in their natural state for a few months longer adding, "For in truth I know not how we can improve that which nature has done so well;" though she yielded to the stays, to the great horror of little Sophie, who already began to breathe with difficulty at the bare thought of them; as the milliner said, it would be impossible to make any dress to fit mademoiselle, without something of the kind: and even Madame St. Clare was so blinded by fashion, that she really thought that the simple, easy, and therefore graceful figure of Sophie would look better if trussed up in these cruel bandages.

These great points being settled, several girls were introduced into the apartment, bringing silks and tulles and blondes and artificial flowers, and a thousand other varieties, the very names of which Sophie had never heard: and this was discussed, and that examined; and this was declared *comme il faut*, and that decided to be *tout au contraire*, till the little girl being bewildered and

fatigued, sat down in a corner, just in that humour which we must all have felt, not knowing whether to be pleased at being the object of so much attention, or vexed to be tormented by such a variety of needless cares and troubles.

There happened to be placed near where she sat, a band-box of artificial flowers, roses, and lilies, and jasmine, very fair to look at indeed, but such as, with all their beauty, would never have attracted a single bee; for there is no honey in the imitations which man makes of the flowers of the field. And as she sat in the mood I have described above, she took up one and another of these gay garlands, and turned them listlessly round her arm; and while thus employed (if we may use the word), Rozette came up to her, and, tapping her upon the back,—"Well, my little Sophie," she said, "I am glad to see so great a change in you; you will be one of us very soon: you have been proposed and accepted in our society; and next Sunday you are to be introduced. There were some, indeed, who objected, not on account of your birth in England, for your family is, you know, entirely Genevese, and your dear mamma was a member of the society to which our mothers belong; but on account of that foolish story set on foot by Mademoiselle Fleury: but I stood up for you and defended your cause, and absolutely denied the charge."

"What story?" asked Sophie; "and what charge, Rozette? I do not understand what you mean."

"Nay, don't redden in that way," said Rozette, laughing; "but I am very anxious, and so is my mamma, that you should appear to advantage before the young ladies, for the first time especially. When they know you, I am sure they will love you, as I do, my dear Sophie; but then—that busy, talking body, to have set that foolish tale afloat, when I dare say you only went because the old woman took you."

"Really, dear Rozette," replied Sophie, "you must explain yourself better; for I do not know what you are talking about."

"Indeed!" replied Mademoiselle St. Clare, "Are you in earnest? Don't you understand me? Well, listen then, and I will tell you. In the first place, my mamma was determined, because of a promise she had made to Madame Roquenord before she went to England, that you should be received into our society. Your

aunt and uncle also thought it would be a proper compliment to your mamma's memory. Now you must know that you could not have been received if you had been younger than the youngest of us. Your cousin Juliette is our youngest member, and you are two months older than she is; therefore it was agreed that she should propose you; and she did so, by her father's orders, last Sunday, but, I can tell you, with so bad a grace, that, had I not been present (and you must know that I am a sort of leader in the society), you would have been black-balled."

"What is that?" asked Sophie.

"Oh, you young thing!" exclaimed Rozette, "you know nothing. How you look and wonder, till your very eyes water!—just as my mamma says,—if it were not for your height, any one might fancy, from the expression of your features, that you were not five years old. You have lived in England, till you have got the English face, as they say in Paris. The English girls have complexions of cream, and hair of silk, and look like so many wax dolls. But I love you, too, for your very singularity;—but where was I? Oh, at the black beans. Being black-balled, or black-beaned, means being rejected. You would have been rejected by the society, as I was saying, if it had not been for me. I was determined, and I earned the day, in spite of them; but do you know what objection was raised against you?"

"No," replied Sophie, "I don't know."

"I think I shall not tell you," resumed Rozette; "because I am sure you do not deserve it now, though at one time, indeed, I did believe it; but I think you are changed."

"What can you mean?" asked Sophie.

"Why," replied Mademoiselle St. Clare, "if I must tell you the truth, I did at one time think that you were, in your heart, what some people call you. In short, I believed that you were neither more nor less than *une petite momiere*; but now I think that I was, even then, mistaken."

Had Mademoiselle St. Clare struck Sophie on the head, she could not have recoiled with more horror than she did on hearing these words, "But now I think that I was even then mistaken!" This remark happening (if any thing on earth can be said to be a work of chance) to agree so entirely with certain vague apprehensions

which for a few days past had occurred to her own mind, viz. that her feelings, as it regarded religion, were on the decline. Not that she doubted the love of God for herself, but that she felt that the world was creeping in between herself and her Redeemer—the Redeemer of her parents, her friend and father, He to whom she owed her being and her salvation;—and it was agony to her when she found that these apprehensions were confirmed by the observations of others.

In the anguish of her heart, she dropped the garland of roses which she held in her hand into the box; and, placing her closed palms together in her lap, she inwardly repeated these words: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child." Rozette, who was standing opposite to her, looked intently at her, during this moment of silent feeling, trying to read her countenance, and yet being able to make no other of it, but that she was offended.

Mademoiselle St. Clare was one of the fairest examples of what a benevolent disposition and a polished education, without religion, can effect; it was extremely disagreeable to her to give pain to any one: and she thought that she had touched her little friend in the tenderest point. "She does not like to be called a momiere," she thought. "I have done wrong to mention the word." But no proper apology suggesting itself, she was glad to be called away by her mother, and to have only a moment wherein to kiss her little friend, and to assure her that she hoped to meet her on the next Sunday evening.

In the meantime, the marchande des modes and les chiffons having all disappeared, Sophie gladly escaped to her little chamber, where she gave way to a shower of tears. "Am I no longer worthy to be called a momiere?" she said. "Oh!—then I do not belong to my dear Redeemer any more; and yet I am wrong to say so. I am his, and he is mine; and if I have forgotten him, and thought of the world, he has not forgotten me." The little girl then, taking down her hymn-book, presently found the following verse.

Je suis donc pour toujours la brebis retrouvé,
Pour toujours, O Jesus, tu voulus m'acquérir,
C'est pour l'éternité que mon âme est sauvée,
Ton esprit est en moi: non, je ne peut mourir.

Sophie had begun to weep with a sense of bitterness; but by degrees her painful feelings passed quite away. She was preparing a little box of remembrances for her dear young friends in England, which her uncle had promised to forward for her. She had almost concluded her arrangements: but there was yet something to be done—something more to be added to her communications. And presently in this employment and in that feeling—that feeling so far above all present enjoyments—that her heavenly Father smiled again upon her, though he had caused a momentary grief, the rest of the morning, and indeed the whole afternoon wore away, with the short interruption of dinner, with so much peace to the little girl, that she was quite surprised to see the golden glow which tinted the heights of Jura, at the moment of the setting of the sun; neither was her peace disturbed by a strong argument which took place that evening in her presence, between her cousins, respecting some little affair of their own, in which the eldest chose to dictate, and the two others were resolved not to submit. Neither could it be wondered at, if, in her dreams that night, she fancied herself again in the bower at the bottom of Mr. Seymour's garden, with Lucy and Emily, and awoke thinking of them, and of the elder friends, who had there contributed so largely to the happiness of her life. She was to walk the next morning with her cousins, and their governess.

There was some object in this walk, which has not been told me; but when they were setting out, there was an extremely thick fog rising from the lake, which was soon afterward succeeded by violent heat from the sun breaking through and entirely dispersing the fog; so that Sophie, whose constitution was particularly delicate, was exposed to the two extremes of damp and heat. The little party also met with some delays, by which they were compelled to walk rapidly back again; and as they came up the ascent to la Traille, Sophie experienced a very peculiar sensation, by which her breathing seemed affected.

"Oh! stop a moment!" she said to her cousins. "I cannot walk so fast."

"We are too late already, mademoiselle," said the governess; "and madame will be angry." So saying, she drew Sophie forward. And when the child got to her own room, she became so ill, that la Bonne thought

it best to lay her on her bed, and rub her temples with hartshorn. Soon, however, she seemed better; but the next day, these same corsets being brought home, they were laced upon her, and she complained very much of uneasiness in her chest, which those about her attributing to the stays, assured her that in a few days she would feel the uneasiness no more.

Little Sophie was young; and not having a maternal friend, to whom to confide her little feelings,—a friend who would have understood them, or, not understanding, would have looked into them, it never occurred to her as singular, that the pain which she thought originated from this new article of dress, never gave way when it was taken off, but continued to trouble her during the night, insomuch so, that she often awoke gasping for breath, and could take no rest without raising her pillow against the back of her bed. The truth was, that her chest was slightly inflamed; but that, child-like, she attributed the symptoms to the barbarous infliction of the fashionable corset.

In the mean time, though little Sophie enjoyed a peculiar degree of peace in her own chamber, and on her bed, yet in the company of her aunt and cousins she appeared more than usually serious, her mind being forcibly and divinely drawn to other subjects than those which occupied them.

"Sophie is not pleased," remarked Juliette one morning; "she has never been pleased since Rozette offended her."

"How did she offend her?" asked Madame Prevot.

"By talking to her about the momieres," replied Juliette.

"Absurd!" said Madame Prevot. "I do not believe a word of it: Sophie has more sense."

At that instant their cousin entered the room; and Juliette, addressing her, said, "Sophie, is it true that Rozette offended you the other day?"

"I don't remember," replied Sophie.

"On Monday, when she called with her mamma, she said something to you which made you cry; you cried all day," said Juliette.

"No, I did not cry all day, cousin," answered Sophie.

"Then she did say something you did not like," returned Juliette. "Did not she call you a momiere?"

Sophie reddened violently, and the tears started in her eyes; but she did not speak.

"*Ah! la petite momiere,*" rejoined Juliette. "She called you *la petite momiere de bon ton;* did not she! You know that is what they call you at Geneva."

"The flower and pride of the momieres," subjoined Celie, laughing, and adding from the song,—

Encore une momiere, une momiere de plus!

"Permit me to remark," said Madame Prevot, "that you are forgetting your politeness, young lady; we have had enough of this jest, which, in truth, has not common sense. And if Mademoiselle St. Clare revived it, I cannot say that I approve of her having so done."

"Oh, my dear aunt!" replied Sophie; "you are mistaken. Mademoiselle St. Clare did not call me a momiere."

"What then did she say which displeased you, Sophie?" asked her aunt.

"She said," replied the little girl, "that she believed that she had been mistaken when she supposed me to be —to be—" And then she hesitated.

"What?" said Madame Prevot hastily.

"Oh, a momiere! What else?" exclaimed Juilette. "Don't you know that they are all proud of the name?"

"The name is nothing," said Sophie; "but Juliette, you do not understand me."

"No, indeed I do not," replied the young lady, shrugging up her shoulders, and interchanging looks with her mother and sisters.

"You do not understand," returned the little girl— "you who are living with your dear papa and mamma in the house where you were born—you do not understand what it is to be so far away from the place where those dear parents are who had the care of you when you were a baby."

Madame Prevot was silent and attentive; but the young people carried on the argument. "What," said Pauline, speaking for the first time, "has the death of your father and mother to do with your being a momiere or not a momiere?"

"If your papa and mamma were in England," answered Sophie, gathering courage, "should not you want to be there, cousin Pauline?"

"Yes, perhaps I might," answered the young lady.

"And you would want to know every thing about England," returned Sophie.

"Maybe so," answered Pauline; "but what then?"

"Why," replied Sophie, "my heart is where my dear papa and mamma are; and I feel that by being what they call here a momiere, I am more certain of being taken to where they are, because the people called momieres know the way, and they speak of that way in their churches, and sing of it in their hymns, and talk of it in their common discourse, and I am happy with them, and in their company."

A forced laugh from the young people followed this remark; but Madame Prevot was evidently affected in a much more gracious manner. She extended a hand to her niece, and drawing her towards her, kissed her more affectionately than she had ever before done; adding, "Well, my dear little orphan girl, I trust that you will find in me and your uncle friends who will make up to you what you have lost in your dear parents; but go now and compose yourself: it is Saturday, and your harp-master will be here presently. I shall chide your cousins for introducing these subjects. They are giddy young things, and have known no troubles." Thus she dismissed her neice: and she was scarcely out of hearing before she began to reprove her daughters, saying that she entirely disapproved of jesting upon such subjects as those under consideration that morning. "My own mind," she said, "has long been made up, as it regards religion. I was brought up according to the faith of our excellent church, as established in this city, which is entirely agreeable to what you find in our very superior catechism. What the opinions of these people called momieres may be I shall not give myself the trouble to examine; though I understand that they consider faith as being all in all, and good works as wholly unimportant. By which, as you may easily understand, they open the door to every species of licentiousness, although I do not know that, as far as I have heard, any breaches of morality have as yet been alleged against them. However, as I before said, I cannot consider these as proper subjects of ridicule in genteel society; and I do beg that I may never hear any further reference made to them, or to that ridiculous song, which you have continually in your mouths."

"*Les momieres de bon ton*, mamma, do you mean?" asked Juliette, pertly.

"You understand me," replied Madame Prevot.

"Very well, mamma," returned the young lady; "I promise you. But you will permit me to play the air of *Ah le bel Oiseau;* and I promise you that when I play it, I will not think of Sophie." And here terminated the conversation.

The next morning was Sunday. The assembly of young ladies was to take place that day at Madame Prevot's. Sophie had been extremely uncomfortable during the night, with the same painful sense of difficulty of breathing which she had experienced for several nights. She had placed her bolster and pillow in fifty forms to find relief; she had had many short slumbers, and many uneasy dreams. Sometimes she saw her mamma in her dreams, and sometimes her papa; but they were not as they used to be. Then she was walking and talking with Lucy and Emily; and then a high mountain would rise between them. It was now the Jura, and now the Salave, and now Mont Blanc; and its top rose far above the clouds,—it could never be passed. Then there was a fire burning near her bed, and the smoke was suffocating her. But towards the morning she had a longer sleep and more pleasing dreams, and she fancied herself in the Valley of Monetier, following Aleine, who was driving the cows to water, at a fountain from which the stream gushed in sparkling torrents.

When Sophie awoke from this last sleep, a sense of thirst made her run to drink from a gugglet, which stood in the chamber, and she was there made aware, by the sound of many bells answering each other as it were from the different steeples, that it was time to dress.

But these corsets were to be put on again and laced, and it was the day in which she was to be introduced to the assembly, and one of her new dresses was to be put on, and her mourning laid aside. "Ah!" thought she, "my mamma has lain one year in the grave, and this day twelvemonth was the first Sunday I spent in the mountains; it was a sweet Sunday. I remember what Josseline taught me that day. Good Josseline! I love poor Josseline. He and mamma were babes at the same time, both sitting on Janet's knees. But oh! these stays, how they make my heart ache; but I shall not

feel them by-and-by, they say." The servant coming in to dress her, disturbed these thoughts. "You are late, mademoiselle," she said; "madame is already at breakfast. But are you well? What a colour you have in your cheeks."

"It is these stays, Marianne," replied Sophie; "they hurt me so. I have never been comfortable since I had them."

"Oh, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the servant; "don't let madame hear you say so. A pretty young lady like you must wear *des corps balleinés*. How are your dresses to set properly without them? And this evening all the young ladies are to be here; and some of them, I can tell you, are particularly genteel, and most elegant in their dresses: but not more elegant than you and our young ladies will be. For I have seen the dresses you are to wear; they are all alike. But, mademoiselle, surely you will not wear your hair in that barbarous mode?" and she threw her hands carelessly across Sophie's curls. "You look, in this fashion, like a little Savoyard just caught from the mountains. It must necessarily be arranged *à la chinois, c'est a ce qu'on m'a dit la derniere mode.*" Thus she ran on; and having finished the toilet, she threw open the window to examine the state of the weather; she exclaimed, "*Ah quel Brouillard affreux bah!* One can hardly breathe!—not a ray of sunshine this blessed morn." And truly the open doors exhibited one of those very thick fogs, to which the city of Geneva is too often liable, from its vicinity to its beautiful lake; an inconvenience often much felt by strangers, although the natives do not appear to be injured by it. But while Marianne was thus exclaiming, Sophie had run down to the room where the family were at breakfast, and at the same time deeply engaged in discussing the arrangements for the evening.

"I wish we might dance," were the words which Sophie first heard as she entered.

"You know it will not do, Juliette," replied the mother.

"Why now, mamma, you know you danced in your time," answered the young lady.

"But I tell you that it is thought better to omit it now," answered the mother. "People are more scrupulous than they were about these things."

"Why, what is the harm of dancing?" asked Juliette.

Madame Prevot directed the eyes of her daughter to Sophie, who was beginning to pay her morning compliments to her aunt. On which, Juliette turned to her eldest sister, and whispered, "*Ah le bel Oiseau.*"

Pauline laughed, and looked as if she understood the allusion; and a silence followed, broken by Madame Prevot, who remarked to Sophie, that she must be dressed by a certain hour in the evening; "for you know, my dear," she added, "that you are to be introduced to the society to-day."

"How long do the young ladies stay, aunt?" said Sophie.

"That is as it may happen,—but not late," replied the aunt; "you will not be kept up after your usual time."

"What are we to do, ma'am, when we are met?" asked Sophie. "Am I to take my French Bible into the saloon?"

It required the severest look which Monsieur Prevot could command to repress the laughter which was about to burst from the young ladies at this unexpected inquiry. It seemed, however, that Madame Prevot was not inclined to laugh. I do not pretend to say what she felt; but she looked unaffectedly serious when she answered, "Observe what your cousins do, dear child, and do the same."

Sophie replied, "I will, aunt;" and the subject dropped.

Nothing particular happened during the day. Madame Prevot observed, that Sophie did not look quite well, and directed her to stay in her own room while the family went to church. Sophie felt relieved by this order; she went up to her little chamber, and there, while she was reading her Bible, an unexpected pleasure was provided for her, viz. a letter from her friends in England—a long, sweet, tender letter—a sort of pic-nic letter, in which every one of the family had written a part. It contained what Sophie had asked for some months before, viz. a very little picture of the bower, in which she had spent so many happy Sunday evenings with her friends. Oh, how did the sight of this renew the blessed associations connected with this bower! This little picture was as a volume full of holy lessons to the little solitary one. Yet, why should I call her a solitary one? Of what is solitude a type in Scripture?

—of what but of the absence of God! Was Sophie solitary in that exalted sense? No. Her God was with her; she was not alone. His favour was as sunshine shed upon her heart.

When the family returned from church, the dinner was served: after which came the various little preparations for the evening. But Sophie had returned to her room to read her letter again, and to look at certain passages of Scripture, to which Mr. Seymour had directed her attention; and these were to be carefully marked, both in her English and her French Bible,—for Sophie was equally familiar with both. And this employment continued till Marianne came in with her new dress hanging over her arm, and a candle in her hand.

"Come, mademoiselle," she said, "there is no time to be lost; these demoiselles have kept me below till it is almost too late." And she immediately set to work to new model the person of little Sophie, exclaiming with delight every moment as she proceeded in metamorphosing the little girl from a simple child, having no other ornament but what nature had given her, into a fashionable demoiselle, groaning bitterly, however, because she was not permitted to arrange her hair *à la chinois;* the style of which may be easily understood by any one who will take the trouble of examining the portraits of the great-grandmothers of the present Chinese beauties on any old piece of porcelain which may be at hand.

But as I proceed with my history, I am continually reminded of the various and strange figures which arrange themselves on the tissue of human life,—wherein the grave, the gay, the solemn, and the ludicrous, often exhibit themselves at one point of view,—exciting in the breast of the beholder that most painful of feelings, viz. an inclination to laughter in the very house of mourning. And yet, to see this *fille de chambre*, as she threw aside with scorn the mourning dresses of the orphan, railing at her superiors, because she was not permitted to carry her system of disfigurement to the utmost extreme which a preposterous fashion chose to dictate, seemed so thoroughly out of place, that it would have been difficult to witness it in any mood, without a disposition to smile.

In the mean time, little Sophie was passive in the hands of the waiting-maid. She indeed, cast one sad,

lingering glance after her black dress, as if it were all that remained to her of the memory of her mamma, but took no further thought respecting what was going forward, only she said, "Marianne, what are we going to do this evening?"

"How should I know, mademoiselle," answered the *fille de chambre*, who had been cautioned not to be too communicative on that subject.

"Shall we read, Marianne, do you think?" asked Sophie.

"I cannot say, mademoiselle," said Marianne; "but I think they sometimes sing."

"Shall I take my hymn-book down in my sac?" asked Sophie. And she was on the point of taking one of her hymn-books from her bookcase when Rozette and Juliette entered the room, the former all blooming, with high spirits, the latter silent and reserved.

"Ah! you are ready, *ma petite*," said Mademoiselle St. Clare, "and you look charmingly; but what are you doing there? What have you got in your hand? a hymn-book, I declare. Come, put it down, and follow me; we are waiting to introduce you."

"Mademoiselle supposes," remarked Marianne, with that peculiar smile often to be observed in waiting-maids, "that her hymn-book may be wanting this evening."

"What for?" said Rozette.

"Marianne tells me," replied Sophie, "that you sometimes sing when you meet."

"Well, and what of that, my chicken?" asked Rozette. "Do you think that we sing hymns?"

"Yes!" returned Sophie. "Is not to-day Sunday?"

Rozette tapped her on the cheek, and, drawing her arm under hers, she led her down to the door of the saloon, which was already splendidly illuminated; for Madame Prevot prided herself in having every thing in her house in the best style,—and the whole of the little party were already assembled. These young people were daughters of some of the highest families in the republic, and were, in consequence, perfectly polite in their manners, and amiable in their carriage. They were prepared to receive little Sophie with the utmost courtesy, and to express their pleasure at this addition to their society.

When the little bustle occasioned by the introduction

of their new associate had passed, the conversation fell into its customary channels. Mademoiselle Prevot had much to tell of Paris—of the royal family, which she had seen several times during her residence in that capital—of Versailles and Fountainbleau, and of the various theatres and places of entertainment. Rozette had been in Italy during the summer; and she could talk of Florence, and described Val d'Arno and Vall' Ombrosa. It is common to hear young people, on the Continent, speaking of these things. Had Sophie been older, she would have been surprised at the premature manner and self-possession of these little ladies: as it was, she could only draw back into herself with a sense of inferiority.

While this discourse was passing, refreshments were brought in; after which, a large table was wheeled into the centre of the room, covered with a green cloth. On this table were several cases; and Pauline, as lady of the house, went round, and invited her friends to assemble round the table.

"What is this?" thought Sophie. "Are they going to read?" Accordingly, having been directed to do as others did, she advanced to the table with the rest, and took her seat by Rozette, whose kindness had considerably attracted her, having, as it happened, her cousin Pauline on the other side of her. Thus situated, she waited the opening of the cases, expecting to see some new publications produced; instead of which, what should appear but several packs of cards.

"Cards!" exclaimed the little girl, springing from her chair, and starting from the table as if she had seen a serpent crawling on the green board.—"Cards!—and Sunday evening too! Oh, Rozette, I cannot stay."

Every eye was fixed upon her in amazement, and Pauline seizing her hand, drew her forcibly back, reproving her severely.

"No, Pauline, no!" said the struggling child: "I will not—I cannot! Remember it is Sunday evening—the holy day, the day appointed for the service of our Lord—no; I cannot, I will not stay. Let me go!" and she struggled vehemently.

"Sophie! Sophie!" said Rozette, attempting to take her other hand, "you forget yourself. Do, dear child, sit down; we are doing no harm."

"No harm—no harm, dear Rozette!" replied the little

orphan,—"no harm! Ah dear young ladies!" she added, looking round the table, "remember that this is a holy day,—a day devoted to the service of our God. And if we are to meet this day, should we not meet as Christian children, to read our Bibles, and to pray, and think of our dear Saviour, and to learn his will, as we used to do in England, when I was a child—a very little child!" proceeded Sophie (bearing down all opposition and breaking through all interruptions by the vehemence of her manner), for at that moment she seemed to be above all earthly considerations. "Oh, how sweet, how pleasant were those blessed Sunday evenings, when we read and prayed, and sang together: how sweet they are to think of now,—how much sweeter by-and-by!"

"Sophie, are you mad?" said Pauline. "Sit down, and let us hear no more of this; but I expected something like it, and I told you so, Rozette; but sit down Sophie, and let this nonsense be forgotten."

"No," replied Sophie, "no!—only let me go. I am sorry if I have been rude,—but only let me go." And she struggled so vehemently, that her cousin thought it best to part with her hand; which being done, she flew from the room, and running to her own chamber, fell upon her knees, with her face upon the bed.

In the mean time, as if with a strong effort, the young party repressed all bitter comments upon what had passed, Pauline apologized for her cousin, by saying that she hoped the young ladies would pardon her, as being a foreigner, and in consequence, full of prejudices, and wholly unacquainted with polished manners. The apologies were of course accepted, and the cards were dealt. But what the little orphan had said, had chased all gayety from every heart. Some individuals, indeed, endeavoured to smile: but what is more sad than gayety which does not come from the heart? Sophie had spoken some solemn truths, and spoken them in an impressive, though simple manner. She had used example also, as well as precept. Neither had the words thus uttered by the lips of this sweet orphan been as dust scattered in the wind, but rather as seed falling where no doubt it will hereafter spring up a hundred-fold. But of all the young party, no one seemed so deeply impressed as Mademoiselle St. Clare. It seemed that she could not recover her spirits during the whole evening. She held her cards in her hand indeed, but she knew not what she played; and when the rest of the party had

taken their leave, she lingered behind, and was in the saloon when Madame Prevot came in from her own party to ask how the evening had passed off, and how the little stranger had conducted herself. "But I do not see her here," she added; "where is she?"

Pauline replied by telling her mother all that had taken place, being probably restrained by the presence of Rozette from stating facts in any other way than as they had really happened.

"And all this is true, Mademoiselle St. Clare?" said Madame Prevot.

"Perfectly so, madame," replied Rozette. "Pauline has told you all that Sophie said and did; but she has not described to you the impressive and earnest manner of the dear child,—the beautiful expression of her heavenly countenance,—the brilliant glow which lighted up in her cheeks as she addressed us all? Oh, Madame Prevot! if she is right, what are we?"

"Surely, Rozette," said Juliette, "you are not going to be one of them?"

"One of what?" asked Rozette.

"A momiere," replied Juliette. "Another *momiere de bon ton!*

"Encore une momiere de plus!
Dans l'ecole!
Qu'on enrole!
Encore une momiere de plus!
Dans le troupeau des elus!"

Juliette was reproved sharply for the levity of her manner by her mother, and unrewarded even by a single smile from Rozette.

"These things make me very uneasy, Mademoiselle St Clare," said Madame Prevot, as she took up a candle. "I must see my niece; and as you have witnessed the former part of this affair, you are at liberty to follow me, my dear young lady, to her apartment."

Rozette gladly availed herself of this permission, and followed Madame Prevot up stairs. As madame unclosed the door of Sophie's chamber, the wind from the door, which opened on the roof of the house, nearly put out the candle. As she stepped back to preserve the flame, she exclaimed against Marianne for not shutting the door; but, recollecting herself, she added, "I forgot that she is not at home, and the other servants are engaged. I trust that the child has not gone to bed exposed to the night air, and such a night as this, in which

the fog is excessive." Madame Prevot then gave the candle to Rozette, while she went in to shut the door; which being done, Mademoiselle St. Clare entered with the light.

We had left our little orphan kneeling by the bed. It seems, that from this position she had fallen sideways on the floor, her head being a little raised by the foot of the bed, against which she had sunk. Her face, on which the light flared from the hand of Rozette, was deadly pale; but what alarmed her friends beyond all measure was, that it was smeared with blood, as well as her dress; she was insensible.

Rozette and Madame Prevot shrieked aloud, as this melancholy object presented itself to their view. "O, my little Sophie, child of my only sister!" exclaimed Madame Prevot, "I have not been the mother to you I should have been;" and she sank on her knees by the child.

The cries speedily brought up the rest of the family. The little girl was immediately undressed, and put into bed. A medical man was sent for, who, when he arrived, found that a small blood-vessel had broken, and that an inflammation on the chest, the pain of which the poor little girl had attributed to the fashionable corsets, had already made some progress; but the child did not give any evidence of consciousness till after several remedies had been administered. At length she spoke; and the first words which she said, were—"I am coming, mamma, I am coming."

"What does she say?" asked Rozette, who stood weeping at the foot of her bed. "Speak to her, Madame Prevot; ask her what she means."

The aunt then addressed her, assuming an indifference of manner which agreed but ill with her real feelings; for she was excessively affected by the condition of her little niece: "What did you say, my love?" she asked.

"Mamma!" replied Sophie, "mamma! I am coming, mamma!"

"But I am not your mamma, my love," answered Madame Prevot.

Sophie looked hard at her. "Dear aunt," she said, "I took you for mamma; you spoke with mamma's sweet voice."

Madame Prevot was about to reply, when the physician interfered, begging that the young lady might be

left in perfect quiet to the influence of a soporific draught which he meant to administer; in consequence of which every one withdrew from the apartment, with the exception of Madame Prevot and a servant; for although in the former part of our narrative that lady must have appeared in every point of view but that which was amiable, it is certain that her conduct towards Sophie during the latter period of the time in which that dear child was with her, was daily becoming more what it ought to be.

Poor Rozette, all drowned in tears as she was, was compelled by the mandate of the physician to retire from the room. But even her mother, who came in her carriage to fetch her home, could not induce her, by any persuasions which she could use, to leave the house. And as Sophie's complaint was certainly not infectious, Madame St. Clare refrained from using authority. Rozette was therefore provided with a bed in the house, where she lay, and wept, and reflected, till wholly overpowered by fatigue. The result of her reflections will speedily appear more satisfactorily, we trust, than by any account of it which we could give. As to the daughters of Madame Prevot, it was not so evident how they were affected by this sudden calamity. They were not, however, insensible to the awful stroke, though it had not touched them personally. When Rozette joined them after leaving Sophie's room, they looked pale as death; and that perfect stillness in their manners, so unnatural to young creatures, was a strong proof that their consciences, as it regarded their treatment of their little cousin, were not entirely at ease.

But to return to our little orphan. Being under the influence of medicine, she seemed heavy and dull during the remainder of the night, yet not quiet; for she was extremely restless, tossing herself from side to side, and speaking frequently, though in sleep. Several times she called Janet Keller! and again, Aleine! and asked for water—water from that fountain. But her aunt did not understand what fountain she referred to. However, as her calls for Janet and Aleine were so frequent, Madame Prevot sent off a carriage for the worthy woman and her granddaughter by break of day; and before noon, Janet and Aleine were by Sophie's bed, where they remained till their services were no longer required.

But it would be unprofitable to follow all the changes which took place in the condition of the little orphan, or to say how often some pleasing appearances would revive the hopes of her anxious friends, only to dash them down, by the recurrence of still more threatening symptoms; for, with the exception of the slight appearances above mentioned, the terrible disorder made a steady progress, till at length, at the end of thirteen days, beyond all expectations to those who were not better instructed in the nature of such diseases, she appeared decidedly better.

It was Saturday morning, when after an unusual restless night, she asked for something to eat; and, having taken a biscuit and some tea, she said, "Dear nurse, I am better; I am quite comfortable. How good you have been to me!" And she extended her arms to embrace the venerable peasant. "And now, Aleine," she said,—"dear Aleine, call my own kind Rozette, and ask her to write for me."

Rozette was called, and came rejoicing, from the report given her by Aleine; and therefore she was the more painfully surprised when Sophie begged her to sit down and write—what in fact, though not in form, was nothing less than the last will and testament of her friend; but Rozette had the discretion not to make any comments, but merely to write from the dictation of her beloved Sophie, who was telling her how she should wish all her little treasures to be disposed of.

A miniature picture which her mother had caused to be taken of herself, in London, was to be added to the little box of remembrances which had been prepared by her own hands, together with two of her beautiful auburn ringlets, her Bible and hymn-book,—the same which she had used when taken to the place of worship in le Pré l'Eveque,—were to be given to her aunt, her own dear aunt, as she called Madame Prevot, and all her other possessions bequeathed among those she loved, and who had been kind to her; not one of whom was forgotten, even to the peasant girl who led the cows of Josseline Keller.

When all this was completed with great promptitude and clearness of head—and when the writing had been read to her—she called Rozette near to her, and, thanking her for her kindness, she said, "You will give this paper to my dear aunt, with my grateful love, and tell

her that I have been thinking, that when I first came to Geneva, I was sulky and cold to her. Please to ask her to forgive me. I have been thinking a great deal about it. I mean to beg her pardon, when she comes to me next; but please to tell her what I say. And now," she added, "I think I have settled every thing about my things;" and she turned to Janet, to remind her if she had forgotten anybody, but Janet could scarcely speak. However, Sophie did not observe the agitation of those about her.

The little girl did not fail again through all the forenoon. However, she said no more upon the subjects which had occupied her in the morning; but took several occasions to speak to those about her on matters of eternal import.

Her aunt being in the room, though not within her view, she called Rozette to her side, and said, "I think I did not behave well about those cards. Was not I violent and cross that night? But I cannot tell you what I felt. I was thinking of those happy Sunday evenings when I was a little child. But you will not play at cards again on the Sunday evening; and when you have little children, you will not let them do it; will you, dear Rozette? For Sunday is the day set by for serving our Redeemer more particularly; and you would love each other so much (I mean all the young ladies who meet on a Sunday evening), if you would read the Bible together, and sing hymns after tea; you would love each other so much—so very much, when you grew up, and remembered the pleasant holy hours you spent together in your childhood. Emily and Lucy and I were but three in number, and I was less than they; but my love for them is such," she added, raising her dark blue eyes, "as death—death"—and she repeated the awful word,—"as death cannot dissolve. But such ties as yours, Rozette," she added (speaking no longer as a child), "they cannot—will not stand beyond this mortal life. And oh! how short, how uncertain is this life!" she continued. "It was only this day fortnight"—and there she hesitated. "To-morrow, and then glory—glory"—and there she ceased to speak.

Rozette could not reply; but, shrinking behind the curtain, burst into a fresh gush of tears.

"Is it possible," said Madame Prevot, who stood near

to Rozette, "that we have been wrong through all our lives, and that those are right whom we have despised!"

"If so," returned Rozette, "may the Almighty lead us from our errors!"

During that forenoon, Sophie also asked to see her cousins, putting up her lips to kiss them; but at this time she did not speak.

Janet did not like the unnatural strength, both of body and mind, which her beloved Sophie exhibited during that morning. She was not surprised, therefore, to see her flag about mid-day, though she was terrified at the very decided change which took place towards the hour which coincided with her first attack; and it was agony to the poor nurse to observe that mortal struggle, which continued all the night, in which the poor little girl was, as it were, passing that narrow strait, in which the natural body is dissolved, and where the redeemed soul obtains deliverance from all that Adam's disobedience bequeathed to his posterity.

Oh, how did the pious peasant pray for the deliverance of her little one! And indeed her prayers were heard; for in the morning, though the soul had not departed, the bitterness of death was past, and the child, though visibly dying, was sleeping away the short remainder of her life.

It was Sunday morning; the sun was shining, and the bells were ringing. Sophie had been removed from her bed in the alcove, to a couch before the open glass-door. The air was balmy and fragrant. It was a lovely day; and Janet and Aleine, seeing their Sophie easy, felt themselves able to praise their God for a redeemed soul.

Neither was Janet slow to see the wisdom of God in retarding the deliverance of the little redeemed one for a few hours, in order, no doubt, that her cousins and Mademoiselle St. Clare might see what they never had seen before, viz. the awful march of the King of terrors; for these young creatures stood by Sophie's couch nearly the whole day, sobbing and weeping by turns, and, it is trusted, deriving everlasting good to themselves from the short discourses which passed between the dying child and the pious peasant. For Sophie awoke from time to time, starting and catching her breath, yet smiling, as if from a sense of joy, too strong for mortal anguish.

"Are you easy, my love?" Janet said at one time to the little girl.

"Very! very easy, dear nurse!" she replied. "I shall soon be with my Redeemer, and with mamma. Oh, Janet! I was not mistaken! I am redeemed—I know it now!"

"And how, my love, how do you know it?" asked Janet.

"I see Him when I sleep, nurse," she replied. "He is there—He is always with me, though I am a foolish child—a sinful child. He has taken my sins away, and I shall never see them more."

"There!" said Janet, when Sophie slept again,—"there! You see the power of true religion. This child in life was brought to know that God the Son is her Redeemer, and that God the Father, in teaching her that which no man knows by human reason, has given her the earnest of her salvation. In this assurance, she was next taught to seek sanctification by God the Holy Spirit. And now, what remains, but that which is about to be, viz. glorification! which will ensue as certainly as you and I stand here, when this short state is passed. Oh, blessed child!" continued Janet, looking, with eyes brimming full of tears, upon the little dying one, "may it be granted that these your young companions may learn from henceforward to know and love that Saviour who has made this dear child rejoice in that from which the hardiest nature shrinks, viz. the dissolution of the mortal body!"

Thus passed that day; and the sun declined, and the shades of evening came, and yet there was no change. But, as Janet had supposed, as the hour of Sophie's first attack approached, the dying child began to alter, and sometimes to cry and start from sleep; trying to lift herself, as if contending for her breath. Madame Prevot, her uncle, and her cousins, with several others, came up at the call of Rozette. Yet what could they do, but stand, and look, and weep? But the struggle was not long: in a few minutes it ceased. The lovely head of the sweet child, more divinely fair in death than life, lay on the bosom of Janet, who had got behind her, on the bed. And for some moments, such was the stillness of the whole body, and of every feature, that it was doubtful whether the soul had not passed. But at length, she stirred again, opened her eyes once more.

raising them upward, and keeping them fixed for a second; then closing them, they remained fixed for ever.

"It is finished," said Janet; "the struggle is past—she is blessed now for evermore." And thus speaking, she laid the fair head upon the pillow, exclaiming, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

I shall not describe the scenes which followed, nor say how many of those who had known this sweet child wept, not only because they were so soon deprived of her, but because they had not loved her in life as she had deserved. Neither shall I describe the solemn ceremonies with which she was laid by the side of her mother, in the vault of her ancestors. But I cannot close my history without mentioning one circumstance, viz. that Rozette St. Clare and Pauline Prevot, having been absent for more than a month from their society, agreed with each other, that when they next met their young friends, they would propose to them what Sophie had suggested, viz. that they should, when assembled on the sacred day of the Lord, devote a portion of each evening to reading the Holy Scriptures, and singing the praises of God, to the utter exclusion of cards and dancing. But I am sorry to add that I cannot inform my reader whether this proposition has yet been made. Nor can I form any conjecture, should it ever be made, how it might be received.

END OF THE LITTLE MOMIERE.

THE

STRANGER AT HOME.

THE

STRANGER AT HOME.

My name is Elvira. I am the only remaining member of a family once very numerous; the only survivor of all who were rocked in the same cradle, and carried in the same arms.

My father was a clergyman, and resided in a lovely country-place. His pretty white house, in which I was born, was half-hid among woods, wherein nightingales were heard in the summer evenings, and thrushes, linnets, and blackbirds sweetly warbled through every sunny day. In that wood, too, were running streams and waterfalls, shadowy bowers and dark grottoes carpeted with moss, and an abundance of other lovely objects such as are the innocent delights of minds uncorrupted by the wicked world, and instructed as we were to regard the goodness and wisdom of the great Creator in all his various works.

I had three brothers, and as many sisters. My brothers were named Edmund, Philip, and James; my sisters Margaret, Amelia, and Clara. I was one year younger than Margaret, and about a year older than Amelia.

When I was about six years of age, my grandfather and grandmother came to visit us. I remember their coming, and I also remember the sugar-plums which they divided among us. I recollect, too, that they were not common sugar-plums, and that I considered them as being too pretty to eat. They represented dogs, and cats, and houses with trees around them, and bonnets, and hats, and court-cards, and pin-cushions. We divided them equally, and made little card boxes for the purpose of holding them. We kept them by us for a long time; at least, our mother kept them for us in her Indian cabinet.

My grandmother took a great fancy to me, and persuaded my mother to let me go home with her, though I certainly did not derive much advantage from my visit. My mother consented to part with me for six months only: but these six months were ultimately turned into six years: for I never came home from that time till I was twelve years of age, at which period my poor grandfather and grandmother had both departed this life; having died within six weeks of each other, my grandfather going off first.

While I lived with these my venerable parents, I experienced the greatest kindness; indeed I was too much indulged. I used to attend a day-school in the town where they lived for a few hours every day; but I was allowed to spend the rest of my time just as I pleased, sometimes in the parlour and sometimes in the kitchen; and was permitted to have any thing I liked to eat, without let or hinderance. If it was necessary to contradict me at any time, it was done in the gentlest manner, and oftentimes with some such excuse as the following, "Indeed, my dear Elvira, we would not deny you, if we could help it. There is nothing that we would not give you if it were good for you. You must not think us unkind. You cannot have what you wish this time; but, instead of it, you shall have a piece of cake, or some jam and bread, or a tart, or any thing else you like. So pray don't fret." And then followed a kiss; and if I still looked sulky, as I often did, it was not made the subject of reproof, but was passed over as easily as possible.

I shall not say much about my grandfather and grandmother's funerals, excepting that I was carried to them in deep mourning, and that I remember crying very much. My father was present on both of these occasions; and when he had seen the last of his parents laid in the grave he prepared to take me home.

I remember the journey very well, and the inn where we spent the night, and the kindness of my father. I was very impatient to get home, to see my mamma, and my brothers and sisters.

When we came in view of the little white house and the pleasant woods, I was quite transported. It was in the early part of autumn, and the woods looked particularly beautiful, because the leaves had changed their colours. Few of them had fallen; and there were,

therefore, leaves of all colours,—brown and red, and dark green, and bright yellow, and some almost of a purple hue,—hanging on the branches. But I had not much time to think of the woods, for my brothers and sisters, having seen the carriage from the little rising ground on which the house was built, had run down the hill to meet us. They would have frightened the horses with their screams of joy, had not my father held up his hand; on which they were all silent in a minute. The horses then stopped, and the door being opened, they all came into the carriage to the number of six, almost stifling me with their embraces. When arrived in the house, I was received into the arms of my dear mamma, who shed tears over me; such tears as mothers only shed, and as those who are not mothers cannot easily understand.

There was a fortnight's holyday after I got home. My father, I suppose, was glad of these holydays, because he had much business to transact, connected with the affairs of my grandfather and grandmother; and, as the weather was delightful, we spent most of each day in the woods, where my brothers were engaged in making a root-house. I found every thing therefore very pleasant; although there were one or two things even then which I did not like.

I had always been accustomed to tea and hot rolls and butter for breakfast; and accordingly, when a bowl of milk was set before me, with toasted bread and no butter, I began to cry, and told my mamma I could not drink milk. Now people who are not used to milk are sometimes unable to take it, and therefore my mother exchanged this beverage for tea; but, at the same time, she said, that, as my elder sister was not allowed butter, excepting on birthdays and Sunday evenings, I must learn to do without it too. I felt very angry at this; but as I had been at home only one day, everybody seemed resolved to bear my ill temper, as they no doubt did not like to begin with quarrelling with me.

Another thing that I much disliked, was being obliged to go to bed at eight o'clock. I had been used to sit up till my grandmamma went to bed, and to have a part of the nice little bit which she always had prepared for her supper; whereas my brothers and sisters never ate any thing for supper but a slice of bread and a baked apple.

After some days, I began to complain of these hardships to Margaret; and she answered me very wisely, "When we go into a new place, we often find little things we do not like; but, after a while, we become reconciled to them; and you will find every thing very pleasant by-and-by, Elvira: so do not let us talk of what you do not like, till you have been here a few weeks."

When I found that Margaret would not attend to me, I began to complain to Amelia: but Amelia, who was a very lively girl, only laughed at my troubles, and said, "Why, Elvira, you have lived with dear grandpapa and grandmamma till you are quite an old woman. I dare say that you would like to sit a long time after dinner, and read the newspaper, as all people who are grown up are fond of doing. Tell me, did you read the newspaper when you used to live with poor grandmamma?"

The fortnight's holyday at length expired, and then came lessons. My father himself undertook the education of his sons, and they were shut up for hours every day in his study, reading Greek and Latin books: and meantime, my mother instructed her four daughters in her dressing-room.

My mother's dressing-room was a very pleasant room; it was up-stairs, and opened upon the woods. It was hung with old prints; and there were Indian cabinets on each side of the fireplace. In those days (for it is many years ago since I was a child), young people were not taught exactly the same things as they are now: though, perhaps, they were almost as well instructed. My mother, however, was an accomplished woman for those times: she understood French well, and fine needlework and embroidery; and she played delightfully on the guitar. She knew a great deal of history, and was fond of fine poetry; and as to the Bible, few people knew it better, or desired more earnestly to live according to its holy precepts.

The sort of teaching which I had had when I attended the day-school was very different from that which my sisters had received from my mother. This, however, was my misfortune, and not my fault. Nevertheless, I was very much mortified to hear my sisters read and translate French so well; and to see their beautiful needlework, and the roses, lilies, anemones, and hyacinths which they had wrought in worsted, for the pur-

pose of forming borders for the sofa-covers, curtains, and chairs, which were to be put up, when finished, in the best parlour. All these things, I must say, vexed me, and hurt me so much, that when my mamma called me up to her, in order to ascertain my acquirements, I burst into tears, and sobbed violently.

My mother perfecty understood the cause of my grief; and she said, "My dear Elvira, do not make yourself unhappy; if you are not so forward as your sisters, yet you have the pleasure to think that you added to the comfort of your dear grandpapa and grandmamma while they lived, and now you have nothing to do but to give yourself up to my guidance, to consider yourself as a little child who has every thing to learn, and trust that I will lead you on, so that in a few years you will probably not be ashamed to compare your acquirements with those of your sisters."

"But I do know some things, mamma," I said.

"I dare say you do, my dear," she answered, mildly; "come let us try. I know that you can read English fluently; let us begin with French."

"I know French too," I rejoined.

My mother then put an easy book into my hand, in order to try me; but I stammered and mispronounced the very first word. She then put me back to the alphabet; but I miscalled all the letters, and showed that I really knew nothing at all of the language.

My mother did not reprove me, nor use any harsh expression towards me, but showed by her manner that she sincerely pitied me; directing me, in the most encouraging way, to study the alphabet, and assuring me, that I should proceed more safely and certainly by taking for granted that all that I had learned of French at school was nothing. She also assured me, that if I would trust entirely to her directions, she should be able to bring me on very rapidly.

Soon after this, my mother was called out of the room, leaving me with the French alphabet in my hand: but she was no sooner out of hearing than my passion broke loose; and I threw down the book, saying, "Surely, I am not to begin to learn my letters, just like a baby, now, when I am near thirteen. It is very hard upon me, to be treated like a baby now. I suppose that I shall have to hem bits of cloth to make pocket-handkerchiefs, like Clara, and to learn my a, b, ab, again."

"For shame, Elvira!" said Margaret. "Surely, our mother knows what is best for you: and can you suppose that she would not try to do the best for her own child!"

"Yes," I answered; "but she is pleased to think how much cleverer you are than I am, because she has taught you herself."

"As if," said Amelia, "mamma could have any pleasure in vexing her own little girl. She must be an odd sort of mother!"

Our mother's return soon prevented any more of this discourse: and then I had the mortification to hear Amelia and Margaret playing together on two guitars, and singing a hymn in accompaniment with the instruments.

Notwithstanding my vexation, I could not help admiring what my sisters were able to do, and I felt a most ardent desire to be as clever as they were. This made me the more angry, when my mother, after examining me in my needlework, in my writing, and in my other acquirements, put me back to the beginning of every thing; saying, "Now, my dear Elvira, you have nothing to do, but to trust to me, and take pains. You will not at first feel that you are getting on; and now, indeed, you feel as if you were going back: but if you will only consent to be like a little child, and to learn as such, I will venture to say, that before another year is past, you will be able to join your eldest sister in all her lessons, and to go on with pleasure and satisfaction. But you have not been well taught hitherto, and I must set you right from the very beginning. As I said before, however, nobody blames you: on the contrary, we are all obliged to you for having given up so much of your time to our dear aged parents."

It was impossible for a mother to speak more kindly to a child; but my proud spirit was not to be overcome by kindness. I told my mother, that if she would set me the same lessons as she set my sisters, I was sure I could learn them; and when she reasoned with me, I became impertinent.

My mamma was very much hurt; but as I had been from her so many years, she seemed resolved to try for a while what patience would do: and she took occasion that morning, when we were reading the Bible, to speak of the character of our Saviour, and to point out

how he had lived with his mother and his reputed father, until he was thirty years of age, submitting to their will in every thing.

She also told me, that the authority of parents over their children was given to them by the Almighty; and that, at the same time, in order to prevent parents from misusing their power, and from being cruel to their little ones, such a feeling of love was put into their hearts as has nothing on earth to compare with it for strength and purity, and nothing in heaven but the love of God towards his creatures.

Then she went on to say, that, as the wisdom of children consists in obeying their parents, the wisdom of grown people consists in obeying God; and as parents often oblige their children to obey by chastising them, so God compels his people to do well by bringing afflictions upon them. And she concluded by explaining, that while God continues to chastise his rebellious people, there is hope for them; and while parents continue to correct their naughty children, they have hope also for them: but that the most terrible of all conditions for the wicked is, when those who are in authority over them cease to use chastisement to them.

When my mother ceased to speak, I looked hard at her, as if I would have said, "What is the meaning of all this?" On which she added, "I mean, by what I have said, to show you, Elvira, that, however, unwilling I am to punish you, yet that, as I still have hope for you, trusting that you may yet be brought to a better way of thinking and acting, I shall very soon be induced to have recourse to correction, unless you will submit yourself to my commands."

I made no answer to this, but still I would not submit to learn my lessons in the way my mother wished; and accordingly, for the next fortnight, there was nothing but rebellion during our lesson-hours, and sulkiness out of them. In vain my mother reasoned with me, and spoke to me of the wretched tendency of pride and obstinacy. In vain she tried to show me that these miserable passions not only produced present uneasiness, but, if uncontrolled, will eventually lead to an eternal separation from God, and from all the peace and joy which he sheds upon his creatures. In vain, too, she pointed out to me, that, as Christ the Saviour had

died for me and all mankind upon the cross, so God the Holy Spirit was even now ready to give me a new heart, and to impart to me a spirit of love and obedience.

Nothing would do. Much as I desired to know all my sisters knew, I would not submit to be taught as a child. I was resolved, if possible, to tire my mother out by my perverseness; and I had great hopes of succeeding.

In the mean time, my papa, after trying what kindness would do, grew cold and distant to me, and my brothers and sisters often showed that they were displeased with me; so that I found my home every day more uncomfortable.

I had been at home about six weeks, when, one morning, being unusually troublesome, my mother tried what correction would do.—She gave me two or three smart blows on the shoulders, promising to repeat them, if I did not perform the task which she had set me; and when all did not succeed, she allowed me only bread and water for dinner.

After this meager dinner, I gave way, but my obstinacy returned the next day; and from that time, during the whole of the winter and part of the spring, I allowed my mother no rest. Indeed, as Margaret and Amelia told me repeatedly, all the peace of lesson-hours was disturbed by my naughty tempers; and little Clara, who was about eight years old, was continually driven to tears by observing the displeasure of my poor mother; for little children, when they see a person provoked, do not always distinguish the cause of their anger, and, by this means, it often happens that one rebellious child is enough to destroy the peace of a whole family.

At length, one morning, in the beautiful month of May (I shall never forget it), the window of my mother's dressing-room being open, and that window being directly over another in the study which was also open, some sullen speech of mine to my mother reached the ears of my father. The moment after I had uttered it, I heard the study-door open, and the step of my father upon the stairs. There was something in the sound of the opening door, and in the firm step of my father, which startled us all; and we sat silently looking at each other, till he advanced along the gallery at the top of the stairs, and entered the dressing-room.

"My dear," he said, addressing my mother, "I am

resolved that you shall no longer be troubled by that rebellious girl. There is, I fear, no hope for her: let her then have her own way from this time forward. She does not value instruction: let her from this day be without it. She despises wholesome chastisement: let it never again be bestowed upon her. She closes her ears to advice: let it no longer be thrown away upon her. The Almighty 'maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust.' In like manner, let her have her food, her clothing, and her shelter, in the same measure and proportion as her more worthy sisters; but I entreat, henceforward, that neither instruction, chastisement, nor advice, the most precious benefits which can be bestowed by a parent upon a child, be thrown away upon her."

My mother and sisters turned pale while my father spoke; but what we all felt I cannot say. Before my mother could reply, my father left the room, and closed the door after him. We were all silent for a few minutes after his departure. My mother wiped away a tear, and then calmly called Margaret and Amelia to read the Scriptures to her. I had been accustomed to read with them. I had been terrified at my father's manner, terrified into submission. I took my place with my sisters to take my verse in turn. My mother did not tell me to withdraw. I took this as a good token, and I trusted that my father, having given utterance to his displeasure, would remember no more what he had said. Margaret read the first verse. The chapter contained a list of names. Margaret miscalled one. My mother set her right. I read the next verse. I was not a good reader. I made several blunders. I tried to set myself right. I could not succeed. My mother allowed me to blunder on, but corrected Amelia in the next verse for the same defects. We went on and finished the chapter in the same way; but no one can tell what I felt during the whole of this lecture. The severest reproof would have been as nothing compared with that chilling coldness with which my mother permitted me to add error to error: and when I again sat down in my place, I felt that my heart was swelling almost to bursting, my cheeks were flushed, and my breast oppressed; yet I could not shed a single tear. My mother finished my sisters' instructions for that morning without addressing

one word to me. Neither had I even the comfort to see that she was uneasy about me: for, after my father had left the room, she became perfectly calm, and remained so till the lesson-hours were over. And although, as I before said, it would have been some consolation to me to have thought she was unhappy about me, yet I really could not persuade myself that she was.

My mother was always particular to make us put up our books, work, &c., after the morning lesson-hours, in a small book-case provided for the purpose. This had been one of the occasions on which I had been in the habit of showing my obstinacy. And, indeed, it would be well to remark here, that excessive slovenliness in young people, when any pains have been used to make them otherwise, is a very decided indication of obstinacy; or, if not of obstinacy, of natural imbecility. On the present occasion, however, I did not think it prudent to manifest any obstinacy in this particular: and I therefore busied myself in putting away all my things very carefully, hoping to obtain my mother's approbation. My diligence in this instance, however, seemed to remain quite unnoticed; for when my mother dismissed my sisters to play, she permitted me to go with them without adding a word. When arrived at our sleeping-room, I burst into an agony of tears and passion; while my sisters looked upon me with concern, but without speaking a word.

"Margaret," I said, "what did papa mean?—what did he mean, by saying that I was never to be taught any more, nor corrected, nor advised?"

"He meant what he said," replied Margaret, while her lips quivered with feelings that she desired to hide. "But come, Amelia," she added, "let us go to our brothers in the wood."

"Am I to go or stay here?" I asked.

"You are to do what you please," returned Margaret, drawing Clara with her to the door, while Amelia followed.

"You are very cruel, Margaret; very, very cruel," I cried. "Tell me what I ought to do." And I laid my hand on her arm.

"I am not to give advice," she replied.

"What, then, you mean to join with papa and mamma to make me miserable?" I exclaimed.

"I must obey my parents," she answered; and, forcing herself from me, she ran with my other sisters down stairs.

My pride was again roused, on witnessing what I thought cruelty in my sisters; and I determined to let all my relations see that I cared as little for them as I fancied they cared for me. I therefore put on my bonnet and tippet; and going down stairs, met my brothers in the hall. They were going to work at the root-house. I could not discover by their manner whether they knew what had passed between me and our parents; I rather imagined that they did not. I accordingly joined them, and accompanied them to the root-house. There I found my sisters; who were at first very grave, but presently, becoming engaged in the work they were about, the time passed till dinner nearly as usual; and I returned home in much better spirits, flattering myself that my father would think no more of what he had said in the morning.

In my mother's dressing-room, at dinner, I was helped according to custom, and no remarks were made on what I called for. I was half-inclined to take advantage of this, and to get more pudding than fairly fell to my share; however, on second thoughts, I resolved to refrain.

It was the custom to let us play from dinner till tea-time. We generally played at that hour in an empty garret, and that evening I made as much noise as ever. Once, indeed, I took an opportunity of asking Margaret, for the second time, what my father could have meant in the morning by the strange speech which he had made; but she cut me short, by saying, she knew no more than I did, and had heard no more; and I, resolving if possible to forget it, mixed again with the gambols of my brothers, and was one of the merriest of the party.

At tea, I certainly observed that my parents did not directly address me; but as we were so large a party, this might often have happened before, though I had not remarked it. After tea, however, I was made to understand, that what had been said in the morning was not yet forgotten. This was the hour devoted by my father for the general instruction of the family, in history, geography, &c. All were required to read in turns; all were questioned, and shown the situation of the

various places in maps which lay before us; and little pleasing tasks were allotted to each, by which all were at once instructed and amused. I had often indulged my evil tempers during these pleasant evening hours: but now I found that I was to be disregarded and passed over as nobody. I sat, indeed, at the table; but I might as well have been in the cold grave of my grandmother, for any notice that was taken of me, or any question that was asked. I took the book to read, in my turn, though not desired to do so: but no fault I made was noticed; no error corrected. As I took the book up, so I put it down; no one said it is well, or it is not so. Whatever my relations might feel, they all seemed determined not to show their feelings. They talked as usual to each other, and laughed as usual at my father's jokes. The time had been, when in my sulky humours I had refused to laugh when others laughed, but now I could not have laughed, had I been bribed to it.

I bore all this for some time with a sort of sullen pride; but at length I could restrain my tears no longer. Though I did all I could to hide them, they would gush from my eyes, and make their way down my cheeks. "Surely," I thought, "now they see my tears, my cruel father and mother will be sorry." But if they were sorry, they did not show it; the book went round, and I was left to dry them up as I thought proper. I did dry them up, however, or rather they became dry of themselves upon my burning cheeks (for they glowed like fire), and then I grew hard again: and when the next place was to be found upon the map, I leaned over my brother Edmund, and asked him to show it to me.

Edmund was then sixteen, and, no doubt, was fully aware of what our parents were doing to humble me: he therefore answered me very coldly, saying that the map was before me, and I might easily find it.

I was abashed by this answer, but soon recovering myself, made some other remarks, to which no attention was paid; but before I had time to sink again into low spirits, we were dismissed to rest.

I did not offer to kiss my parents, as many of the others did; but when withdrawn to our room, I said to Margaret, "How long is this to last? Am I never again to be treated like a child of the family?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"You do know," I said.

"I assure you," she replied, "I know nothing but what I heard papa say this morning."

"Well, then, why will you not give me your advice?" I asked.

"What advice?" she inquired.

"Why, your advice how I ought to behave, Margaret," I answered.

"I have often given you my advice, sister," she replied, "and you never would listen to me; and my father has forbidden us to advise you any more: and I am resolved, with God's help, to obey him, and so is Amelia."

"Well, do as you please," I rejoined. "I know you don't love me. I have not been brought up with you; and that is the reason you use me so."

"You may think what you please, Elvira," replied Margaret: "but I would do any thing for you, but disobey my parents; that I cannot do; so don't ask me."

"Well, do as you like," I said. "One comfort there is, I have been happy without you, and I must try to be so again;" and so saying, I got into bed.

While in bed, I thought a great deal of what I should do, and how I should behave under this new sort of treatment; and, at length, I determined on the very worst plan I could have devised: I resolved to brave it out, and seem unconcerned. And thus I reasoned with myself:—"Nobody cares for me here, why should I care for them? I will take my own way, and enjoy myself. I dare say they will be tired first: if they do not choose to teach me, I can't help it."

In this evil temper I got up and dressed myself, without saying much to my sisters, and went down to breakfast, where I endeavoured to appear as unconcerned as possible; and I was preparing myself for the occurrences which I expected to take place in my mother's dressing-room in the course of the morning, when a messenger arrived to inform us that an old friend and distant relation of the family was travelling our way, and proposed, if agreeable, to spend a few days with us on her journey.

This lady, Mrs. Pelham, purposed to reach us within a few hours; and as various preparations were to be made previously to her arrival, there was a necessity for putting off lessons for that day. Clara therefore

went to play, and my mother and my elder sisters busied themselves in assisting the servants, while I was again totally disregarded. I know not how I wasted that morning.

Mrs. Pelham arrived before dinner, and was taken up to her chamber to dress. I saw her as she went up stairs, and admired her very much; for, although a middle-aged person, she was very smartly dressed. Before dinner, we were all introduced to her; I having pushed myself in among my brothers and sisters. She took a great deal of notice of Margaret, and told her she was very pretty, and she said nearly the same to Amelia. She then turned to me, asked my name, held out her hand to me, and inquired who curled my hair so nicely. She then patted me on the back, and told my mother that she ought to be proud of so sweet a family. In this strain she entertained us all dinner-time, and after the meal was ended, she questioned Margaret about her education, and insisted on seeing her embroidery, and hearing her and Amelia play on the guitar; on which the needle-work and the instrument were produced, and she seemed very much pleased both with the work and with the music. Then turning to me, she said, "But, Miss Elvira, I have not yet heard you play."

I looked towards my mother, hoping that she would answer for me, but I was much disappointed to find that she did not appear to notice me, and I was then obliged to confess to our visiter that I could not play, having never learned.

"I wonder at that," remarked Mrs. Pelham: "but surely some of this pretty embroidery, these lilacs and roses, have been done by your little fingers. Come, show me which flowers are yours."

I was again obliged to confess that I had had no hand in the business, and I looked again at my mamma to account for my ignorance, but was still mortified to observe that she paid me no attention. I then was forced to tell Mrs. Pelham myself that I had been brought up with my grandmother, and had learned none of these pretty accomplishments.

On this, she drew up her eyebrows, and exclaimed, "What a pity!" and then, changing the subject, which she found had been an unfortunate one for me, she began to flatter me about my pretty hair and fine complexion; with which courtesies I was so well pleased,

that now, in my turn, I looked around with triumph on my sisters.

After tea, I saw no more of Mrs. Pelham that night; but, in the morning, as I was passing her chamber-door, she opened it, and called me in, telling me that she had begged a holyday for us that day, and had got a promise that we should all go with her, to see some fine place in the neighbourhood, in a coach which she had engaged for the purpose. She then opened her trunk, and brought out some presents for me, and for my brothers and sisters, begging me to take my choice from among them. She also asked me a great many questions about myself and my sisters, concluding with this remark, "I don't like one child in a family to be brought up separate from the rest: such children are never favourites. Have you not found it so, my dear?"

These words, and the sympathetic tone in which they were uttered, were quite sufficient for me. I no sooner heard them, than I burst into tears, and said, as indeed I had tried to make myself believe, that my papa and mamma were by no means so fond of me as they were of my brothers and sisters.

She rejoined, "I thought I had observed as much: but never mind, my dear; be a good girl; and you are so pretty, and so genteel, that you will be sure to make friends wherever you go." So saying, she took me by the hand, and led me down to breakfast, keeping me by her at the table; and when the coach came, she made me sit by her side, and addressed herself particularly to me as we were driven along.

It was a fine old castle situated in a park, which we went to see that day; and Mrs. Pelham continued to make much of me all day, and to show me much more favour than she showed my brothers and sisters. I was thoroughly unhappy, however, though I tried not to betray it, and did not even confess it to myself. I could not endure the behaviour of my papa and mamma; for they never found fault with me, and never checked me in the smallest degree, though I laughed, and talked, and did a thousand foolish things. They also rigidly performed every thing which common civility required; and when we sat down to eat in a root-house in the park, they allowed me to take what I pleased of every thing. Yet notwithstanding this freedom, to be treated by them as by strangers seemed every moment more

and more painful to me; and when I contrasted this coldness towards myself with the affectionate behaviour which they evinced towards my brothers and sisters, I felt hurt still more. I remember, once as we were returning through the park to the coach, my brothers ran out of the path, up a hill; and while I was considering whether I should follow them, I forgot my estrangement, and turning to my mamma, asked her whether there would be time, before the coach set out, to get to the top of the hill, and whether she would advise me to try. On which she coolly replied, "Do as you like," and then turned away. I could hardly help bursting into tears on this; but once more rallying my proud spirit, I swallowed my bitter feelings, and got into the coach by the side of Mrs. Pelham, without letting any one perceive how much I was wounded. The next day, Mrs. Pelham went about noon; and when I saw her carriage drive from the door, I turned away from my mother and sisters, and ran into the wood, where, in one of its darkest corners, I sat down, and wringing my hands, I burst into such a flood of tears as I had never shed before.

"Oh, I am miserable! I am miserable!" I exclaimed; "Oh, my cruel, cruel parents!" I spoke these words quite aloud, not supposing that any one was within hearing; and was, therefore, the more surprised when my eldest brother suddenly appeared before me, with a book in his hand.

"Elvira," he said, "I hope nothing has frightened you. You seem to be alarmed at something."

On this I started up (for I had sat down on the root of a tree), and coming out of the dark and solitary corner, I went close up to him, and said, "I wonder, Edmund, that you should ask me if any thing has vexed me, when you know how cruel everybody is to me."

"Cruel!" repeated Edmund; "who is cruel? Have not you the same meat, drink, clothing, and house-room as my other sisters? and are you not treated with great politeness? Does not the same sun shine on you, and do not the same flowers blossom for you? and have you not the same fields to walk in, and the same woods to play in? What is it you would complain of?"

"And can you ask me this, Edmund, when our parents don't speak to me?"

"How can you say so?" replied Edmund. "I am

sure, when you were talking at breakfast, and asked papa how many miles it was from this place to Mrs. Pelham's house, he answered you very politely."

"Politely!" I repeated: "yes, Edmund, he spoke to me as he would have done to the greatest stranger, and not as to a child, and I can't bear that, to be a stranger at home. O, Edmund, Edmund, tell me, could *you* bear it?" and I took hold of his arm and hung upon it, leaning my face against his bosom.

I cannot say what he felt, for he seemed resolved not to betray his feelings to me. It is certain, however, that he did not push me from him; though he did not, either by voice or action, appear to sympathize in my emotions. After the lapse of a minute or more, he added, "Elvira, I am sorry to see you so uneasy, but you must explain yourself more fully, before I can thoroughly understand the cause of your distress."

"Really, Edmund, I don't understand you," I replied: "don't you know the terms I am now on with our father and mother?"

"What terms?" he asked.

"Why, they will not treat me as a child," I answered; my sobs rendering it impossible for me to add more.

"Not treat you as a child!" repeated Edmund. "Why, have you not food, and clothing, and all you want?"

"All I want? no, no!" I exclaimed. "No, no, I want instruction—I want to be corrected when I do wrong."

"Want instruction!" repeated Edmund: "why, I understood that you refused to receive it! Am I mistaken in that particular? I thought I understood, that ever since you have been home you have refused to be taught."

"I did not quite like the way in which mamma used to teach me," I answered.

"O, then you wished to teach her a better way?" said Edmund. "Well, that comes to the same thing; you wanted to be the instructer rather than the instructed. The case is a very simple one; your mamma did not want your instructions, and you would not receive hers. What then remained to be done?—why, she must either have corrected you till she had enforced submission, or she must have done as she now has, by leaving you to yourself, and troubling you no more with her lessons."

"No, no, no!" I replied, stamping with passion, "she ought to have punished me more."

"Nay," returned Edmund, "she has punished you very, very often. I can bear witness to your having been frequently shut up in your room when we were building our root-house; and in the dead of winter, when we were making snow-houses; and even last week, when we were gathering cowslips for wine; and I know that you have often had bread only for dinner; and I could mention several other penalties which I have seen inflicted; and therefore you cannot complain that you have wanted chastisements."

"They were not hard enough; I should have had harder ones if I wanted them," I replied, stamping and bursting with passion. "I ought to have been beaten, starved, killed, if I would not submit. Then I should have been treated like a child. But now I am no child, but a stranger, Edmund, a stranger at home, an unhappy stranger, though still living in my father's house." I melted into a tenderer flood of tears as I uttered these words; and Edmund's voice, as he answered me, seemed to partake of my emotion, though it gathered firmness as he proceeded. Dear Edmund! precious brother! what do I not owe to his firmness on that occasion!

"Elvira," he replied, "I pity you. What state can be more lamentable than that of a stranger at home! But it is the universal case of all those miserable beings who, having resisted the influences of the Holy Spirit, having rejected the promises of mercy made to them through our Lord Jesus Christ, and having rebelled against the paternal chastisements of the Almighty Father, are at length left to the consequences of their own obstinacy. Such poor wretches are strangers to happiness and comfort, because the Almighty no longer smiles upon them, or shows his love and tender mercy to them, in a thousand sweet ways known to the children of God only. And although they are at home, inasmuch as the whole creation is the dwelling-place of the Almighty, —although the sun shines upon them, and they are often permitted to enjoy riches and honours: yet they are nevertheless miserable, because their Creator is a stranger to them. They need not be actually placed in the abode of despair in order to know what the wretchedness of the condemned is, for the torments of that doleful region consist in the absence of God's love,

and in a dreadful sense of solitude and of despair. O, what would such lost creatures give to be restored to that state in which they once were, and in which the Almighty dealt with them as a wise father deals with his children, using instruction and correction, or gentle persuasions, as the case may require! But, whatever feelings of regret for hope and glory lost may torture these unhappy spirits, yet they cannot be humble or penitent; and though they may tremble at God the Father, yet they cannot love him. God, indeed, is love, and from him comes the spirit of love; but they are for ever separated from God, and deprived of all kind, and tender, and paternal intercourse: according as it is written—'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.'" Heb. xii. 6–8.

There was within me, at the time of which I am speaking, a strong and stubborn will, such as might have produced consequences, even in this present life, more terrible than I can bear to think of, if it had not been repressed by such prudent and, as some might think, almost cruel measures, as my parents thought proper to adopt. And this pride and stubbornness was so inveterate, that when I understood my brother's drift, and that he was comparing my present situation in my father's house with the condition of the obstinately wicked, with whom the Almighty has ceased to deal as with children, I flamed out again, and said, "So, Edmund, because I have refused to learn my lessons, and have been a little impertinent, you are comparing me to the evil spirits in hell! Surely this is not kind or right." And then, bursting out into another agony of passion, I called on my poor departed grandmother, and exclaimed, "Oh, grandmamma! grandmamma! what would you have thought, could you have foreseen that your poor little Elvira would only have been thought fit for the company of evil spirits when she came back to her father's house!"

I do not know what more I said in my passion. I, however, proceeded in the same strain for some time, for my brother did not interrupt me; and his silence provoking me more, I added, "Well, brother, what have

you more to say? or perhaps you think, that as there is no hope left for me,—as I am neither worth punishing nor teaching,—you may spare your good advice? you would not, for the world, throw your pearls before swine?"

"Advice!" he repeated; "you cannot want my advice in a case of this kind; every child must know, that when they have offended they must beg pardon."

"But do you think, Edmund, that if I were to beg pardon, I should be forgiven?"

"I think, in your case, Elvira," he answered gravely, "that I should not have allowed so many hours to pass without making the trial."

So saying, he walked away; and I was too proud to call him back. I watched him, however, till he was hid by the trees; and then I burst into another agony of passion, thinking how pleasant it would be if I could lie down among the dry leaves and die. And then I painted a very fine scene to my imagination:—I planned that Edmund should be the first person to find me dead, and I fancied how he would run home to tell my father and mother, and then what wailings and lamentations there would be; and my parents, I thought, would never be happy again, as long as they lived. There was not one ray of penitence, nor real good feeling, in all these fancies; but, on the contrary, they were the lamentable productions of gross selfishness and revenge.

The dinner-bell sounding through the woods, at length brought me out of the world of fancy into that of realities. I wiped away my tears, and ran towards home, where I arrived just as the family were sitting down to dinner. I entered the room, and took my place, hoping that my parents would observe the redness of my eyes: but the attention of the party was immediately drawn from me, by the sound of carriage-wheels; and instantly appeared the carriage which had taken Mrs. Pelham, and which had now been driven about a hundred yards out of its way, in order that the postillion might leave at our house a large parcel which had been sent by Mrs. Pelham, and directed to Edmund. This package, being brought into the dining-room, excited quite a tumult among us. We directly got up from our places, and Edmund was about to open it; but my father begged that the dinner might be first finished; so we all sat down again. Conjectures, however, re-

specting what the parcel might contain, with comments on Mrs. Pelham's kindness (for we did not doubt that she had sent us some presents), so occupied every one of the party, that, as I before said, no notice seemed to be taken of me; though I doubt not that my mother entertained very different wishes respecting me, than I, her perverse child, had indulged with regard to her, when I wished, in the wood, that she might be rendered permanently miserable.

At length the cloth was removed, and the large brown paper parcel was lifted upon the table. Who can say how many clasp-knives were offered to cut the string? The package was opened at last, and was found to contain a number of smaller packets, directed to each person present, with the exception of our parents. Edmund handed the parcels round according to their respective directions. There were pencils, and knives, and books, and various articles suitable for boys of the ages of my brothers: and for each sister was a small deal-box, nailed down. My box was decidedly the largest; and on the lid had been written, by Mrs. Pelham, "For my little favourite, Elvira."

As my brother delivered each parcel, he read the direction. When he came to mine, he coloured slightly, and seemed to feel sorry that he had read the word "favourite." It was, however, pronounced before he was aware, and it gave me occasion to look around with triumph on my relations, as if I would have said, "It seems that some people can see my merits, though my natural relations cannot."

Strong knives, and other tools, were soon brought to force open the covers of the little chests, and four beautiful jointed dolls appeared, elegantly dressed: but above the other three shone my doll, not only in the splendour of her attire, but in the beauty of her features: she had on a superb rose-coloured slip, and gauze frock, together with a cap adorned with artificial flowers.

As might have been expected, there was now an end of all kinds of lessons for this day; and as the next day was little Clara's birth-day, it was agreed that it should be a whole holyday, and that thus a certain time should be allowed for exhausting the overflowings of delight, which otherwise might have rendered serious study irksome even to the best and wisest of the young party. Accordingly, when the business of unpacking was con-

cluded, we all withdrew; and I went up with my sisters to their room.

I do not clearly recollect how that evening passed: but I remember that my sisters were so busy with their dolls, that no reference was made to my peculiar situation; and, with regard to myself, Mrs. Pelham's distinguishing, and, I must say, injudicious partiality, had so puffed me up, that I did little but endeavour to put my sisters out of humour with their dolls, by continually making comparisons between theirs and my own. I saw my mother no more that night; for, in consequence of a formal neighbour coming in to tea, we were not again called into the parlour.

The following morning dawned as brightly as a birthday morning was ever seen to dawn; so we all rose early, and ran to the root-house, which our brothers were already occupied in adorning with wreaths of flowers. There we were permitted to breakfast, and there it was intended that we should dine; our parents having promised to join the party at dinner-time, and to be, as it were, their visiters. Clara was permitted to choose the dinner, which task the little creature carefully performed, with the view of having what her papa and mamma liked best. After breakfast, my sisters worked at their dolls' dresses; my younger brothers fitted out some little boats which they were making; and Edmund read aloud to us. The birds sang, the leaves rustled, and the bees hummed; the cuckoo too, now and then, gave us her two notes, and my brothers and sisters seemed to be as perfectly happy as human beings can be in this state of existence, though they were less noisily gay than young people often are on similar occasions. I alone was uneasy; being oppressed by a heaviness of heart, and a disrelish for all that was about me, which I then could scarcely understand, though now I know full well the nature of it. The sense of the absence of my parents' approbation was a weight upon my spirits, and filled me with a dread of I know not what. I was precisely in that state, with regard to my parents, in which an irreligious man is with regard to the Almighty. When the sinner (and we are all sinners) has reason to believe that all is well between God and his soul, feeling assured that the Almighty is reconciled to him through Christ, that he will make all things work together for his good, and that he will

eventually secure eternal happiness to him;—then, and only then, he enjoys peace—such peace as passeth all understanding, which is not subject to the depression of outward circumstances, which pleasure cannot increase, nor pain take away.

On very young people, the approving smiles of a good parent act in the same manner as the favour of God acts on the advanced Christian. They give peace to the mind, and shed a sort of sunshine on the heart which surpasseth all description, a sunshine which no selfish indulgences have the power of bestowing. The love of an earthly parent is thus a type of that love which emanates from our heavenly Father: and he who is able to form a correct estimate of the value of an earthly father's affection, is not ill prepared for the due appreciation and enjoyment of those pious and delightful feelings which constitute and perpetuate the happiness of the children of God.

On the day of which I am writing, no outward circumstances were wanting to make me happy, and yet I was unhappy; and after the bustle of breakfasting was over, the pressure of my spirits became every hour more intolerable. Though Edmund was reading a delightful book, I heard very little of it; and though I dressed and undressed my doll, and busied myself in making her new articles of dress, I felt no interest in my employments. I could have shed tears: indeed, I felt that it would have eased me to do so; but I did not wish any one present to observe that I was unhappy. I therefore restrained my feelings, and endeavoured to dissipate my melancholy, by making pert remarks on the book, and by finding fault with my sisters' work.

At length it was time to set forth the table in the root-house for the reception of our parents. The dishes were to be adorned with flowers; and a crown of roses was to be made for Clara, as queen of the day. I was not in the humour to assist in these innocent bustles. I therefore sat by, overcome with the sadness of my feelings; but no one took any notice of me.

When all was ready, my parents came: my father was handed into the bower by Clara, and my mother by James. These dear parents were treated as if they were a king and a queen; and their eyes glistened with the tears of tenderness as they looked around on all

their lovely flock, with the exception only of myself, on whom their eyes never rested.

The party was very merry at dinner. They had their little jokes which everybody laughed at: some of these jokes were not over-wise, but they were all innocent; such as sons may utter, and fathers laugh at. At the end of the meal, a dessert was served up on leaves and the cups of gourds: and after the repast was finished, a hymn was sung, the last lines of which were—

> "Then let our songs abound,
> And every tear be dry;
> We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
> To lovelier worlds on high."

After the singing, my father and mother got up; and thanking their dear children for their pleasant entertainment, said that they might amuse themselves till tea in the woods, after which, they hoped to meet again, to finish the happy day together. So saying, they walked away arm in arm, leaving us to consider how we should divert ourselves.

Edmund, though no longer a child, and though a youth of an exceedingly fine mind, was not above leading our games. He, accordingly, being chosen by all as master of the sports, led the way into another part of the wood, the rest going gayly after him; while I lingered behind, watching my opportunity to get alone into some place where I might pour forth the agonies of my mind unobserved.

Accordingly, when entered into the depths of the wood, and arrived at the entrance of a winding path which led away from the usual haunts of my brothers and sisters, I darted down it, and continued to descend for some little distance, till I came to the bottom of a dingle, through which was a watercourse. I crossed the water, by a bridge of a single plank, and began to ascend through the woods on the other side; then coming out upon a high open glade, I sat down on a bank facing the opposite side of the dingle, whence I could see that part of the wood where my brothers and sisters were playing, the root house where we had dined, a part of the slated roof of my father's house, and the lofty trees in the shrubbery. I was quite alone: no sound reached me excepting at intervals, the merry

peals of laughter and the playful shrieks of my young relations, who were already deeply engaged in hide-and-seek. I could also see them moving among the trees, either lying in ambush, or pursuing each other.

Presently, I saw the figures of my father and mother coming, as if from the house, and advancing towards the place where their children were playing. I saw them seat themselves on a bench under the trees: and I perceived that my father was reading, and my mother knitting.

My beautiful doll lay on my lap; but I saw no living thing near me excepting a few purple butterflies that were hovering among the flowers that grew in the short grass at my feet.

I felt in a strange humour. I wished I could have shed tears; but I was unable. My heart seemed bursting; my cheeks and my forehead were hot, and my eyes dry. I thought again, that I should like to die; and then another thought crossed my mind, and I began to reason with myself—"But, if you die in rebellion, where can you go but to the place of rebels?" Then, all my brother's words of the previous day came to my mind with a force which I could not resist; and I felt that the sort of treatment which I received from my parents was only the natural and certain consequence of my own ill conduct. "When a child refuses, day after day, to receive instruction," thought I, "or to submit with humility to chastisement, what else can reasonably follow, but that the parent, however long-suffering, must cease to instruct, and forbear to chastise? Does not my brother tell me, that this is the way of God with hard and impenitent sinners? and are not parents required to deal with their children in a similar manner? Did not my mother correct me day after day, day after day? and did I not grow harder and more perverse after every chastisement? Have I not rendered it necessary that my parents, for the sake of their other children, should treat me as they now do, and should withhold their friendship from me? Is not this also consistent with the dealings of the Almighty, in making examples of some, in order to warn others to avoid the like rebellion? Oh, yes, yes," I said, speaking aloud, though no one heard me; "my parents are right, and I am wrong; they are just, but I am wicked; they are the best of parents, and I am the worst of daughters. Oh, that I could die, and be for-

gotten, and be never remembered more. Oh, that my parents had never, never had such a child, or that I had died when I was an innocent baby! They have many kind and obedient children to comfort them. Oh, that they could forget me—that my brothers and sisters could forget me—could forget that Elvira ever was!"

You will perceive, my gentle reader, that there was a change in my feelings, since I had wished to die to make my parents miserable; a change, indeed, for the better, though, as yet, they were not quite rectified. At length, however, it seemed as if a train of newer and better feelings were to be awakened in my breast. My heart beat and seemed to swell; torrents of tears burst from my eyes; light seemed to be shed upon my mind; I hastily arose, turning off my doll from my lap as a worthless bauble, and, falling on my kness, I prayed earnestly, most earnestly for divine assistance: I confessed my long-continued hardness and obstinacy; and I begged to be pardoned and directed. "Forgive me, O my God," I well remember saying, "forgive me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Do not let me be lost for ever. Oh, correct me. Let me have pain, sorrow, sickness, death, any thing; but do not let me be obstinate any more. Let me be eaten up by lions, tigers, wolves; but do not leave me to myself. Oh, let me hate and fear self. Self would bring me to hell. Oh, save a miserable child!"

I cannot say how long I was engaged in prayer; or how long my previous thoughts had occupied me. When I rose from my knees, however, and looked around me, my father and mother had left the seat in the wood; and the voices of my brothers and sisters were no longer heard; they were, in fact, all gone in to tea. I was a considerable way from home, alone, and in a wood; but I had been enabled to make up my mind what I should do.

My doll lay on the grass: I took it up, and ran with the utmost rapidity across the dingle, ascending on the other side, and darting with my utmost speed towards the house. There I rushed to the parlour, where all the dear family were assembled. I proceeded with a quick step to where my parents sat, and, falling on my knees between them, and laying my doll at their feet, I humbly, with a burst of tears, begged them not to take me back as their child, but to let me be their servant, till they had proved whether I was worthy of being loved again. "And oh, please, please to correct me,

and punish me, and do any thing with me, dear papa and mamma," I said; "but do not cease to teach me; do not leave me to myself again; for I shall be lost, for ever lost."

My dear parents raised me up in their arms, and embraced me with such an overflowing tenderness as parents only can experience. They had, no doubt, suffered nearly as severely as I had done in this season of trial; with this difference, however (and it was a very great one), that they knew they were acting aright, while I, on the other hand, had, all along, a tormenting sense of being in the wrong. But now, O how blessed, how happy, passed the remainder of that evening, when I had kissed my brothers and sisters, and once again had the sweet persuasion that I was no stranger at home, but a beloved child, admitted within the wholesome influence of parental instruction and discipline—"For what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Heb. xii. 7.

I rejoice to say, in conclusion, that I was never afterward judged to be undeserving of the kind corrections of maternal love, nor ever personally experienced the dreadful condition of those who are abandoned to the painful consequences of their uncorrected errors. And I would, that I could impress upon the minds of my youthful readers the important truth—that the absence of necessary correction is the severest of all punishments.

THE END OF THE STRANGER AT HOME.

PERE LA CHAISE.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

It is a truth generally acknowledged, that nothing is able effectually to remove the fear of death, but faith in that Almighty Saviour who died to conquer death. In vain have the ancient philosophers of Greece and Rome, together with the infidel writers of modern days, endeavoured to disarm the monster Death of his terrors; and in vain have the poets compared the dissolution and total decay of the body to the sweet and calm refreshment of sleep. These false reasonings and visionary views of death, may serve to deceive and lull the infidel, during the seasons of health and prosperity; but nothing further is required than to visit the burying-places of an infidel people, to convince us that their feelings, on the death of those to whom they are bound by the ties of natural affection, are not unfrequently of a kind most intolerably afflictive and bitter.

There is a remarkable passage in the writings of a celebrated modern author, which strongly tends to confirm this *remark;* and the more so, because the writer being himself an infidel, while he points out one of the natural effects of infidelity, appears unable to trace that effect to its legitimate cause.

This person describes himself as being in the centre of an ancient burying-ground, and indulging the following train of thoughts.—

"Weary of my walk, I seated myself behind a vine upon a stone which was not yet placed in its proper situation, and there yielded my thoughts to that train of melancholy meditations, which is called by Montaigne a serious pleasure. My first reflection led me to ask wherefore respect for the dead is in all countries in an adverse ratio to the degree of civilization of that country?—in effect, what ceremony, what custom of Europe can be compared to the funeral devotions of savage

people? Those young Canadians, who wash with their milk the tombs of their infants—those widows of Florida, who despoil themselves every year of their hair, in order to adorn the pyramidical busts under which are buried the bodies of their husbands—those inhabitants of the shores of the Oroonoko, who preserve with so much care the skeletons of their fathers, which they adorn with feathers, with bracelets, and necklaces—all of these afford images totally differing from the cold obsequies in use among civilized people. I called to mind the tombs of the Turks, and of the Indians (which the piety of their families preserves with an anxiety so touching), around which are seen to flourish the most beautiful and precious shrubs and flowers, or near to which numerous fountains refresh and purify the air; and comparing these burying-places with the objects before me, I could not but confess, that the reproach of barbarism appeared in this case at least to be unjustly applied."

Thus argues this infidel writer. His reason conducted him rightly to a certain point; but it was unable to lead him into that true light whereby all difficulties of this nature are solved, or to teach him that it is the total absence of a truly Christian hope which leads the mourner to cling to the dust of a departed friend, endeavouring to find consolation in those useless ceremonies and vain observances, which every Christian considers as being nearly allied to impiety; since the highest hopes of the Christian are advanced by death.

Every sincere believer in Christ considers the dissolution of the material part of man as the forerunner of his resurrection, fully assured that the body of the saint, though plunged into the depths of the sea, or scattered to the four winds, is still safe in the keeping of his omnipresent Saviour; and divinely persuaded, though worms destroy his body, that he shall yet joyfully behold his Redeemer in the flesh, and be finally satisfied on awaking up in the divine likeness.

Accordingly, where true piety prevails, there the pomp of external wo, the emplumed hearse, the sable train of mourners, the ostentatious epitaph, the magnificent tomb, and the marble mausoleum, become matters of trifling importance. Nor can it possibly be otherwise since he who entertains a solid hope that the Saviour is gone down to the dust with the remains of his beloved

friend, will naturally discover a noble unconcern about every outward distinction that can be paid to his body, requiring only that it should be placed in a situation of decent obscurity, until the work of dissolution be wholly completed.

I was led to make these reflections by a visit which I made, some time ago, to one of the most celebrated burying-places in the neighbourhood of Paris; where I was greatly astonished, on one hand, by the elaborate and minute attention paid to the tombs and little gardens surrounding them; and, on the other, by that entire omission of all reference to religion and a future state, which was observable in the epitaphs they exhibited.

I looked in vain for some acknowledgment of redeeming love, or some indication of sacred hope: but, while many monumental stones were loaded with sounding epithets of praise of the deceased, I saw only two allusions to that peculiar modification of Christianity which prevails in the surrounding country.

Here, however, were innumerable melancholy tokens of that hopeless grief, which we have described as the usual accompaniment of infidelity when united with strong natural affection. Many of the tombs bore witness to the daily visits of the mourner; numbers of the monuments being adorned with garlands of fresh flowers, while others were ornamented with white satin and wreaths of artificial roses, carefully preserved by awnings of oil-cloth from the inclemencies of the seasons; and some were provided with repositories for lamps, to be lighted up on certain occasions. One little baby's grave more especially exhibited these touching but gloomy and fruitless proofs of maternal love; insomuch that, as I stood by it, I could not help breaking out into the following exclamation:—

"O! unhappy mother! O! miserable inhabitants of this infidel country! how was it possible for you to commit your infant to the cold grave, without actually sinking under the weight of such an affliction! You had no Saviour to sustain your fainting spirit—no beloved Redeemer into whose hands you could commit your dying infant, with the blessed assurance of receiving him again, clothed with immortal loveliness and glory! In vain do you decorate your baby's tomb with garlands of white roses, and daily wash his urn with your tears!—these tender observances can administer no balm to

your wounded heart, nor dry up the source of your ever-springing sorrow. O! wherefore will you continue to reject the offered Saviour! and still go mourning on your way, as if there were *no balm in Gilead—no great Physician there!*"

Turning from this little tomb, the contemplation of which had filled me with so many distressing reflections, I advanced to the more remote part of the cemetery, where deep in the shade of a weeping willow, I observed a monument erected to the memory of an officer's daughter, who had died in her thirteenth year. Her figure was sculptured, in bass-relief, upon a marble slab; and her virtues, real or imaginary, were recorded beneath. It seemed, by the fresh garlands placed upon the stone, that some persons still loved and remembered her; although, from the date upon the monument, with the blackened appearance of the marble effigy, she had been dead several years. But that which would have been more acceptable to me than the odour of the most fragrant flowers, namely, some slight assurance of the piety of the departed, was wanting here as everywhere else: and as I turned away disappointed, my eye caught the following words, written with a pencil on the corner of the slab—*Death is an eternal sleep.* This gloomy sentence fully accounted for all the unavailing honours I have just described as paid to the ashes of the departed: for, whoever believes that the grave will for ever retain the precious remains committed to it, may find a reasonable excuse for lingering among the dust and ashes of past days. But, blessed be God, we have other and better hopes: we know that our Redeemer liveth: and, while we leave the dead to bury their dead, we will rejoice in Him who is our resurrection and our life!

The foregoing reflections, it is hoped, will afford no unsuitable introduction to the following narrative.

Monsieur le Comte de S—— was remarkable from early youth for an extraordinary degree of piety; of which he gave evidence not only by his respect to the exterior ceremonies of religion, but by his general conduct, which was consistently pure and upright. It could not be expected that such a man should escape persecution during the reign of terror. Immediately, however, after that time, his enemies going out of power, he was restored to his original situation in society, and permitted to rest in peace during the remainder of his life.

The count married at an early age, and was blessed in a wife of equal piety with himself. He resided several years with this lady in a château sufficiently remote from the dissipation of the capital; and there, surrounded by his amiable children, and a happy tenantry, together with all the charms of a beautiful country, he enjoyed a degree of peace which can never be tasted by those who live in a state of estrangement from God.

But here I would take occasion to remark, that the pious confidence which produces permanent peace, differs very far from that presumptuous spirit which urges a sinful creature to rush into the presence of a holy and offended Creator, without any rational plea for mercy, unacquainted with a Mediator, and unprovided with a surety. The confidence which never fails, is that which centres in Christ, steadily reposing upon the infinite merits of his obedience and sufferings. Such was the dependence which the Count de S—— was enabled to place in God his Saviour—a dependence which empowered him to pass with a calm and equal mind through every changing scene of life; without experiencing, in prosperity, that elevation of spirits which bespeaks a kind of mental intoxication, and by which many are betrayed into actions of which they are afterward ashamed; or discovering, in adversity, that dejection of soul which unfits a man for struggling with affliction. The hope of the count rested upon the Rock of Ages; and hence it continued unshaken through all the threatening tempests of life.

The château de S—— was situated in the depths of a province of Normandy, amid extensive woods and verdant meadows, where the nightingale and blackbird sweetly mingled their melodious notes, and where the shepherd led his flock to feed beside clear rivulets, or beneath the shade of the chestnut and elm. The château de S—— was a venerable fabric, placed in a beautiful garden, where bowers and avenues of linden afforded a refreshing shade from the noonday sun. Here a crystal stream, descending from a neighbouring height, dashed over a natural rock, and collected at its foot in an extensive basin, on whose clear surface the rocks and woods were reflected as in another horizon.

In this delightful solitude the count, as I before said, passed several years after his marriage, in the enjoyment of the utmost peace which domestic life and habits of

the most exalted piety are able to bestow. Here the count witnessed the birth of three beautiful children, Emilie, Rosalie, and Theophile; and here he was permitted to give to these beloved children their first impressions of religion. Often did this excellent father, while reposing in the cool of the evening under the shade of a wide-spreading forest tree which adorned his garden, take occasion to direct the views of his little ones to heavenly subjects: elucidating, from their little defects of temper and the petty disputes which sometimes arose among them, the true but unpalatable doctrine of man's utter depravity; and thence leading them to see the necessity of a Redeemer and an entire change of heart.

It has been observed, that there is no period of life more favourable for the reception of Christian knowledge, than the tender years of childhood. This is the period when the strongest and most lasting impressions are made, and when the mind, being free from prejudice and uninfluenced by the captious spirit of what is falsely called philosophy, receives the high and awful doctrines of our holy faith with equal readiness and ease, as the hungry infant receives the sweet food prepared for him by nature.

The Count de S——, fully aware of the aptitude of childhood to receive favourable impressions, failed not to avail himself of the earliest opportunities afforded him by divine Providence, of giving that bent to the minds of his infant children which he most desired them to take, little thinking that, had he failed to seize those opportunities, no other would be offered him.

It has often been remarked, that there is a peculiar blessing attending the instruction of pious parents, which seldom accompanies, at least in an equal degree, the lessons of the hireling tutor. And, undoubtedly, such a blessing attended the instructions of the Count de S——, if we may judge by the impression made upon the minds of his children: since, young as they were when deprived of the instructions of their tender father, the leading principles of the Christian religion were even then so rooted in their minds, as, through the divine influence, to produce corresponding effects in their conduct.

The important truths which were thus carefully impressed on the minds of these children, were, first the

being and attributes of God, such especially as his omnipotence, his omniscience, his holiness, his justice, and his mercy: secondly, the awful mystery of the Trinity, which, though above the comprehension of man, is not contrary to reason; since it is assuredly reasonable to suppose that the mode of the Creator's existence must needs exceed the conception of the creature.

The count taught his children all that Scripture reveals on this subject; namely: that in the one only true God there are three persons, to wit, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that these three Persons, being equal in holiness, power, and majesty, are designated according to the respective offices which they have appropriated to themselves in the economy of man's salvation. Moreover, he explained to them the nature of these respective offices; in order to which, he was obliged to make them acquainted with all that is revealed and understood concerning other created beings before the beginning of time. And first, he spoke of the nature of sin; which consisted, he said, in a nonconformity of the will of the creature to that of the Creator, and a consequent alienation and separation of the one from the other. He then pointed out to them that solemn passage of Scripture respecting the first introduction of sin into the creation, and the remediless fall of a numerous host of angels, which is found in the epistle of St. Jude—'And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.' He spoke also of the character of these fallen spirits, their implacable enmity to mankind, and the ruin of those millions and tens of millions of our race which they have effected, by leading them from a state of obedience to their heavenly Father and King, and inducing them to seek happiness in the way of their own corrupt imaginations.

The stupendous scheme of man's salvation, as stated to us in Scripture, afforded also to this pious father a perpetual and delightful subject of instruction; and he took innumerable occasions to lead his children into an intimate acquaintance with the most important parts of this wonderful contrivance—by which justice and mercy are sweetly reconciled, while righteousness and peace appear to kiss each other.

The leading points on which he chiefly insisted were

these. First, that the Lord Jehovah, that is, the blessed Three in One (by whom all things are foreknown, from the beginning of time until the consummation of all things) having foreseen the fall of man through the malice of Satan, prepared a plan for his salvation, whereby this malice should be defeated, while the justice and mercy of God should obtain a triumph so wonderful, as to afford a subject of praise through all eternity. Secondly, that the Three Persons of the Trinity, namely, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are all equally engaged in this work, though, speaking after the manner of men, each blessed and glorious Person has undertaken a distinct office in this mighty work.

Thus the redeemed are equally indebted for their salvation to the whole adorable Trinity. God the Father hath "predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." God the Son gave himself up to accomplish his Father's will; and assuming the nature of man, devoted himself to an ignominious death, that he might redeem us to God by his blood. And finally, God the Holy Ghost undertook to fit and prepare the redeemed for the glory and happiness laid up for them in Christ. It is this blessed and glorious Person which enters into the sinner's heart, first convincing him of the unbelief in which all men are found by nature, and then directing him to the Saviour —showing him his divinity, his majesty, his humility, the nature of the sacrifice he has offered for man, and the necessity under which the sinner lies of uniting himself to him, and becoming, as it were, one with him. The extreme depravity of man's nature was, as I before hinted, another doctrine strongly impressed by the count on the minds of his children, together with his incapacity to perform any thing towards his own salvation. Also, the necessity of a new birth, and an entire change of heart before death.

But it may be asked, "Are these suitable subjects whereon to lecture children?" I reply, that there is no period of life in which the doctrines of our blessed religion appear to be received with so much ease, as in the happy season of childhood, before the mind is agitated

by pride, ambition, and other evil passions; in the days of freedom from gross sin, and before the impure images which everywhere present themselves in our passage through the world, have exerted their baleful influence upon our nature. To this effect is that beautiful passage of Scripture—"Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little."

But even granting, for the sake of argument, that early youth is not the most favourable period for the reception of the sublime doctrines of our holy religion, nevertheless a pious parent ought not to be discouraged by this consideration from making the attempt: because the present moment is the only one which may ever be afforded him; and the father who enjoys the presence of his children to-day can never be assured that he shall not be separated from them to-morrow. Moreover, the tender parent will not deliver his instructions in the dry and concise way which I have been here compelled to adopt by way of succinctness; but his paternal affection will suggest numberless modes of conveying the serious truth he wishes to inculcate in some agreeable or inviting form. For instance, he will adopt the various emblems which nature affords for the elucidation of Scripture truth; while, from the various ties of paternal and domestic affection, he will find occasions without end to point out the nature of the connexion which subsists between the Lord and his people.

This mode of instruction is both authorized and exemplified in Scripture; insomuch that he who is familiar with the inspired writings can hardly fail to adopt it. The Count de S—— had a simple and elegant, as well as a pious mind, which enabled him speedily to acquire the peculiar talent of making religion pleasing to his children; and greatly blessed were the days while he yet was spared to them. But at the period when his eldest daughter had attained her tenth year, being called to Paris upon business, his life was there unexpectedly terminated by a fever, after an illness of only a few days.

The Countess de S—— was with him when he died: and as it was his particular desire that he should be

buried near the place of his decease, his remains were committed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, on the heights of Charon, near Paris, where a simple white stone was fixed to mark the place of his sepulture.

After having committed the body of her beloved husband to the dust, the afflicted wife, considering how solemn a duty she owed to her children, and what line of conduct would be most agreeable to her husband, could he now, as formerly, observe her actions, returned to her château, where she devoted herself to the important work of conducting the education of her children as nearly as possible according to the plan which had been hitherto pursued. She was indeed sensible of her great inferiority to her late husband the count, and of much insufficiency for the task she had undertaken: but this humble feeling produced upon her all its proper effects; and, instead of plunging her into despair, constrained her to seek assistance, where it is ever to be found, even in Him who hath said, "Let thy widows trust in me."

At first, the loss which this family had experienced of a tender parent, a valued head, and a beloved husband, was severely felt; but, in the course of time, their grief became softened, and they were enabled to speak among each other, with tolerable composure, of the days and times that were past—of the instructions which their beloved parent had given them—of the days of festivity which they had enjoyed in his presence, at the vintage, and on other like occasions—as well as of the lessons of piety which they had received from his lips.

In the days of early childhood, two or three years appear as long to look back upon as twenty in after life; so that after the lapse of three successive springs since their beloved parent had been committed to the dust, Emilie, Rosalie, and Theophile began to speak of the time when he had been with them, as of a period immeasurably remote; while they treasured up the recollection of all he had said and done, as records now become inestimably important. Thus, from a fictitious sort of antiquity, those holy doctrines and pure principles which this pious father had endeavoured to impress upon the infant minds of his children, acquired a more prevailing influence over them, and, through the divine blessing, afforded them a continual rule of action, from which they never could deviate without feeling a painful

sense of wrong, infinitely overbalancing any pleasure they could derive from the evil action they were tempted to commit.

It was about this period, namely, after the count had been dead three years, that the countess found it necessary to make a journey to Paris: and as she could not bear the thought of a separation from her family, she took with her all her children, procuring for herself and them such apartments as were at once suitable to her fortune, and to the retired mode of life she chose to adopt. During this visit she resolved to conduct her children to the grave of their father—an attention which they had hitherto had no opportunity of paying to the remains of their beloved parent, though, as I before observed, they had continually cherished his memory.

The tomb of the Count de S—— stands in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. This vast burial-ground is situated to the east of Paris, beyond the Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

The countess and her children passed in their coach in deep silence through the long streets of the fauxbourg, and between the dead walls of certain gardens which lie thereabouts. At length they came upon a large stone-yard, in which many workmen were employed in preparing stones and tablets for ornamenting the neighbouring graves. These places being but thinly inhabited, the hollow noise of the saw and chisel resounded through them far and wide, being uninterrupted by the busy hum of men, or the frequent sound of wheels.

At sight of these stones and tablets, a deep blush passed over the cheeks of Madame de S——, her heart began to beat, and the tear stood in her eye: but exerting herself to subdue her feelings, she was enabled to retain her composure, at least in appearance.

The carriage now passed by certain houses, at the doors of which garlands of flowers, neatly prepared, were exposed for sale. Rosalie observed these garlands, and knowing the purport of them, half-timidly said to her mother, "Mamma, shall I order the coachman to stop? May we not procure a few of those flowers?"

"No, my dear," said Madame de S——, "no, my child; we will leave that at present." The countess

was unable to explain herself further. She felt that another word would hurry her away into an agony of tears.

Rosalie was too well educated to press a matter which seemed to give her mother pain; she therefore sat in silence, while the carriage proceeded to the gates of the cemetery.

This burying-ground, which was once the property of Père la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., stands on the steep acclivity of a hill; the ground, in some places, being beautifully varied by gentle undulations. From the highest summit of the hill pours a small stream of water, which the person who has the care of the flowers surrounding the tombs appropriates to the purpose of watering his plants. This cemetery was once a garden, and here still remain many beautiful trees and creeping shrubs which, overshadowing the tombs, add not a little to the beauty of the place.

The view of Paris from the higher parts of this cemetery, with all her beautiful domes and cupolas, her gardens and public walks, her spires and palaces, with Mont Martre in her back-ground, is remarkably fine; and the more striking, from a comparison which the spectator is led to draw between that proud, busy, gay, ambitious city, and the quiet, melancholy, solemn scene by which he is more immediately surrounded. There are moments when even the most thoughtless and dissipated of mankind are compelled to reflect; and surely such is the moment when the visiter to Père la Chaise, having obtained the highest point of the cemetery, looks back on the wide spread buildings of the capital. But to return to my relation—

The countess and her children alighted from their carriage at the gates of the cemetery, and ascended the hill by a path winding among many tombs, most of which were encompassed by a frame of iron or basket-work. These tombs, in general, consisted of small obelisks, lozenges, broken pillars, pyramids, and simple slabs: but there were some few, on a much larger scale, representing Grecian temples of a pure and correct architecture.

Emilie, Rosalie, and their brother followed their mother silently through this still and solemn street, reading each epitaph as they passed, and admiring the little gardens contained within the lattice-work which

encloses several of the graves: they also marked the many quaint devices with which the tombs were ornamented, and noticed the fresh garlands with which many of them were decorated. Emilie, however, remarked with some surprise, that there were few references to religion under any form in any of these monumental inscriptions: she was, however, too young and too much occupied to make very serious and deep reflections upon this circumstance. And Rosalie was entirely filled with the expectation of seeing the tomb of the parent so deeply regretted, adorned with beds of roses, and other devices of the same nature with those she so much admired in her progress through the burying-ground.

At length the countess attained the highest summit of the cemetery, and, approaching a retired corner in the back-ground, she pointed out to her children the simple marble slab, under which lay the remains of him whose memory was endeared to her beyond all expression. The stone presented the following inscription—

THEODORE,

COUNT DE S——.

AND

CHEVALIER OF THE ORDER OF ST. LOUIS,

Who died in the thirty-second year of his Age;

RESIGNING HIS SOUL UNTO DEATH,

IN THE BLESSED HOPE

OF A GLORIOUS RESURRECTION,

THROUGH

THE MERITS AND DEATH

OF THE

SAVIOUR,

IN WHOM HE TRUSTED.

The following verses from Job followed the date of the death—

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

The family of the departed count stood for a while around the tomb, gazing upon the epitaph, and deeply affected by a consciousness of their vicinity to the mortal remains of one whose remembrance awakened in them a thousand tender feelings—till at length Emilie, the eldest of the count's children, who retained the most lively recollection of her beloved father, bursting into tears, and stooping to press her lips upon the cold marble, at once destroyed the forced composure of the whole party, when the tears of each began to flow without the possibility of restraint.

The Countess de S—— and her children continued to weep some time over the grave of this beloved parent and husband; till at length, the countess, having summoned the utmost strength which religion could give her, thus addressed her children, at the same time directing them to sit down on a grassy mound opposite the grave:—

"My beloved children, let us not sorrow as those without hope; since innumerable consolations offer themselves at the grave of the Christian. I call on you, my children, to gather up these invaluable consolations; they are sweeter than all the fading garlands which decorate the tombs around us. In a few days, in a few hours, these flowers will wither, and disfigure the marble which they were brought hither to adorn: while the hope of the Christian can never fade away, but will bloom and flourish anew when 'the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all manner of holy conversation and godliness!'

"How few persons," proceeded the countess, "rightly consider the state of man upon earth, and the end for which he was brought into existence! How seldom is it adverted to, that we are here only for a very short time, and that this is but a state of trial and preparation for a better life!

"Were these reflections oftener made," continued she, "they would assuredly, with the divine blessing, produce a mode of conduct among men very different from that which we commonly observe; so that, in-

stead of striving, as we do, to obtain earthly distinctions, our efforts would be all directed towards the attainment of a heavenly crown.

"True wisdom, however," added this pious lady, "does not consist, my children, in meditating upon death, or in considering how this awful circumstance may be arranged with respect to ourselves; but rather in so ordering the whole course of our lives, that, when death comes, it may find us duly prepared.

"And in what," said she, "consists the preparation of which I speak? The sum of all human wisdom is contained in the answer to this question. This preparation, my children, consists in the total subjugation of our will, and the entire renovation of our nature; in loving God with all our heart, and abhorring sin under every form or modification in which it may be presented to us; and, finally, in being brought, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, to accept Christ as our Saviour, utterly renouncing all pretensions built upon our own good works, or the works of others.

"And when this change," added she, "has passed upon our friends, and they have given satisfactory evidence of it by a course of new and holy living,—as in the case of your beloved father,—we ought to indulge no feelings on the occasion of their removal but those of triumph and exultation.

"It is certain," continued the countess, "that nature will demand some tears on account of the separation which death involves; but these tears should differ very materially from those which are shed when the natural feelings are not modified and directed into a proper channel by Christian hope.

"We often find that the feelings of persons destitute of piety are intolerably poignant on the occasion of the death of friends, and equally disturbed in the prospect of their own dissolution: and for this reason, because the separation of soul and body is a thing which cannot be comprehended by man in his natural state. To the imaginations of such men death presents itself with a countless train of imaginary horrors. And until the mind is opened and elevated by true religion, man will always, when representing to himself scenes of death, fancy the spirit, in some inconceivable manner, accompanying the body, partaking of its dishonours, and affected by every neglect to which it is exposed.

"Urged by a feeling of this kind," continued the countess, "the ancient Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their friends with precious balsams and spices, depositing them in vaults and mausoleums of so curious and durable a construction, that many of them remain nearly entire to the present day. Influenced by the same sentiments, the Greeks and Romans were more observant of the funeral honours of their fathers than of their duty to them while living; and every infidel nation now existing throughout the world discovers an equally immoderate concern in observing the last rites due to their deceased relatives.

"Where infidelity prevails in countries denominated Christian, as in this our own land," continued Madame de S——, "the same thing again becomes remarkable; insomuch that they who deny the authority of revealed religion, are generally disposed to pay even a kind of idolatrous homage at the tombs of their forefathers. But true religion, my children, the religion of our blessed Saviour, is no sooner received into the heart, than it emancipates the believer from all terrifying views of death, and diverts his attention from these unavailing cares for the body, to the more profitable care of the soul.

"I have now," proceeded the countess, "endeavoured to explain to you, my dear children, wherefore I refused to bring garlands to place upon your beloved father's tomb; and why you do not see roses and other flowers cultivated around his grave: I fear also that I have but too well accounted for the elaborate attention which has been bestowed upon the decorations of this burying-ground.

"It is often a secret kind of infidelity, my dear children, from which proceeds the desire of raising the sculptured tomb, the marble urn, the weeping statue; that renews these fading garlands, and produces all the fruitless emblems of wo which we observe around us, and which, as I have before informed you, are equally remarkable in every country where the ignorance or contempt of religion prevails.

"But when faith has prepared the mourner's mind for the reception of a better hope," continued the countess, "and on occasions where the character of any individual departed this life warrants the exercise of such a hope, it is impossible to dwell with immoderate anxiety

upon the circumstances which attend the mortal remains of the beloved object.

"Decency undoubtedly requires that the decaying body should be committed to the earth with tokens of respect and tenderness: but the believer, who feels assured that the beloved remains of a departed friend shall, at the last day, rise out of the grave in glory inexpressible—and that even now, in their most dishonourable state, they are the object of His care who descended into the grave for the sake of lost mankind—will not hesitate to leave them entirely in the hands of Him who has promised not only to preserve those poor remains, but ultimately to refine and exalt them.

"In such circumstances, the pious mourner endeavours, with the eye of faith, to follow the happy spirit to that paradise, in which, with the believing thief, it is enjoying the presence of its Redeemer, and the prospect of a glorious eternity.

"It is in consequence of these animating hopes and prospects with relation to the present happiness of your departed father, and the glory reserved for him, that I am enabled, in some degree, to rejoice in our loss, as his eternal gain, while I reject, as frivolous, all those vain ornaments and emblems of sorrow with which they endeavour to console themselves who want a better hope.

"I look forward, through my blessed Saviour, to see your father crowned with an everlasting crown, clothed with the garments of salvation, and arrayed in the robe of his Lord's imputed righteousness: why then should I attempt to sooth my grief with the fading garland or the weeping bust? It becomes not the friends of him, who is now enjoying immortal happiness, to satisfy themselves with these insignificant things; but they will be eternally satisfied, O my God, when this crumbling dust shall awake in thy glory!"

While the countess was uttering this last sentiment, she had insensibly raised her eyes from the tomb and fixed them on the material heavens, as if it were possible for mortal ken to take in those bright and unknown regions, where such pleasures are prepared for the blessed as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and of which even the heart of the believer can form but a faint conception.

For a few moments she remained looking up, while her

children fixed their eyes upon her—at length, unable any longer to support the feelings of hope and joy, which filled her mind, she recalled her eager gaze, and clasping her children in her arms, "O my beloved ones!" she said, "let us now return to our home, and with the divine blessing, devote our lives to that beloved Saviour in whose presence your father rejoices for evermore."

So saying, she arose, and casting one lingering look at the marble inscribed with the name of Theodore, Count de S——, she walked away, followed by her children; whom she silently conducted, in a winding direction, towards the gate.

She shortly afterward returned to her country residence; where she found that happiness in the dutiful and affectionate carriage of her children which pious parents only can hope to experience, and which enabled her in calm composure to wait the time, in which she hoped to be reunited to the husband she had lost, in the presence of her beloved Saviour.

END OF PERE LA CHAISE.

THE

INFANT'S GRAVE.

THE

INFANT'S GRAVE.

In one of those châteaux which are situated in the country between Montreuil and Abbeville, resided, a short time before the revolution, Monsieur le Comte de R——. This nobleman was then in narrow circumstances, his patrimony having been much injured by his own imprudences in early life. In consequence of which he became a dissatisfied character, and was easily drawn to associate with those who indulged themselves in expressions derogatory at once to the honour of their king and their God.

Monsieur le Comte de R—— had a wife and one daughter. His wife was a woman of ordinary accomplishments, who, having no fixed opinions of her own, adopted implicitly those of her husband. The daughter had, however, more energy of character, and, in better hands, might have become an honour to her sex: but her education being neglected while her mind was peculiarly active, she readily adopted all her father's modes of thinking, till she had acquired a settled contempt of all that is venerable and sacred.

Monsieur le Comte de R—— did not live to see that revolution effected which he had so ardently desired, and to which he contributed, as much as in him lay, by his licentious discourse.

Immediately after his death, his wife and daughter, finding their property too small for the creditable occupation of their château, removed to Abbeville, where they took a small house. In this city they remained till the revolution began not only to disturb the capital, but to extend its horrors to every town and village throughout the kingdom; affecting many of every rank

and denomination with the unaccountable phrensy of reducing all orders of society to one common level.

Mademoiselle Louise de R——, who had been reared by her father in those revolutionary and irreligious principles with which her country was then so deeply agitated, failed not, during this confusion, to hazard her opinions on all occasions, and to express her approbation of every outrage committed by the people in terms so decisive as to obtain for her the character of a good *citoyenne*, though at the expense of that delicacy which ought ever to be considered as the chief ornament of the female sex.

About this time she was sought in marriage by Eugene Perault, an officer of the republican army, whom she presently accepted, because his genteel air pleased her fancy; although her mother privately objected to him on account of his ignoble birth. But Louise pleaded that, according to the opinions which they professed, nobility was so mere a nothing that the very name of it ought to be forgotten; adding, that she was unable to discover upon what principle her mother could object to the son-in-law who offered himself, because his family was not noble. She accordingly married this man, and resided with him some months in Abbeville. After which, he, being called into actual service on the frontier, left her with the Comtesse de R—— at Abbeville; where, in due time, she became the mother of a son, to whom she gave his father's name.

Louise Perault was by this means separated from her husband at the time of her son's birth; and not having money sufficient to pay for his being nursed from home (a custom too prevalent in this country, though calculated to deprive a mother of all those sweet and tender endearments which affectionate mothers only can experience), she condescended to perform the part of a nurse to her child. In these circumstances the ties of natural affection were every day strengthened between them, while all the tenderest feelings of maternal love were excited by the lovely infant in the breast of its parent.

During the time in which Louise Perault was thus closely occupied by her child, she seldom heard from her husband. But believing him to be fully engaged by the duties, and daily wearied by the fatigues, of his situation, she felt no great uneasiness from this neglect; never entertaining a doubt of the continuance of his re-

gard, although at that period the ties of marriage, as well as the duties it involves, were not much regarded by society in general.

The time at length arriving when it became necessary to wean her son, Louise being informed that her husband's corps was then in the neigbourhood of the capital, resolved to leave her infant with her mother, and repair immediately to the place in which she might expect to see her husband; nothing doubting but that he would participate in the joy she hoped to derive from this happy interview with her beloved Eugene.

But the young man desired nothing less than the presence of his wife. He had, during his absence from Abbeville, formed other connexions; so that, when Louise appeared before him, he coldly told her, that he no longer regarded her as the object of his choice; that he had otherwise disposed of himself; and that he conceived every union of this sort ceased to be binding, as soon as the affections of the parties were diverted to other objects. In so unfeeling and shameful a manner did this republican soldier presume to violate that precept of religion, which is thus strongly expressed—"For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Louise Perault was at once offended, wounded, and shocked by this conduct of her husband; but having too much pride to expostulate with him, she prepared to return to Abbeville, resolving, if possible, to banish from her mind the memory of a man who had treated her with so much indignity. Her mouth also was stopped; and she felt that she had no right to complain, since the conduct of her husband was perfectly consistent with the sentiments she had often expressed in his presence on the subject of marriage, which she had frequently spoken of as a contract to be made and broken at will, and according to the convenience of the parties. It was, however, not to be wondered at, that the unhappy wife, finding herself suddenly deprived of the affections of her husband, should feel herself irresistibly drawn towards her infant; and that, in consequence of these predominant feelings, she should immediately retrace her steps to Abbeville.

But new and unexpected sorrows awaited her there.

Her infant had, during her absence, been attacked by an epidemical disease, the course of which was so swift and fatal, that his remains had been consigned to the grave a few hours before the return of his unconscious mother.

While all nature smiles upon a man, while he enjoys health and ease, the society of friends, and the favours of fortune, it is, perhaps, possible for him to experience something like ease of mind even in the absence of religion; though if it were possible to penetrate beyond appearances, we should find him, in the midst of all his pastimes and amusements, far enough from the experience of that internal peace which renders the true Christian in so great a measure independent of all external circumstances for his best enjoyments. But, whatever the infidel may feel in times of prosperity, it is certain that nothing less than the consolations of true and vital religion can sooth the wounded spirit in seasons of bitter affliction.—Louise Perault had no religion; when, therefore, these accumulated sorrows fell upon her, she became like one distracted, and exhibited every symptom of the most lively despair.

With hair dishevelled, and disordered dress, she hastened to the burying-ground of the city, lying a little without the gate on the road to Amiens. This burying-ground is a large square enclosure, surrounded by high walls, with iron gates in the centre of the front wall. At the back of the ground stands a high wood, which casts a solemn shade upon the tombs within. At that period the more recent monumental inscriptions of the place exhibited merely the names of the deceased, without the slightest reference to those immortal hopes which cheer the Christian's dying hour. But over the gates of the *cimetière* were placed the following words, indicative of the opinions which then prevailed among those in power:—

"La mort n'est qu'un sommeil éternel."

It was this expression so replete with despair, which first met the eye of the distracted mother, as she approached the gate of the *cimetière*. For a moment she stood still, pronouncing aloud that gloomy acknowledgment of the infidel's highest hope: and as she pronounced it, she remembered how often she had thoughtlessly repeated the same sentiment. She then tenderly addressed her departed infant, as if indeed he were able

to hear her complaints:—"And dost thou sleep, my child, a sleep from which thou never must awake? My son! my dear Eugene! are thy sweet eyes for ever closed? Is there no hope for thee, but that thou must remain the companion of dust and worms for ever? Is the liquid lustre of thy lovely eye quenched for eternity! Art thou to smile no more? Oh! miserable mother!—and yet I fancied that I could discern some tokens of immortality in the expression of thy countenance. Thy loveliness, my son, appeared to mark thee of a heavenly nature. But I was mistaken—thou wast but dust; and I, thy bereaved mother, must be for ever wretched." Then wringing her hands, and tearing her hair, she entered the burying-ground, and turned her steps where a little grave, fresh made, seemed to indicate the place in which the body of her little Eugene was laid, there to remain in peace until, in the morning of the resurrection, it shall be awakened by the voice of the last trumpet, and being renewed in glory, shall be admitted into everlasting happiness.

At sight of this little grave, the unhappy mother sprang forward, and throwing herself on the cold earth, she uttered there the most vehement expressions of despair. "If there is a God," she said, "why did he make me, to render me thus miserable? Why was I ever born? Why was this infant given me, to smile upon me for a few short days, to attach me by its tender endearments, and then to perish from my view for ever?—But there is no God," she added; "else, wherefore the confusion which everywhere surrounds me? wherefore all this endless variety of misery?" Thus this wretched woman alternately questioned the being of God, and arraigned his providence if he did exist; and thus she continued to lament and blaspheme, till the approach of night compelled her to return to the city.

In this manner day after day passed away, and still the unhappy Louise continued to frequent the burying-ground: where she sat weeping for hours, recalling to her remembrance all the tender endearments and infantine charms of her departed infant; till the bitter recollection seemed, at times, wholly to overpower her, and she would remain sitting silently on the grave, her head reclining upon her knees, in all the anguish of hopeless bereavement.

It happened, one Sunday evening, in the month of

August, that Louise had followed the multitude who were pouring out of the gate of the city in order to go to the *Guingette*. But, although mixed with the crowd, she took no notice of any among them, whether strangers or acquaintance; scarcely answering the salutations which were addressed to her. On reaching the *cimetière*, she turned from the multitude, and directed her steps to the well known spot that contained her lost Eugene; upon which seating herself, as usual, she began to vent her grief in audible sobs and cries. Thus occupied by her sorrows, she did not at first perceive a stranger, who was sitting on a grave not far distant, reading attentively in an ancient book, upon which she seemed to place especial value. Louise had believed herself to be alone in the *cimetière*: but on observing the stranger, she endeavoured to restrain the more audible expressions of her grief; retaining nevertheless an appearance of sorrow so remarkable, that the stranger, who was an elderly female, and evidently a foreigner, ventured near to address her.

"Your grief, madam," said the stranger, "touches me sensibly, and inspires me with the desire of rendering myself useful to you: if a poor widow can afford you any consolation, you may command my services."

In answer to this address, Louise failed not to impart the whole history of her afflictions to the compassionate stranger, and dwelling upon the gloomiest parts of them with an earnestness which was the less needed, inasmuch as despair and anguish were strikingly painted on her countenance.

In reply, the stranger pointed out the great duty of resignation; since excessive sorrow would disqualify her for performing the common offices of life.

Louise answered, that she was past all comfort, and that her afflictions were of such a nature as could admit of no relief.

The stranger replied, that she could from experience and observation assure her, that a remedy was provided not only for grief such as hers, but for every calamity to which human nature is liable. "I," said she, "am a widow, and a stranger in this country; my means are slender; I have no earthly friends; I have had several children, the last of whom I followed to the tomb but a few days since. That grave," added she, pointing towards a fresh mound at the

spot from which she had just advanced, "contains what was my only earthly hope, the single support of my old age—a dutiful, pious, and beautiful youth, my youngest born, and one who had been my sole comfort through many long years of widowhood and calamity. But I bless God," added she, raising her tearful eyes to heaven, "that I am not totally overcome by this blow; that I can acknowledge the blessed hand of God in it; and that I am enabled to say, I would not have it otherwise if I could. No, I would not call my son back into this world of sorrow were it in my power to do so. I am, through the divine assistance, so far resigned, as to say, with sincerity, 'My God, thy will be done.'"

Louise, looking at the stranger with an eye of eager curiosity, at length addressed her thus—"I perceive that you are a devotee; and such I have heard find it possible, through the power of imagination, to take that comfort to themselves which more enlightened persons cannot receive."

"Who are those whom you call enlightened?" said the stranger.

"Those who have read, who have reasoned, who have compared," replied Madame Perault.

"It is very certain," answered the stranger, "that an enlightened person, such as you describe, can find no rest in the mere form of religion, or in those external rites and ceremonies which are appointed of man, while they have no foundation in the commands of God. But," added she, "that pure and holy religion which we find in the Scriptures, is such as may *fill*, *delight*, *exercise*, and *impress* a mind endowed with the noblest faculties, and endued with the highest human knowledge. It is because you do not know what religion is, my dear madam," continued the stranger, "that you despise it, and are unable to repose upon it. Neither do you seem to be aware that the religion of Jesus Christ possesses a mass of evidence, which all the united blasphemy, false reasoning, and impious wit of the whole race of infidel speakers and writers, have not been able to invalidate, from its first publication to the present day."

A smile of contempt passed over the fine features of Louise Perault, and trembled for a moment upon her lips, as she listened to the words of the stranger: but her countenance in a short time resuming its former

expression of deep despair, she hearkened to the discourse of her companion with fixed attention.

Thus have we seen the light of a flambeau, suddenly cast over a dark landscape, displaying scenes which might be beautiful under the bright rays of the orb of day; but, beneath the lurid glare of the midnight torch, conveying to the fancy images of dubious beauty or sepulchral gloom.

The stranger, after looking on Louise Perault for a few moments with feelings of the tenderest pity, thus addressed her:—

"While you despise religion, my dear madam, I beg leave to assure you that I, and thousands, and tens of thousands of mourners besides myself, have derived from it a degree of comfort which the world cannot comprehend. You attribute the consolation of which I speak to the influence of fancy; but I maintain that, although the delusions of fancy may support an individual for a time under trials apparently severe (especially when those afflictions are of such a description as to attract the attention of the world), yet can they not sustain him under long and silent afflictions in seasons of solitude and darkness, when sunk below the reach of human sympathy, and secluded from human observation. It must, I am persuaded, be something more than superstition and enthusiasm which can enable the widow to rejoice over the grave of the last of her children, and to look forward in fixed, patient, and cheerful hope, to that blessed period, when she expects again to meet her beloved ones in glory."

Louise Perault shook her head.

The stranger looked attentively upon her, as if reading the expression of her countenace, and then continued:—

"Supposing," said she, "that you were afflicted with some painful disorder of the body, and were convinced, at the same time, that a neighbour, when suffering under a like disease, had obtained extraordinary relief from the use of a particular medicine: would you not, in such a case, think it advisable to try the same application: and especially if it could not injure, although it failed to benefit? Be persuaded, then, by me, my dear madam, to seek after those consolations which I have found so efficacious—we lie under somewhat similar afflictions; nevertheless, while you remain inconsolable, I am

powerfully sustained and encouraged. Apply to your heavenly Father for the assistance and support of which you stand in need; and be assured that he will not reject your humble application."

"I am not inclined to seek this pretended comfort," replied Madame Perault, "because I know that I shall never find it. I have been warned from my childhood to avoid religious zealots; and, in consequence, I have always carefully shunned them."

"And what," asked the stranger, "have you obtained by following this advice? Could you have been more completely miserable than you now are, had you even fallen into the last extremes of enthusiasm?"

"I should, at least, have been despicable in that case," replied Louise; "which at present I am not."

"But," said the stranger, "while it must be confessed that a blind and ignorant superstition is calculated to render any person ridiculous, there is assuredly nothing that can so effectually exalt the character of man as true religion. Is it not religion that enables an individual to control his passions, to deny himself, and to preserve that consistency of character, which alone can render a man respectable in the eyes of the world, or even in those of the philosopher?"

After looking inquisitively at the stranger, Madame Perault returned, "You are not of this country, I perceive. Whence are you, I pray? To what denomination of Christians do you belong? On what dogmas do you insist?"

"On none," answered the stranger, replying to the last question: "I am of the religion of Christ; my standard of faith is the Bible, and to that I confidently appeal."

"The Bible?" repeated Louise, scornfully. "If the Bible is the rule of your faith; what then is the authority of your book? You suppose, no doubt, that it is the word of God: but how do you prove this?"

"I have many proofs," returned the stranger: "first, because this book accounts for many customs which are known to have existed from the beginning of time, in different nations and kingdoms of the earth having no connexion with each other—secondly, because it contains predictions of events which, after the lapse of ages, were brought about in so remarkable a manner,

as cannot fail, even at this distance of time, very deeply to impress every unprejudiced mind."

Louise Perault here interrupted the stranger, to remark, that this last argument was false; it being well known that the Scriptures had undergone many alterations, in order to adapt them to those events, which they are vainly pretended to have foretold.

In answer to this, the stranger pointed out the impossibility of such alterations, inasmuch as the old Scripture manuscripts being widely dispersed among Jews, Christians, and infidels, nothing of this sort could have taken place, but by the general consent of parties deeply prejudiced against each other, and who were never known to agree in any one common project, either before or since.

Louise Perault here making no answer, because nothing worthy of mention occurred to her on this point, the stranger proceeded:—

"Another argument for the truth of Scripture, as well as for the pure religion which it inculcates, is its wonderful suitability to the peculiar state of man on earth. Moreover, the Christian system provides so exactly for all the wants of man, as to render it indubitable that its author was most intimately acquainted with all the necessities of our nature. And further," continued the stranger, "our Bible traces to their only adequate source, all the disorders and distresses so universally prevalent in the present state."

"And what," said Louise, "is this system so much vaunted? Is it not a mass of absurdities? a system of priestcraft? a medley of contradictions and improbabilities?"

The stranger took no notice of the scornful and contemptuous manner in which her companion spake this, but meekly replied to her questions.

"There are difficulties, I do not deny," said she, "attending the history of man upon earth, which we cannot satisfactorily explain: and there are circumstances relative to his present condition, which we cannot comprehend. For instance, we cannot understand how sin was first introduced among the works of an all-wise and holy God; or wherefore it is permitted still to exist. But these are difficulties for which no system of philosophy has hitherto favoured the world with a rational

account; neither indeed is it necessary for our well-being that we should be able to clear them up."

"Wherein then," said Louise, "does the superiority of your religion consist, if it does not solve the difficulties with which other men are perplexed? What is the end of all your vain pretensions, if your Bible leaves mankind in the same state of doubt and uncertainty in which it found them?"

"The end of the divine revelation," replied the stranger, "is not to satisfy the vain curiosity of man, by displaying to his view those awful mysteries of eternity with which he has at present no concern; but to communicate to him such information only as is strictly necessary to his well-being, both here and hereafter.

"From Scripture we learn the nature and attributes of the Almighty: it teaches us that there is one God, in whom are three persons of equal power, majesty, and eternity. These three are called the Trinity; and though, speaking after the manner of men, and with reference to their respective offices in the work of man's salvation, we distinguish them as the first, second, and third persons of the Godhead; yet are we assured that, in this divine Trinity, there is none afore or after other, but that all are coequal in greatness and glory.

"The Holy Bible also informs us of all that we have occasion to know concerning the nature of Satan and the fallen angels; instructing us that when the Lord Jehovah, by which incomprehensible name we understand the Trinity in Unity, foresaw the fall of man, he prepared a scheme of salvation, by which the malice of Satan is effectually counteracted, and by which the redeemed of the Lord will not only be delivered from final destruction, but also made everlastingly holy and happy.

"These happy persons," proceeded the stranger, "are they who, being washed from their sins in the blood of the Lamb, and justified in his spotless righteousness, compose the countless multitudes that now form the church militant on earth, and will hereafter form the church triumphant in heaven. These are they who place their whole confidence in the death and merits of Christ, and who in consequence are counted the children of God, in whatever part of the earth and under whatever denomination they may be found."

The stranger then proceeded to point out the change

which took place in man at the fall, whereby sin and death were brought into the world; whence originate all those horrible scenes of wickedness and misery which we daily witness, and which can in no other way be satisfactorily accounted for.

The venerable widow then went on to state the distinct parts which the different persons in the Trinity allotted to themselves in the glorious work of man's salvation;—not omitting very tenderly to apply this statement to the case of the infant by whose grave they then stood. "Before the beginning of time," said she, "ere the morning star had its station appointed in the heavens, or the sun or the moon knew the places of their rising up and going down, that dear infant, so much deplored by his mother, was known unto God: the love and wisdom of his heavenly Father had even then devised the plan by which his salvation was to be effected, ordaining that the circumstances of his life and death should combine to promote his eternal welfare.

"With this view," continued she, "it was ordered in mercy, that his life should be early terminated, and he himself be placed beyond the reach of sin and temptation. And as God the Father, through his boundless love, appointed him, we trust, to everlasting happiness, so God the Son secured to him that happiness, discharging, by his own voluntary death, the debt of imputed sin that lay upon the child, and procuring for him all the rights of a son and heir of God; for all which he was undoubtedly, though secretly, prepared by the regenerating influences of God the Holy Ghost."

It very rarely happens that any one is enabled to receive at once so many important doctrines, as the stranger thought herself warranted, in this hasty manner, to set before Louise: and truly this unhappy woman was very far from thoroughly admitting them; although, as the stranger continued to speak, her imagination kindled, while something like a ray of hope shone, for a few moments, upon her dark and dejected mind.

Under this new impression she raised her eyes from the cold and silent grave of her infant, on which till then they had been fixed: and lifting them up to the heavens, in which gold and purple clouds marked at that instant the situation of the declining sun, her thoughts wandered wildly towards those remote regions of blessedness described by the stranger—when, after a pause,

she exclaimed, "And do you think it possible that this, my child, still exists—that he is not annihilated—and that I myself may see him again?"

"I do think it," said the stranger; "and my hope is derived from the merits of the Saviour, whose righteousness has been, I trust, imputed to your infant."

Louise Perault sighed, and said, "O that I had your faith! that I could believe and think as you do! I should then be happy.'

"May the Almighty fulfil that prayer," said the stranger; from him alone cometh faith—It is the gift of God."

While the stranger spake these last words, a company of persons, known to Madame Perault, entered the burying-ground to commit a body to the dust. Louise knew the character of these persons, that they were not only infidels, but men whom it would be dangerous to offend by any discourse in favour of religion. She therefore rose in haste, and taking leave of the stranger, returned to the city.

Louise saw this stranger no more, but she remembered her discourse for many months; and, so long as her grief continued, she retained a desire of becoming religious. But her husband being, after a while, killed in battle, she formed new connexions, and had another son, who soon filled up the vacancy in her heart made by the loss of the first. After which, the deceitful pleasures of the world again taking possession of her affections, she banished all thought of religion, and lived in unbelief, till an early and sudden death fixed her destiny for ever.

END OF THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

ENGLISH MARY;

OR, THE

HAPPY REWARD OF VIRTUOUS FIDELITY.

ENGLISH MARY.

CHAPTER I.

CONDUCT OF A GOOD MOTHER.

In the neighbourhood of the city of Worcester, and on the opposite side of the River Severn, are a number of houses, which form a kind of suburbs, and formerly composed a long single street for the most part made up of mean dwellings, occupied by boatmen, and such persons as have concerns on the water. About forty years ago there resided in a narrow court in this street a poor widow of the name of Fairfield, who supported herself by sewing gloves, by which she obtained a tolerably comfortable maintenance. This poor woman had one daughter, for whom she had not only a mother's fondness, but an earnest desire for her spiritual welfare; she loved her child indeed, and never spared correction when it was necessary that it should be used; she accustomed her early to treat her with respect, and to give her all the assistance in household matters which could be expected from her age. It was not possible that she should afford to send her to school, neither did she wish it, for she considered that, as her own employments kept her at home, and occupied her hands and not her head, there was no manner of reason why she should not teach her child, and thus enjoy the pleasure of her company, and be made worthy of her everlasting gratitude. The widow was not indeed herself a capital scholar, but then she considered that it would be no hard matter for her to improve herself; and as she had a good deal of time every Sabbath-day, she contrived on those days to make herself mistress of what she must teach her daughter during the next week; and as she often said, she thought herself very well off if she could keep only one step before the little girl, which was by

no means difficult to effect, considering how very slow young children are when they first begin to learn.

There were not so many little books in those days as there are now, but the good woman possessed an old "*Reading made Easy*," and a Bible; and I will venture to say, that with these books, if there were no others in the world, a careful mother, with the Divine blessing, might give her child as much knowledge as she would ever need, either for this life or the next. In these days there is a mighty stir about new books and new plans of teaching, but what are required to render all these plans serviceable are good fathers and mothers; mothers who, while they are going about their household work, will have an eye to their children, and will see that they learn and practise the holy lessons which may be found in the books which are given to them; and pious fathers who, when they return from their work at night, will take their little ones upon their knees and speak to them of heaven, and of their God and Saviour, and other holy things.

Such a good mother, however, as I should like to see in every cottage through all this pleasant country, was the poor widow Fairfield; and, as it might be expected, she had great reason to think herself happy in her little daughter Mary, who was as decent and as good a girl as any at that time in the whole town.

In the same narrow court or entry in which the widow Fairfield's house was situated lived a waterman, with his wife and children. The man himself, who was commonly known by the name of Ben Brown, or Brown Ben, alluding to his swarthy and weather-beaten skin, was seldom at home, and his neighbours would not have been sorry if his wife Grace had found occasion to absent herself as often as her husband; for it was no easy matter to rest in peace within the sound of her voice.

This good body was always so busy in settling her neighbours' affairs, and putting things to rights in other folks' houses, that she had little time and less head for managing her own business; and though she had money in abundance, and had no other employment herself than that which occupies most of the females of the lower classes in and about Worcester, namely, sewing gloves, yet she never used any control over her children, but accustomed them to idle the whole day in the

yard and in the street, till the boys were old enough to follow their father, at the hazard of being drowned every day of their lives.

Another neighbour in the same court was a Dame Crawford, an old woman, and a mighty notable body, who picked up a good maintenance by sewing and ironing in different houses of the town, filling up the odds and ends of her time in settling her neighbours' concerns, and retailing the news of one house in the ears of the inhabitants of another.

Dame Crawford and Grace Brown were, for the most part, very intimate friends, though now and then they would fall out, and then the whole neighbourhood was sure to be roused up to hear them abuse each other, on which occasion they used all manner of foul language: —but to do them justice, they did not bear each other much malice, but were as good friends as ever when they had spent their anger, that is, if we can call such a gossiping intimacy as subsisted between these women by so good a name as that of friendship; which, after all, I believe never really subsists between persons who do not fear God.

It may be easily believed, that the widow Fairfield did not find much comfort among such neighbours as these; but if she had no comfort in her neighbours, she had much in her child, and more in her God; and though she was afraid of turning out her little one to play in the yard (for her neighbours' children, she was sensible, were no fit companions for her), yet she contrived to give her exercise by sending her into the country to gather sticks and flowers in the season, and even by walking out with her herself when she could spare a quarter of an hour from her work. And Mary used often, when she was grown up, and parted from this dear parent, to talk with delight of some of those quiet evening walks, when her poor mother used to accompany her, and sit down with her under the shade of a tree, while she conversed with her about many pleasant and holy things, in which rich and poor people have the same interest as the finest lord of the land. For although the poor are deprived of many earthly goods which the rich enjoy, have they not the same Heavenly Father to care for them, the same blessed Saviour to provide for their salvation, and the same Holy Spirit to regenerate and sanctify them, to guide and counsel

them, and finally to lead them into glory, as the greatest personage on earth can boast? And what is it, I ask, which makes our food pleasant, and our sleep sweet to us, but the possession of that peace which the world cannot give?

By working every day with her little girl, by the time the child was twelve years of age, the good mother had not only taught her to read her Bible with ease, but also had improved herself so much that there was not a single chapter which she could not read off as well if not better than the parish-clerk himself; and what was more than all this, by dint of hearing the Holy Scriptures conned over from day to day, her head became so well stored with Scripture knowledge, that there was scarce a text which she could not turn to without being told either chapter or verse. But as religion was not in those days in every man's mouth as now it is, she got but little credit, either for her knowledge or her practice, but was counted by her neighbours as a tidy body, to be sure, but one who had many queer ways.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD MORALS BETTER THAN MONEY.

From the time that Mary had reached her ninth year her mother had employed her during part of the day in working at the gloves with herself; but as she did not think the trade was a good one for a very young girl, inasmuch as the gains were small, and the confinement very great, the widow considered that if she could get her an easy service it would be much more for her advantage, though it went to her heart to part with one who had been the solace of her life through many a long year of widowhood. Nevertheless, this excellent mother thought of nothing so much as the good of her child; and setting self on one side, when Mary was fifteen she resolved to inquire for such a service as she trusted would suit her: but the widow Fairfield had no acquaintance among the great folks,—and on this occasion she knew not what better to do than to speak to

Dame Crawford, who was said to be mighty great with some of the best families in Worcester. Accordingly, seeing Dame Crawford's door open one afternoon, and the good woman ironing before the window, she ventured to step in, with her work in her hand, not having observed that Grace Brown was sitting behind the door.

The widow had scarcely set her foot within the door-sill when Mrs. Crawford exclaimed, "Neighbour Fairfield, as I am alive!—What wind has blown you here?"

"Something above the ordinary, you may be sure," said Grace, from behind the door; "Dame Fairfield is not so fond of our company as to come here for nothing."

"I was purposing," said the widow, "to get some little light service for Mary, neighbour Crawford; and I am thinking that, as you know so many of the great folks, you would be the very person to speak a good word for her with them."

Mrs. Crawford, though a mighty busy-body, was not, in the main, an ill-natured one, and nothing pleased her better than to have it supposed that she had the ear of many of the wealthy people. She therefore immediately asked her neighbour to sit down, and began to tell whose servants were at the next season for changing, and whose were to "stop on," as she worded it; and who actually wanted servants, and who were provided; with sundry other particulars which I shall forbear to enumerate, contenting myself with saying, that the result of all this was, that there were three places at that time thought likely to be vacant, all of which might suit such a girl as Mary. The first of these, and the very best in point of gain, was that of a maid to draw the liquor at the widow Smith's at the public-house in Doldy: "a capital place," as Mrs. Crawford said, "for gain; for," added she, "the girl who is there now got, to my certain knowledge, twenty shillings at the last races, just for showing the guests into the parlour: and I doubt not, that first and last, the place is worth six pounds a year."

"Ay," said Mrs. Brown, sitting upright in her chair, "surely you don't say so!"

"I do," said Mrs. Crawford, "because I can vouch for it."

"What is the next place you know of as being vacant?" asked the widow.

"Squire Strangeways, of Hollo," said Mrs. Crawford;

"where I have ironed first and last these ten years, though it's a great way to go; but Madam Strangeways does not fancy any of her things unless I iron them. There is a kitchen-maid wanted, just to wash dishes, and right up the kitchen after the cook; but it's a desperate hard place, though the last girl said there were some pretty winnings to be had in the way of perquisites."

"Ay," said Grace Brown, "I thought the cook had all them things."

"So she thinks too," replied Mrs. Crawford, winking at her neighbours, "but I know better, and so does Jane Harris."

"I think," said Mrs. Fairfield, somewhat timidly, "that you mentioned a third place."

"Yes," returned the other, "but it's a poor thing; Mary will scarce have enough for shoe-leather, and so shut up and dull. Betty Hacket, the girl who is to leave next week, says it's the dullest place ever any poor body was in. Not that the mistress is bad-tempered, but she is so faddy, so timorsome like. She would sooner go of an errand herself than send the girl out at dusk; and then the lass has no time to herself, for the mistress sits in the kitchen when she has no company; for she is mighty saving, and there is but one fire and candle between them: then the wages are not so much as three pounds a year."

"And who is this lady?" said the widow.

"Why, Mrs. Shirley," replied the other, "who lives in the little bit of a house on Henwick Hill; as you are a good church-goer, you must have seen her a thousand times, for she never misses church, and you may know her by her old bonnet and by her leaning on the lass's arm as she goes along."

"I have heard of her," returned the widow, "and she bears the best of characters; you would oblige me very greatly, neighbour Crawford, if you would but speak a kind word for Mary."

"Is the woman mad?" said Grace Brown. "Why, when our good dame here has told you of three places, one worth six pounds a year, another worth I know not what, and a third which is not the value of fifty shillings; you shut your ears against the two first, and gape at the third like a boy bobbing for cherries. Why, woman, you have no more sense than a green goose, and that's the plain downright truth."

"True," said Mrs. Crawford, "but if our neighbour has a mind for the old lady's place, why should not she have it, Grace? And if you wish to put out Hannah, I will speak a word for her at the public-house." These last words were spoken in a whisper, in order that the widow might not hear.

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Fairfield, when her neighbours had ceased to whisper, "of what you said just now to me, Grace, respecting my not being overwise in wishing for the fifty shillings place, in preference to the others, which our good neighbour proposed; and as I love plain speaking, I will give you my reasons. I cannot say that I ever spoke to Madam Shirley in all my life; but for all that, I have known her by character, ever since I was the height of the table, and I know also her breeding, and have heard of the many troubles she has gone through, with the faith and patience of a Christian. I also know, that although her means are small, she is the best of friends to the poor, and more like a mother than a mistress to her servants; and I consider that the care, and the instruction, and the conversation of such a lady as that, ought to be counted of more value to a poor young creature, going out into the world, than pounds and pounds of gold and silver; of more value, I say, neighbour Crawford," added the good widow, "than gold and jewels; and, indeed, so precious are they in my sight, that I should think myself well off if she would take my child for nothing, and provide her only with her old clothes.

"Nay, neighbour Brown, don't laugh, but hear reason. My child is to be a servant; that is the way of life I have chosen for her: now a girl out of such a poor house as mine cannot be supposed to understand much of household work; and ought not we mothers to consider ourselves very happy, if, when we first start our young ones in the world, we can meet with good ladies, who will take them only for their maintenance, without counting wages at all? Is it not a custom to pay a premium for a child to be taught the poorest trade? and when we put a lad 'prentice, don't we look to the character of the master? and yet, when a girl is to be put to service, we count the character of the mistress next to nothing, and we put no value at all upon her instructions, or her care, or her management, though these things, in after-life (not to speak of the world to

come), may be worth pounds, and scores of pounds, to the young person."

"There is something in what you say, neighbour Fairfield," said Mrs. Crawford, turning round from her ironing-board; "and I tell you what, if you will just run over these few pocket handkerchiefs, I'll put on my bonnet, and step up this very moment to Madam Shirley's, and I hope that I shall bring you good news before an hour is out."

The widow expressed her gratitude in the strongest terms, and, taking her neighbour's place at the ironing-board, Mrs. Crawford set out on her errand, being followed out of the house by Grace Brown, who, as she stepped over the door-sill, said to the widow, "Well, good woman, take your own way; but I tell you, your lass will get nothing but sheep's heads and cold 'tatoes for her Sunday dinner."

It was more than an hour before Mrs. Crawford returned; but the widow was aware of her being at hand before she could catch a sight of her through the window, for she heard her neighbour Brown call to her as she entered the court, to inquire how she had sped on her fool's errand.

"Fool's errand or not," replied Mrs. Crawford, "neighbour Fairfield is to go up with her daughter on Monday morning, and I count the matter as all but settled."

"Well done, Dame Crawford," said Grace; "and now as you have done a good turn for one neighbour, you won't refuse as much for another; for since you left us, I have made up my mind to put Hannah to service; so turn about, and go and speak a word for her with Mrs. Smith."

"What, at the public-house?" returned Mrs. Crawford. "Have you forgotten it is Saturday night, and the house as full as it can hold? with such a noise and ranting, that I could not make Mrs. Smith hear if I was to shout to the very top of my voice; no, no, good neighbour, that would never do. Stop till Monday, and I will manage the matter; only remember that I must have a new riband for my trouble."

"And what will you have from neighbour Fairfield?" asked Grace.

"Oh," replied the other, "I shall be content with her good-will, for the creature has not one penny to rub

against another; and if Mary can get shoes to her feet at Madam Shirley's, it will be as much as she can do."

"So that's all you get by serving such folks as those," said Grace, turning in at her own door, while Mrs. Crawford hastened to tell the widow Fairfield how much she was indebted to her.

And now, inasmuch as I must not make my story too long, I shall content myself with saying, that the widow took her daughter on Monday morning to Mrs. Shirley's, when the old lady was so pleased with the mother that she hired the child, and appointed her to come the next Saturday—engaging only to find her with clothes for the *first two* years. In the mean time Hannah Brown was hired at the public-house, and went to her place about the same time that Mary went to Mrs. Shirley's.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. SHIRLEY'S HAPPY LIFE.

We will not trouble ourselves very much with Hannah's proceedings at the public-house, but shall only remark, that the gains were quite equal to what Mrs. Crawford had represented them; that is, if we may judge by the new gowns, bonnets, ribands, and gloves which Hannah displayed when she came to see her mother; for, as Grace Brown very properly remarked, such handsome things were not to be had for nothing. But we hope we shall better satisfy our reader by giving him an insight into Mrs. Shirley's small, neat dwelling on Henwick Hill.

Mrs. Shirley's house was placed on a sloping bank, commanding a fine view of Worcester, on the opposite side of the river, with its many spires and venerable towers. A little garden, cultivated by the hands of the old lady and her maid, and abounding, in the season, with roses, pinks, and tulips, encompassed the small building, and shed its fragrance all around. The house consisted of an exceedingly small entrance, with a very little parlour on one side, and a kitchen on the other,

rather larger. Two bedrooms, a store-room, and a small back kitchen made up the rest of the building. The mistress occupied one bedroom, and kept the other in great order for the reception of an elderly cousin, who now and then visited her; and the little maid, in consequence, was obliged to sleep in a kind of closet over the entrance; but small as this place was, it had a window, which opened into the garden, and beside the bed there was room for Mary's box.

The old lady was accustomed to ring her bell at six o'clock, and she required her maid to have every thing prepared for breakfast in the kitchen between seven and eight. The good lady breakfasted as soon as she came down, and the maid had her tea-pot afterward, and took her breakfast at another little table, for every thing was of a small size in this good lady's house. After breakfast, all was washed up and put away, and then the old lady read a prayer with her maid; and while she occupied herself with her needle, and darning and patching her old linen (for she had little money to buy new), the maid read to her the psalms and lessons of the day: after which she was employed in rubbing the furniture and cooking utensils, and making all things bright and clean in and about the house, and orderly in the garden; the good lady, in the mean time, following her about, directing, approving, and finding fault, or sending forth her orders from her seat in the kitchen.

The cooking, it may be certain, was not much in this house; but Mrs. Shirley would have every thing done well, and would allow of no flutter or confusion while dinner was getting ready. She also insisted upon having her dinner to a minute, that was precisely when the cuckoo-clock in the kitchen announced the hour of one. After which the maid was to clean up all her things, change her working-dress, and prepare herself for a walk with her lady. This was Mary's chief delight; for when, after a while, her mistress found that she was a modest, good child, she used to talk to her when they went out, and often told her stories about people who had lived in the country when she was a very little girl, and explained to her their old-fashioned customs and ways of living She also often talked to her about the Bible, and told her of the happy deaths of her father and mother, of her husband (for she was a widow), and

of her only son, who had died when about nine years of age.

There is a number of most lovely walks in the neighbourhood of Worcester, for the country abounds with hills and valleys, orchards and hop-yards, fragrant fields, and shady hedge-rows; and the lady had great delight in these scenes, and took pleasure in pointing out to Mary what was most lovely and admirable in the works of God, teaching her to look up from the works of creation to the Creator himself. And you may be assured, that on these occasions she did not forget to lead her thoughts to the great work of man's redemption by God incarnate.

After their walk, the lady and her little maid had their tea, and then the maid was obliged to sit and sew till bed-time, while her mistress looked over her work, and was sometimes even so good as to read to her; but if that did not suit her convenience, she always made her take a hymn-book before her, and repeat a hymn while she was sewing.

Thus day after day passed, with little interruption, and no change took place, excepting when that formidable week arrived when all the linen in the house was washed, and then Mary was obliged to get up very early and wash till late at night; and if the washing was not well done, she was forced to do it over again; besides which, she was made to iron, to plait, and stamp, and clap, and clear-starch, and puff, and fold, and go through all those troublesome businesses, which young girls dislike so much that they would rather be dirty all their days than learn to perform them.

Mary Fairfield was fifteen years of age when she went to live with Mrs. Shirley, and from that time till she was seventeen, she was as happy as it is possible for any one on this earth to be. Certain it is that she was not dressed so smartly as Hannah Brown, and that she lived plainly: but then, she was kept as much out of the way of sinful and low company as the first lady of the land, and was always learning something new and useful. Some people said that it was very hard for her to be made to work in the garden; but then, these people did not know that Mary found both health and pleasure in the garden, and that she was as delighted to see it neat, and to see the various colours of the flowers, as if they had been all her own; and, for that mat-

ter, were they not her own? For were not their beautiful blossoms spread before her eyes, and was she not continually refreshed with their delightful odour? And was she not allowed, during the season for flowers, to send a nosegay every Saturday evening to her mother, by the hand of the milkwoman, who lived close to the widow?

Once a week, Mrs. Shirley, when she was quite well, used to drink tea with an old lady who lived near her on the hill, and on that day Mary was allowed to take her work and sit with her mother, upon condition that her mother walked back with her to the place where Mrs. Shirley was drinking tea. And thus the young girl was so much watched and cared for as if she had been one of the best of people's children; and her mother never failed to thank God for having provided her child with such a friend.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEST ORNAMENT OF A FEMALE.

In the mean time Mary grew very tall, and from the care which was taken to keep her out of bad company, and the regular food and proper rest which she enjoyed (for she was always in bed, and perhaps asleep, by nine o'clock), she became, with the Divine blessing, so comely a girl, that many persons remarked it to the widow; and even those that envied the good woman could not help saying, that Mary Fairfield, even in her linsey pinafore, looked better than most of the smartest girls in Worcester. Not considering, what is, however, very true, that it is not heaping fine clothes on an awkward person which can make such a one look well; but that cleanliness, good manners, and modesty will set off the most ordinary face, and that girls who are not well reared, and kept at home, might dizen themselves out in every kind of finery which the shops could afford without looking one bit more like ladies than they would if they wore a linsey petticoat and checked apron.

I have often thought that there is no manner of reason why poor people should be so coarse and vulgar as they generally are; nevertheless, they will remain so till they can understand that the particulars in which they differ from their betters are not so much in those things which affect the outside as those which belong to the heart and understanding.

Mrs. Shirley had promised, if Mary behaved well for two years, instead of finding her with clothes, to give her three pounds; and she was as good as her word; but it was agreed that the widow should have the money, to lay out for her daughter in what way she should think best.

It was soon after Mary's second year with Mrs. Shirley had elapsed, that she was one evening allowed to go to her mother's, and it very unfortunately happened the same evening that Hannah Brown was also at home, having also had leave from Mrs. Smith to see her father, who had arrived that day from a voyage down as far as the Channel.

As Hannah came into the yard she nodded at Mary, who was sitting at her mother's door, and Mary looked with wonder, and I am afraid with something like envy, at her glazed cotton gown, which hung in a train behind, according to the fashion of those days, and the fine ribands in her bonnet.

"Well, mother," said Mary, "how fine Hannah is; I am sure she must have great wages to buy such grand things."

The widow Fairfield answered shortly, "Yes, my dear, the wages at Mrs. Smith's are very good:" and then tried to turn the discourse to some other subject.

Mary went on with her work, and Hannah passed in and out of the yard several times, sweeping her train by Mary, and talking about the races, which were to take place the next week.

"Mother," said Mary, "I should like to have such a gown as Hannah's."

"Maybe you might," replied the mother; "but there are two reasons why you will not have such a one. The first is, that you have no money to buy such a gown, and the second is, that neither your mistress nor I should like to see you dressed in such a way."

"What, mother," said Mary, "do you think that gown is too fine for me? Perhaps it may be; but if it is too

good for me, it is too good for Hannah Brown; and I am not sure when I look at her if I don't think so too."

"And what business," replied the widow, "have you to think at all about it? I am sure your mistress does not teach you to meddle with other people's concerns."

Mary made no answer, but whenever Hannah appeared, her eye followed her; and when she observed her light conduct, for she talked and laughed somewhat loudly, romping with her brothers and the young sailors, Mary drew up her lip, and looked contemptuously at her; the widow, however, did not perceive this, otherwise she would surely have reproved her, for we have no right to despise our neighbours, though we should shun their faults. But as the noise and uproar in the yard did not please her, she directed Mary to come from the door, and sit where she could neither see nor be seen.

It was not long after Mary had changed her place, when a woman came in a great hurry out of the street to call the widow to a person who had been taken suddenly ill; in consequence of which, her mother was obliged to leave her alone in the house.

The widow had not been gone out of the court many minutes, when Hannah Brown put her head in at the door, exclaiming, "So, old play-fellow, you are there alone. Well I am glad of it, for I have a great deal to say to you.

"I want you to look at my gown. I put it on to-day to show father, but it was bought for the occasion of the races, for we have always a sight of genteel company at the races; besides, mistress lets me go to the course once, if not twice; only I must be back a little before the crowd, to get things ready against the company comes in.

"And now tell me, how do you like being boxed up with the old lady? I would not be shut up as you are in that dull place if you would give me all the world! And such poor gainings too as you have. I should not wonder if you had never touched a farthing of the old lady's money to this very day." In this manner, and to this purpose, she went on for a long while; Mary in the mean time, not answering a single word, but blushing up to her eyes, as if it was a shame to her to be kept close at home, and made to mind her work and improve herself. "You don't speak, Mary," said Hannah, after she had stopped to take breath: "and I don't wonder

that you are ashamed at the way in which your mother treats you. Why, are not you seventeen and more? and yet you are kept up like a babe that does not know its right hand from its left. Mother tells me you might have had the very same place that I am in. Why, Mary, I am sure, if I was to count up all my gains since I was there, it would not be less than twelve good pounds. For I have bought this gown that I have on my back, and the one I wore last Sunday, and the yellow-striped one, and that with the large flowers."

"Oh, stop, stop, Hannah," said Mary, quite worked up into a fit of vexation; "don't trouble me with these long tales about your gowns. How can I help your being so much better off than I am? Must not I do as my mother bids me?"

"No," replied Hannah, steadily, and at the same time setting her arms on her sides.

"Why, what would you do if you were in my place?" asked Mary.

"Why I would not wear such a gown, or such a cap, or such an apron as you do," answered Hannah; "but I would make the old lady come down with her guineas, else I would let her understand that I would be looking out for a better service. You have learned a great deal, I doubt not, at the old lady's, for she is mighty faddy, everybody says; and you are now fit for a better place than hers; and if I was you, I would tell her so before I was a day older: and I would go to the races too, that I would; and neither she nor all the old women on the hill should hinder me: and that's what I would do."

Mary looked thoughtful, and fretted, and Hannah went on: but as I suppose that you have heard enough of her discourse by this time, I shall give you no more of it, but shall only add, that she continued talking to Mary till one of the brothers came to the door to tell her that the widow was returning, on which she made off as quick as she could, leaving Mary to suppose that she had set her brother to watch, lest she should be surprised in her neighbour's house.

CHAPTER V.

BAD COUNSEL MAKES TROUBLE.

The widow Fairfield, when she returned, was so full of the scene of distress which she had just witnessed, that she did not observe that Mary's looks and manners were different from what they generally were, and as it was quite dusk when they walked home, and as she had much to tell her daughter respecting the sick person, she never remarked that all was not right with her, though it was as much as Mary could do to refrain from bursting into tears, and expressing her uneasiness; for the words of Hannah had sunk deep into her heart, and she really began to think that she was dealt harshly by, and unnecessarily deprived of pleasures and advantages which many others of her age were allowed.

Next day was that day of bustle which occurred every month in the house of Mrs. Shirley, a day when all the clothes in the house were to be subjected to the various processes of rubbing, boiling, drying, folding, and smoothing: a time when good Mrs. Shirley was full of care, and, to speak the truth, now and then somewhat peevish. Such things will happen in all families, and servants in the most agreeable places must expect these things; but Hannah Brown's discourse was no good preparation for this occasion, and Mary was at this time so very much out of sorts, that when her mistress found fault with her for slighting some piece of work, she returned a very impertinent answer, and told her that if she could not give satisfaction, it would be much better for them to part.

Mrs. Shirley really loved Mary, and believed her to be a truly good girl; she was therefore much hurt and shocked at her behaviour; and busy as the day was, she bade her put on her bonnet that moment and call her mother.

Mary's passion had not yet cooled, she therefore instantly set off to run down the hill, resolving, as she

went, to tell her mother that she would not be shut up any longer with Mrs. Shirley, to receive no wages, and nothing but affronts. But in proportion as she got nearer her mother's house, the fear of her parent's displeasure cooled her courage, and had not she been withheld by pride, she would have gone back to beg her mistress's pardon. Indeed, I do not know whether she would not have done so as it was, had not she fallen in with Grace Brown, just at the moment when she was half-inclined to turn round, who was standing in the road, looking over the water at some men, who were building a booth on the race-ground, which lies between the city and the river.

Grace Brown no sooner espied Mary, than, setting down a ragged child of about four years old, which she held in her arms, she approached a step or two, and, bursting into a loud laugh, "Why, Mary," she said, "whither away so fast? how is old madam? I wonder she is not afraid of trusting you so far by yourself; or, mayhap, you have made a stolen march, and taken what they call thieves' liberty." Mary now felt more ashamed to turn round and go back than ever, and the consequence was, that she went on, though she became every moment more and more alarmed.

Mary found her mother at home, and my reader may be well assured that she made the best of her own story, and endeavoured to make it appear that her mistress had been both unjust and cruel; and had the widow Fairfield been like too many other mothers, had she at this time taken her daughter's part, and promised to receive her home as soon as she should leave her place, she would probably have ruined her prospects for life; but this wise and good woman behaved on this occasion as a mother ought to do, and told her daughter that unless she went back instantly, and begged her mistress's pardon, she might nevermore expect any favours from her; and thus cutting the matter short, she took Mary by the hand, and did not leave her till she had made her beg pardon on her knees, and confess her folly and ingratitude. "And now, child," said this wise parent, as she took leave of her daughter, "I will tell you my opinion of the place you have got: that if I could afford it, so far from asking wages from your mistress, I should think three pounds a year too little to offer her for her kindness to you. Is she not giving you

an education, which, if it be not your own fault, may be the making of you for life? If you waste or undervalue the advantages you have here, believe me, you will come to want them hereafter; and if you rate the little trifle of money which Hannah Brown gets at the public-house, above the care and instruction of your respectable mistress, I shall count you henceforward more of a simpleton than ever I had reason to do, through all the days of your life before." So saying, the mother departed, turning away without even allowing her child to kiss her,—a thing which she had never before done within her daughter's memory.

I rejoice to say that this wise conduct of the mother was, through the Divine blessing, of the highest benefit to her daughter, in settling her mind, and making her contented; for, from that time till she was twenty years of age, she lived with Mrs. Shirley; and, after a while, as the poor old lady became more infirm and helpless, was more like a daughter than a servant to her mistress. In the mean time Mrs. Shirley offered to increase her wages from three to four pounds; but as Mary knew that her mistress had some difficulty in making her little income serve, she very handsomely refused to take any more; "for," she said, "you have been the best friend, madam, next to my mother, that I ever had in the world; and I hope that God will give me a heart to be grateful."

"But you must not think, Mary," said the old lady, "that I shall be able to make it up to you when I die, for all I have goes with me, as I have nothing but a little annuity to live upon."

Mary wept when her mistress spoke to her in this manner, for she had never thought of getting any thing when her mistress died, her mother never having spoken of any such thing, and she herself being too young and ignorant of the ways of the world to entertain any such expectation.

The mistress was therefore sorry for what she had said, when she saw her tears; and holding out her hand to her, she added, "I have hitherto found you a good girl, Mary, and I pray that I may never have occasion to alter my opinion."

In the mean time, while Mary still continued to serve her first good mistress, Hannah Brown changed her place several times. After the second year she grew so saucy to Mrs. Smith, that her mistress gave her warning,

and she returned to her father's house, with some fine gowns and caps, indeed, but without a shilling in her pocket. It was some weeks before she could get another place, and as her hand was out for the gloving business, she was obliged to pawn many of her clothes to support herself; for Ben Brown was at that time ill in his bed, and there was nothing to keep the family but what the mother earned. At length Hannah got a place in the Foregate-street, which was a pretty good one, and there she staid a year, at the end of which time her mistress gave her warning; and all the gains she could boast for this year's work were the redemption of her clothes from the pawnbroker's shop.

Thus three years and some months of her time passed away, and I think she was then at home only a month, during which time she renewed her acquaintance with the pawnbroker, and afterward was engaged by a butcher's wife, not far from her father's house, where she got plenty to eat, indeed, but lower wages than she had had in any of her other places.

In this situation, that is, maid of all work, at the butcher's shop, she was going on for the second year, for, as her father was still ill, she was afraid to come home, when the change took place which I am about to relate.

CHAPTER V.

MARY'S LOSS, HER GOOD CHARACTER, AND HER PRESENT.

When Mary had been five complete years with Mrs. Shirley, and had commenced her sixth year, she one morning, to her great terror, found her mistress cold and dead in her bed. She did not suppose, at first, that she was dead, and called aloud to the neighbours for help. All help was vain, and she was obliged to make up her mind to be parted from one who had now become as dear to her as a parent. The day before, she had been reading to her, and had led her round the garden, and heard her for the last time speak of her Saviour, and the profitableness of holiness, not only in the world to come

but also in this life. But that tongue which had imparted to her so much useful and holy instruction was now for ever silent, and she remembered, with bitter sorrow, every little negligence and unkindness which she had ever shown towards this dear mistress. As soon as it was known that Mrs. Shirley was certainly dead, the cousin before mentioned was sent for, and Mary remained in the house till after the funeral, having been provided with a black stuff gown and mourning-cap, which Mrs. Shirley's relation undertook to pay for herself, if it was found that there was not money enough when the bureau was opened to pay the expenses attendant on the funeral and other matters. Mary followed her dear mistress to the grave, after which she returned to the house, which looked to her a solitary place indeed; for while the remains of her dear lady lay therein, she had fancied it not quite forsaken. She slept as usual that night in her little room, and not only cried herself to sleep, but awoke in tears in the morning.

Mrs. Shirley's cousin had brought her own maid with her, she had therefore no need of Mary's services; therefore, after breakfast she called her up into her sleeping-room, and, giving her a letter, "Here, Mary," she said, "is your character; it was written only a week ago, and is the dying testimony of your departed mistress to your good conduct. I found it this morning in her bureau, and enclosed in it five guineas, which she desired might be given into your hands, together with two printed calico gowns, and a bundle of her old clothes, which were all marked for you. And now, good girl, go back to your mother, and receive my thanks for the comfort you have given for some years past to my poor relation."

"Oh, don't call me good, madam," said Mary, quite overcome; "I am not good—I have not done my duty to my dear mistress; I have often been sulky and unthankful, and now I feel my sin, and have need only to implore the pardon of God."

Mrs. Shirley's cousin shook Mary's hand, and the young woman, then taking up her bundle, and the five guineas, and having engaged a boy to carry her box, went out of that house, where she had spent five blessed and happy years in the acquirement of such virtuous and industrious habits as were a blessing to her through

the whole course of her life, and such instruction as, with the Divine favour, will promote her everlasting happiness in the world to come. As she passed through the garden she plucked a rose from her old mistress's favourite tree, and walked down the hill under the influence of a grief so deep and sad, that even the last testimony of her mistress's love and bounty was, for the present, unable to afford her any consolation.

Mary had restrained her tears in the street; but when she came into her mother's house she cast the five guineas, which she had hitherto held in the palm of her hand, and the bundle she carried on her arm, upon the table, and, without speaking a word, threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed so loud that Grace Brown came running in to see what was the matter.

"Heyday," said she, "what's got the girl?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the widow Fairfield; "let her alone, she will be better presently. We must allow a little time for her getting over her trouble."

Grace stood still and looked at Mary's black gown, saying, "Poor thing, nothing but a trumpery stuff; it's enough to vex her, after being a slave so many years; but it's all your doing, neighbour Fairfield. I told you from the very first how it would be. Why, every one knew that the old lady had nothing but a 'nuity, and how could you be such a fool as to keep the girl there, thinking that she would get any thing at her death?—but wilful folks will have their own way."

The widow looked up with amazement, and Mary was so struck that she ceased to sob.

"Well," continued Grace, "it's just what every one expected, and I can't say but that I always rejoice when greedy folks and long-sighted folks are disappointed; and I hope, Mary, my lass, when you look out for another place, you will demand creditable wages, and not depend on old ladies' favours for a future time; 'for a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'" So saying, the busybody was turning out at the door, when her eye fell on the five sparkling golden guineas, and at the same time she saw a corner of the fine chintz pattern peeping out of the bundle.

Had she seen a serpent looking at her from the wall, she could not have been more struck, and such was the change of her countenance, and the fixed look of her eye, that the widow naturally turned to see what she

was gazing at, and for the first time observed the guineas.

"Oh, my God, thou art very good," she exclaimed, clasping her hands together; "this is what I did not look for, this is indeed added over and above to all thy mercies." And while she stooped to gather up the money from the low table, the waterman's wife made off, and the widow was left alone with her daughter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEAUTY OF RURAL SCENES.

In my last chapter, I gave you some account of the death of the excellent lady on Henwick Hill, and of the return of Mary to her mother's house. The widow, it may be certain, was very happy in the company of her daughter, and when she observed her improvement in knowledge, and her dutiful and modest carriage, her heart was lifted up in gratitude to that God who had led her to sacrifice all other advantages, in order to obtain holy and useful instruction for her child.

Mary had not, however, been at home many weeks, before her mother was informed by Butcher Oakes, the person in whose house Hannah Brown then lived, that there was a place vacant in a farm-house about fourteen miles from Worcester, on the Herefordshire side of the country; and by the character which the butcher gave of the place, the widow did not doubt but it might suit her daughter. Accordingly, having inquired where Farmer Taylor put up on a market-day—for the old gentleman always kept Worcester market—she took occasion to see him, and showed him the letter which was left by her daughter's late mistress; which, when the farmer had read, and looked for a moment on Mary, he hired her without another word, excepting such as related to the work which it was expected she was to do.

Mrs. Shirley had died in the early part of the summer, and it was the end of August when Mary took leave of

her mother, and set off to Hanley, the parish in which her new master resided.

Mary had never been so far from home in her life, and never walked above two or three miles; she was not therefore sorry, when she found herself about four miles from Worcester, to get into a wagon, which, although it moved slowly, brought her about dusk within half a mile of Farmer Taylor's house.

Mary had been taught by her late dear mistress to admire the wonderful works of God, as they are spread before the eyes of man in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath; and on this occasion of her first journey to any distance from home, she had abundant subject for her admiration and wonder; for as she became more remote from Worcester, and advanced towards the borders of Wales, she was more and more surprised at the beauty of the orchards, in which the trees were bending down with the weight of their golden fruit, the multitude of little hills and green valleys, the number of brooks of water, bordered with willows and saplings—the various shaded lanes, branching off from the high road, the hop-yards and pasture grounds, coppices and green lawns, varieties of which continually presented themselves to her sight, as the wagon rolled slowly onwards, and reminded her of that lovely description of the Holy Land which is found in the book of Deuteronomy—"a land of brooks, and fountains, and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates. A land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, and shalt not lack any thing."

Towards evening, however, having descended into a very deep valley, and crossed the river Teme by the stone bridge, the heavy carriage began to ascend on the other side, and coming at length to a place where the road was shaded on each hand by very high trees, the old wagoner suddenly stopped his horses opposite to a stile in the hedge, which separated one of these woods from the road; and pointing out a path which wound away through the trees, he directed Mary to get out of the wagon, saying, "There, my lass, if you are bound for Farmer Taylor's, you have no longer any business with me; my way lies to the left, yours to the right; follow yon pathway to the brook, cross the

brook by the wooden bridge, climb the piece you will see beyond the brook, and you will then find yourself at the very door of the house.

Mary presented the old wagoner with a shilling, took off her bonnet, and placed her small box on her head, and presently found herself all alone, in the midst of a shadowy and beautiful wood; such a one as she had never before seen. Having continued her walk some time through this wood, she at length came to the brook which the old man had mentioned; and having crossed it by the bridge, she began to ascend a steep pasture-ground, scattered over with bushes; among which a number of milch cows were at that time feeding. It was with difficulty that Mary, who had been little used to labour out of doors, dragged herself and her burthen up the hill; but when she felt herself almost exhausted, she was inspired with new courage, by a sight of the many-shafted and clustered chimneys of the old farm-house, the gable-ends of which venerable tenement next presented themselves to her, as she ascended a little higher, frowning over the steep ascent, and overlooking the mighty mass of woods, which seemed to extend themselves over the whole vale below. With another effort Mary had gained the top of the pasture-ground, and found herself at the entrance of a farm-yard, the house itself being extended in front of her. She entered the farm-yard between a barn and a hay-rick, and the next moment found herself in as busy a scene as that which any street in her native town could have supplied. The yard itself was encompassed on each side with barns, cow-house, ricks, and stables; in one corner of it was a wagon laden with hay, which a number of men were unloading to make a rick; in another, a red-armed Welsh girl was feeding a number of pigs; the farmer himself was standing at the top of the rick, delivering his orders with a voice as loud as a church-bell; and on a flight of steps at the kitchen-door were the farmer's wife and mother, the mother being a very old woman, trembling with palsy and the wife such a bustling, tight, and notable dame as would not easily be found in the present day. The rest of the family, consisting of four great boys and two smart girls, the farmer's children, were, as it afterward appeared, all engaged in the hay-field.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUSTLE OF A COUNTRY FARM-HOUSE.

When Mary presented herself, she was received with much rough kindness by her mistress, who said she hoped that she would not belie her good character; and as the next day was to be a busy one, she was told to take her supper and go to bed. The Welsh girl being directed to show her the bread and cheese cupboard, and point out the way to the garret in which she was to sleep.

While Mary was eating her supper at a long oaken table, at one end of the great kitchen of the farm-house, she ceased not to marvel at the whitewashed wall, the chimney, the long casement-windows in their stone frames, and small green panes, the quantity of flitches of bacon, hanging from the smoky ceiling, the smell of wood smoke, and the old-fashioned appearance of every piece of furniture which fell within her notice. She was, however, so much tired that she was not sorry, when she had drunk a little cider, to go to her bed, and was very ready to follow her fellow-servant, whose language she did but half understand, up two or three flights of stairs, and through several long whitewashed passages, into a loft at the very top of the house, where she was to sleep; this room, such as it was, was illuminated by a little window in the roof, and smelt so strongly of cheese and apples, that Mary felt she should have been suffocated, had she not forced open the casement, to the annoyance of many spiders, which had spun their slender webs across the opening, and thus admitted the air, which blew sweet and fresh from the valley below. Here, however, she was happy to find that she was to sleep alone; and though the room was dirty, and the bedding far from clean, she trusted that she should be able to make such an amendment in both as would soon render her chamber a very comfortable place of rest.

Between four and five o'clock the next morning, all the family was roused up. The farm-yard was all in a

bustle, the horses were put to the dray, and sent off to the hay-field, and Mary heard the voice of her mistress, calling her maids to come down immediately.

Mary had, however, gone to bed early, and slept well; she was therefore already much refreshed, and as she stood at the window to put on her clothes, she could not but admire the beauty of the morning, as seen from the eminence on which the house was situated. And though little time was given her for prayer, yet in that short time she was enabled to lift up her heart to God, and seek a blessing for the day. From the time when Mary first appeared before her mistress in the early morning, till eight o'clock at night, she was in one continued bustle. It was harvest-time, and she was to fulfil the treble duties of housemaid, cook, and dairy-maid, all of which labours were to be executed under the superintendence of the mistress, who, though she understood all branches of household work, necessary for persons in her situation, was so confused in the directions which she gave to her servants, that it was next to impossible for them to understand at first what she would have them to do; and poor Mary felt herself so entirely lost in the long passages, wide cellars, vaults, larders, and dairies of the old farm-house, and so puzzled with the odd names which the mistress gave to the different things which were to be used in the kitchen and dairy, that the poor girl was quite in despair; and before the morning was half over, she heartily wished she had never undertaken the place.

At twelve o'clock, the pork and beans being duly boiled, and smoking on the long oaken board, with deep jugs of cider, Mary was directed by her mistress to go to a little hillock, on the brow of the hill which she had ascended the day before, and call with all her might, in order to collect the family to dinner—a business for which her quiet life with Mrs. Shirley had very ill prepared her: however, she succeeded in making some of the family hear, and presently the master the sons and daughters, the servants and labouring people, all came crowding into the kitchen, and sat down together at the board, the master and mistress, and their children, being at the head of the table. An immense fruit-pie followed the meat and vegetables, not a morsel of which being left, the master rose, and the whole party returned to the fields, from which they did not again come back till

evening, when another coarse and hearty meal was provided, and every one retired to rest a little before ten o'clock.

This mode of life continued till the end, not only of the hay, but the corn harvest; and during this time Mary was heartily weary: but when this busy season was over, she found her situation vastly more comfortable; and by arranging her work, she discovered that it would be generally in her power to dress herself neatly, and sit down to her sewing a little before four o'clock every afternoon; her especial business was to clean the house, to wash and iron, and to wait on Mrs. Taylor, who was almost childish. In harvest-time it was the custom of the family to take their meals all together; but on other occasions, the mistress and her children generally sat in a small parlour, within the kitchen, where they breakfasted and drank tea; though the mistress commonly had a close watch upon her servants, yet Mary soon found out that she was not quite acquainted with all their tricks.

It was only during harvest-time that the workmen had their meals in the kitchen; at other times the family only consisted of the house-maid and dairy-maid, an old man, in whom the farmer placed much trust, and a plough-boy. The chief duties of the dairy-maid were those things which appertained unto her dairy, but as the mistress directed all these concerns, little skill was necessary: however, it was found that the Welsh girl with red arms, of whom I before spoke, would not even learn the little that was necessary for her to learn, and as she was moreover very obstinate and very impertinent, it was agreed that she should be sent away; and the farmer requested his wife to seek after another maid when he went to Worcester Michaelmas fair.

Mary was not sorry at first at the prospect of parting with the Welsh Patty, as her fellow-servant was commonly called, as she never could understand either her Welsh or her English; but she would not have been grieved to keep her a little longer, when on the return of her master from the Michaelmas fair, he informed his wife, in her presence, that Butcher Oakes had recommended a servant to him, and that her name was Hannah Brown.

"What sort of a girl is she?" said Mrs. Taylor.

"A good stirring girl," replied the farmer, "though

I am most afraid you will think her a little too smart." "That is the fault of all the lasses in the present day," remarked the farmer's wife; "but if she will mind her dairy, I shan't quarrel with her about her dress, for I am sure Patty is plain enough, yet I never could make her understand any thing at all of her work."

Mary had not been unhappy at Farmer Taylor's since the bustle of harvest had been over; she did not indeed enjoy the opportunities of instruction which she had in the house of her late excellent mistress; it is true she went to church in turn with the other maid once a fortnight, but between these periods of public worship, she heard no more of the Bible, or of any thing belonging to it, than if there never had been such a book in the world; there was no such thing as family prayers at the farmer's, or so much as grace before or after meals. Nevertheless, Mary enjoyed some sweet seasons on Sunday evenings, and on many other occasions, when she retired for the night to her little room at the top of the house; which by means of airing and scouring, she had made a comfortable place. And often, when she went up to clean herself after the dirtiest of her work, she was filled with very sweet thoughts concerning the Creator of all things, by the contemplation of the woods and valleys spread beneath her. The cows feeding quietly on the bank-side, the dripping waters, which ran down the bottom of the dingle, and the blue hills beyond all these. At these times many sweet verses of Scripture, and portions of hymns, which her dear mistress and mother had taught her, would return to her mind; and she would often set her Bible open before her when she was at work, in order that she might commit other verses to memory.

In the mean time she was assisted in the performance of all her little duties, and she found much quiet and comfort in pursuing her various employments about the house, and in making every thing appear as clean and creditable as possible. She observed carefully all orders which were given her, and did every thing exactly according to the directions of her mistress. After the harvest, most of the farmer's children went to school, with the exception of the two elder boys, who helped their father in his work; and this was a great comfort to Mary, for Miss Bessy and Miss Dolly were so extremely rude and noisy that the house was vastly more agree-

able when they were from home. Thus Mary found herself much happier than she had first expected she should be, and she was sorry when she heard that she was likely to have such a companion as Hannah Brown, from whom she might expect some evil, but could hope for nothing good.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOLLY OF A TAWDRY DRESS OF FINE CLOTHES.

At length the day arrived when Welsh Patty was to go away, and Hannah Brown arrived with her father, Brown Ben, the same evening.

So smart a figure as Hannah's had not been seen at the farm for some time, and when Mrs. Taylor first looked upon her, she said to her, that "she feared she would find her long trails somewhat in the way in the dairy."

Hannah replied, that she had proper dresses for work as well as for going out: and answered, that she knew the management of the dairy as well as any country girl in Worcestershire, having been well instructed by Mrs. Oakes. "Well, we shall see," replied the farmer's wife; "but you will be so good as to cut off some of those tails to your gown, and lay aside some of your topknots, or you will never do for me, or I for you; for I don't see how six guineas a year is to provide all these things." Hannah made no answer, for it suited her at that time to try to please Mrs. Taylor; and having made a courtesy, she came out of the little parlour into the kitchen, where Mary was inquiring of old Brown concerning her many former friends and neighbours at Worcester.

"Well, old acquaintance," said Hannah, as she came out of the parlour, "so here we are met again at the world's end: did ever any one see such a wilderness as this? such banks to climb, and such wild places to go through. Why I thought I should have torn the very clothes off my back in coming through the piece just below.

"But don't you find it very dull?" she added, looking round the wide kitchen. Before Mary could reply, Brown Ben informed his daughter that he was going, and the father and daughter went out together through the fold-yard.

It was some minutes before Hannah returned, and then sitting herself down by Mary, who was engaged with her needle, she asked her how she liked her place; saying, that for her part, had she had any idea of its being such a wild, out-of-the-way country, she would never have come into it. "Though," added she, "I am heartily tired of the town, and was glad to get anywhere to be out of it." The truth was, that her name was not over good in the town, and that it was not very easy for her to get a place in it, but of this she said nothing to Mary; and the mistress having desired Mary to direct the new comer in her work, and to teach her a little the ways of the house, she lost no farther time in talking with Hannah, but showed her into the dairy and pantry, and all those places in which her business lay.

By the little Mary saw this evening of Hannah Brown, she was convinced that she was not improved, and was very thankful that she should have so little to do with her in the way of her work. However, as she was her townswoman, she wished to keep on friendly terms with her; and sometimes it came into her head, that perhaps it might be possible to do her good by speaking to her on religious subjects, now that she was, as she trusted, so far removed from ill company and bad example. But Mary did not know that those who loved bad company are never long in finding or making such companions as they like: and that, although she herself had seen none since she came to Hanley, but persons who behaved themselves decently and properly, yet there were not wanting many such in the parish as could conduct themselves in a very contrary way.

Just at the bottom of the dingle, and near where the brook fell as much as five yards from the summit to the foot of a rock, was a thatched cottage, where dwelt an old woman and her son. The son seemed to be a tidy young man, and was employed about the farm. Mary had often seen him, but seldom spoken to him; the old woman, however, who was called Esther Stephens, seemed to lie under suspicion of Mrs. Taylor, for she was forbidden to come nigh the house, and the mistress

had more than once advised Mary to have nothing to say to her: and as Mary did not wish for any acquaintance, it was not difficult for her to observe the admonition. But Hannah Brown had not been a week at the farm, before Mary, early one morning, saw her, from the window of her little room, talking to this poor body as she was going out to milk in the piece near the cottage. And more than this, she saw her take something from her pocket and give it to her:—this was the only thing which Mary thought very suspicious in Hannah, during the first month of their being together, though, as to the rest, she feared she was an exceeding bold and forward girl, having something free to say to every one, and some joke to pass with every person who came within her hearing. Hannah was, however, active and bustling in her work, and pleased her mistress well, who said, she had nothing to complain of but her long sleeves and the tails to her gown. But as Hannah consented to have a linsey petticoat and bed-gown to do her hard work in, and only desired leave to wear her finery on Sunday, Mrs. Taylor seemed to be satisfied, and all things went on well for a while. In the mean time, Mary never found any opportunity of entering with her fellow-servant on those subjects, which, through the Divine blessing on her parent's care, and the instructions of her late mistress, were ever present to her own mind. However, the two young women agreed pretty well when they met together; but as their meetings were generally in the presence of their mistress, there was the less wonder that two so entirely different, should be enabled to rub on for a time without any open disagreements.

CHAPTER X.

CONTRAST IN TWO FEMALES.

It was some time after Michaelmas, when Hannah Brown entered Mrs. Taylor's service; and during the following winter, things went on pretty well, the eye of the mistress being constantly on Hannah; but the

winter had been a very severe one, and in the spring the mistress was taken with a violent rheumatic complaint, which confined her to her bed, and filled her with trouble, because she could no longer watch her maids, and see that all went on rightly and properly in the dairy and kitchen. The rheumatism is not a dangerous complaint, but it is a painful one; and pain is a monitor, which, if rightly attended to, may teach many valuable lessons, and fill the mind with a contempt of earthly things, and of the excellence of Him who endured the pains of death itself to redeem his chosen ones from sorrowing and suffering for ever. But poor Mrs. Taylor seemed to have no idea of taking these things properly to heart; all her thoughts, during her confinement to her bed, were occupied about her dairy and kitchen, and she was constantly sending for her maids, to question them, and give them fresh directions. Neither did she seem to know which of the two she could best trust: for, as she remarked, the one was so silent, and the other so full of fine talk, that she feared they had neither of them much good in their minds. However, she could not help herself; neither was her husband's mother able to help her, for the old lady had lately become quite childish.

In the mean time it was Mary's wish to go on just as usual, and to observe all her mistress's rules, whether of great or little importance; and she hoped that when her mistress should come about again, she would find things as she had left them. But in the mean time difficulties arose which she had not foreseen, and under which she did not know how to act. The farmer himself was obliged to be much from home; and when he was out, Hannah had full rule of the kitchen, and full command of the milk, the cream, the butter, the cheese, the bacon, and the eggs; and the first bad use which Mary perceived that she began to make of her liberty was, that she invited one and another of the labouring men to come and eat in the kitchen, regaling them with the best she had.

When Mary had observed this once or twice, she thought it was but her duty to mention this to her.—"I do not speak, Hannah," she said, "of the trouble which you may bring upon us both by this thing, for it will surely be found out; but I wish to point out to you that we have no right to give away what does not belong to us." And on this occasion Mary ventured to say a word

or two on the subject of the fear of God, which ought to rule the actions of every servant as well as master.

Hannah, who was skimming her cream in the dairy when Mary thus addressed her, heard her out without speaking one word; and then, turning sharp upon her, while her cheeks were crimson with passion, "Now, Mary," she replied, "go and repeat all you have just now said to the mistress, and let her see how spiteful you religious folks can be: but mind this: if you do, I'll be revenged upon you as sure as my name is Hannah Brown."

"I shall not say a word of what is past to the mistress, Hannah," returned Mary, "and that I promise you; but I make no promise for the time to come; so you now know what you have to trust to."

"I do," replied Hannah; "and now, mistress Mary, please to walk out of the dairy." Mary did as she was desired, but as she was going through the long passages which led from the dairy to the kitchen, she met William Stephens, the son of Esther, who was one of those who had been most often feasted in the farmer's kitchen since the mistress had been confined to her room.

Mary had not been able to check a few tears which had come into her eyes, when thus unkindly answered by Hannah, and William, observing these tears, asked her the cause of them; expressing, in his rough way, a hope that no harm had come to her. "Since you ask, William," returned Mary, "I will tell you what has troubled me," and she repeated all that had passed between herself and Hannah, adding, "Now, William, I only wish that you, for one, would not be drawn in to do wrong. Do keep out of the kitchen, and just do as you would if mistress was about. I am sure, even as far as this world goes, it is always best to do right: and then as to the next, there can be no question but that he who has loved his Lord most, will be the best off in the world to come."

The ruddy face of the young man became of a fourfold deeper red as Mary spoke, and he gave her a look, of which she could make nothing at all, either good or bad; but she observed, that from that period, during all the illness of her mistress, he never once again set his foot into the kitchen. From this day there was not quite so much junketting in the farmer's kitchen by broad day-light, as there had been before Mary had

spoken to Hannah; notwithstanding which, Mary did not feel herself at all the more assured that things were going on well. There was one circumstance which she particularly observed, and this was, that pieces of beef, or pork, or bacon, sometimes appeared for once on the table, and then never again. She also found many bits of broken crusts, dry and mouldy, in different parts of the kitchen and wash-house. She saw drops of milk set aside in various cups and basins, and other signs of waste, which I have not time to mention in this place. "Why, Hannah," said she one day, to her fellow-servant, as she put together some bits of broken meat and bread left on the plates after dinner, "I remember the time when mother and I should have been glad of these bits: I wonder you should give the man and the boy so much at one time; it's tempting them to be wasteful; here's enough in the plates to keep a hearty man for a day."

Hannah, who was taking a kettle of water off the fire to wash her dishes, looked round her as Mary spoke, and said, "You had best take up those bits and show them to mistress, and tell her how ill I manage her affairs."

"I wish you would not answer in such a scornful way," returned Mary; "surely I may speak to you, Hannah, if I use no ill language; but the truth is, I don't love waste, neither of my own things, nor of another's; I often think of a saying, which was sometimes in my mother's mouth, to wit, *Wilful waste makes woful want:* and I often fancy that there is never a bit of food wasted, in a wilful manner, which may not hereafter come to be wanted by the very person who threw it away. Now look you here, Hannah; here is a dish of broken meat, enough to dine a couple of grown persons. It cannot now be eaten by decent persons, because it has been thrown about and gnawed: and yet I will tell you what, Hannah, I think it more than probable that you yourself may come to be glad of such a dish."

"And why so," said Hannah; "and why am I more likely to come to want than you, Miss Mary, with your fine talk?"

"Because you are wasteful," replied Mary, "and always have been so ever since I knew you; spending all before you, and taking no thought of the time to come, nor even trying to lay up for yourself a good name, which might serve when every thing else was gone."

"And pray," said Hannah, "why is not my name as good as yours? I'll tell you what," added she, snatching the plate from her hand, "I wish you would go up stairs and mind your sewing, and not meddle with things which don't belong to you."

"Hannah," returned Mary, "I don't meddle with what does not belong to me: was I to let you waste my master's goods without speaking a word, I might be set down as an accomplice in your fault. He that is partner with a thief, is all the same, as to guilt, as the thief himself."

"Ay!" said Hannah, "surely you don't mean to call me a thief?"

"By no means," replied Mary, "I had no such thought; I only warned you against being wasteful. And I do entreat you, my dear Hannah, to listen to me, and avoid these practices which lead to ruin." She then went on to say something on the importance of religion, of endeavouring to please God, and the happiness of those who were early led to seek him, when Hannah suddenly interrupted her by opening the kitchen window, and throwing out the whole contents of the plate of broken meat upon a dunghill, or heap of ashes, which lay just under it.

The window of the kitchen was on the side of the house which was least frequented, and opened upon a narrow lane which passed thereabouts from a gravel-pit to the turnpike-road, and which lane was seldom passed, excepting by carts going for gravel. This was therefore a convenient place for throwing out all that offended from the kitchen; this collection of bones, meat, and crusts, was not the first which had been thrown in this way from the kitchen upon the dunghill by Hannah, and others of the farmer's servants, who had gone before her. Mary had been startled at the quick motion of Hannah, and she was not the less surprised, when the young woman, turning to her, said, "Are not you much obliged to me, Miss Mary? have not you got something to tell of me now? Why don't you go up to mistress, and let her know at once what a vile hussy she has in her house?"

CHAPTER XI.

GENTLE REPROOF, WHICH WAS DISREGARDED.

Mary stood one moment, hesitating what she ought to do; not knowing whether she should again try persuasion with Hannah, or at once tell all her misdemeanours to her mistress; when suddenly a tap was heard at the kitchen-door, and Mary's mother walked in.

Mary would have rejoiced to see her mother at any time, but she was particularly well pleased to see her at this moment, when she stood in so much need of advice; and the widow was not less pleased to meet her daughter. Hannah Brown, however, looked a little shy of her old neighbour, and walked off to her dairy, without so much as offering the poor woman a bit of bread.

The widow was not, however, without a welcome; for the mistress, being told that she was come, sent to see her, and kept her at the farm as much as a week; for she fancied that she had a better method of handling her swollen limbs than any thereabout. And so pleased was she with her on farther acquaintance, that she invited her to come again in harvest-time.

While the widow was at the farm, Mary took occasion to tell her of the trouble she was in about the waste and destruction that were going on in the kitchen, and asked her whether it was not her duty to tell her mistress of what she had seen amiss.

The widow gave her opinion, that it was always wrong to conceal sin, and by so doing giving encouragement to that which is amiss: "but," added she, before we tell of the poor sinful girl, let us make one more trial to set her right. I will take occasion to talk with her, and to lay before her the sin of her conduct, and perhaps the Almighty may bless my endeavours." Accordingly the good woman followed Hannah into her dairy the same evening, and there held a long and affectionate discourse with her.

She took occasion at this time to lay before her the whole nature of man's state on earth, to show his fallen

state, and to explain the remedy provided by God the Father, for the restoration of his lost creatures. She showed how man had at first been made innocent, and how he had rendered himself corrupt; and she pointed out the consequences which must surely follow if we obey the dictates of our corrupt inclinations. She endeavoured also to make her understand that the only means of obtaining peace on earth and happiness above was by living in faith on Christ the Saviour.

"There is no good thing, my dear Hannah," said the widow, "which is needful for the servants of God in this world which they do not enjoy, neither is any thing refused them but what is for their hurt; and whoever is persuaded of this truth will be content with that which he has, and never will endeavour to appropriate to his own use the good things which belong to another; neither will he waste the property of another, because he is well assured that he will be called to account for such waste, if not in this world, yet in that which is to come."

In this manner did the good woman discourse with Hannah, entreating her earnestly to take heed to the concerns of her soul; and beseeching her in the most affectionate manner to refrain from all those low and underhand proceedings by which masters and mistresses are impoverished, and servants brought to ruin. Hannah spoke little in reply to all Mrs. Fairfield said; though certain it was, that from that time she was more cautious of what she did in the presence of Mary.

At the end of the week, Mrs. Fairfield returned to Worcester, and Mrs. Taylor began to be about again, though it was a long time before she was as active as before her illness. It was not Mary's business to watch her fellow-servant, and as nothing came directly before her eyes, she hoped that Hannah had really become more faithful towards her master; but one evening, just at that time of the year when the sun sets about six o'clock, as she was sewing in the window of the garret, which overlooked the whole garden at the back of the house, she saw Hannah go quietly down a grass walk, which ran in a line with the hedge, and enter into an arbour at the bottom, from which she presently returned, pretending, as she walked along, to be looking out for something growing in the beds. Mary would have thought the less of this, if, a few minutes or a quarter

of an hour afterward, she had not seen Esther Stephens come creeping up the bushy piece so often mentioned before, and advance to the corner of the garden behind the arbour, where, for a while, she could see her no longer; and as the evening became every moment more dusk, she could never give any account of the length of time which she had staid in that place.

Mary, however, resolved that she would disturb these people if they were about any mischievous scheme; and accordingly, that same evening, she told her mistress, in the presence of Hannah, that she had seen Esther Stephens creeping about the garden hedge, and she only hoped she was about no mischief.

"You may be sure," said the mistress, "that she was about no good; for she is one of the most dishonest bodies in the country round."

Hannah had taken no notice of Mary while she spoke, but Mary observed that she was particularly sulky with her all the next day; and as she never saw Hannah walk down to the arbour again in the dusk, she hoped at least, that if there had been any mischief, she had put an end to it. From that time till harvest, every thing seemed to go on pretty smoothly: Mary's year was up in the middle of harvest, and she received five guineas, and agreed to stay another year for six. Of these five guineas she was enabled to send two to her mother, to put to the five pounds which had been left her by her late mistress; and more than this, she sent her mother two pair of woollen stockings of her own knitting, and one or two other little matters.

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD ADVICE REWARDED BY A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

I MUST not hide it from my reader, that when Mary found she was worth seven guineas, she began to think very highly of herself, and once or twice answered her mistress rather impertinently; but her excellent mother happening to arrive about this time, she made her beg pardon of her mistress, and laid before her the ingrati-

tude of such conduct, both towards God and man, in colours so strong, that Mary became thoroughly humble and ashamed of herself.

I could say much on the sweet instructions given at this time by this wise and holy mother to her daughter; but as I have much to say, and little space for saying it in, I must proceed to other matters.

During the bustle of harvest, it was observed that Hannah had become much more impertinent to her mistress, and had taken less and less pains to please her: she had contrived during the year, by little and little, to get all her wages from her master, and on Saturday before the Hanley Wake, she got a few more shillings from him, on pretence of paying a woman whom she was to see at church, for some wool which she had been spinning for the boys' stockings. It was Hannah's turn to go to church on the Wake Sunday, and she asked Mary, in order to give herself time to enjoy herself, to milk the cows for her in the evening, and to put the new milk in the pans. To all this Mary consented, and went out at the usual hour, with a pail on her head. In the bushy piece, where the cows were, she met William Stephens, who offered to bring up the cows to the top of the field.

"How comes it, William," said Mary, "that you are not at the wake?" The young man coloured: "Because," he answered, "I am beginning to have some thoughts about these things which I never had before."

"Our parson, to be sure, is a good man," continued William, "and when I have been at church, I have thought, sometimes, how desperately wicked we all are; but, somehow, none of these things took much hold upon me till I met you that day in the passage, and you dropped that word about honesty, and the duty of us servants, and the blessing of God; and since that I have wished to do better, and have said a deal to my mother about her ways."

Mary made some answers to William, by which she endeavoured to encourage him in his wishes to do well, and thus they parted.

The great clock in the kitchen had struck ten before any of those who had been at the wake were at home again: the farmer himself was the foremost, and the first question he asked was, "Where's Hannah?"

"Why, at the wake, is she not?" replied the mistress.

"No," said the farmer, "I have not seen her all the

evening." A general inquiry was then put on foot concerning Hannah, but no one could give any account of her, nor was it till several days afterward that it was discovered that she went off with a parcel of people, who went about the country with a show, with one of whom she had made acquaintance; nobody knows how, and nobody knows when, though it was pretty certain that Esther Stephens, who sometimes went about the country telling fortunes, had helped her in keeping up this acquaintance.—After the loss of Hannah (for nothing more was heard of her for several years), many changes took place at the farm. The old mother of the farmer died, and the two daughters came home from school. Mary undertook the dairy-work and the cooking, and got another guinea a year; and the mistress continued to be rheumatic, and her daughters fit for nothing in a useful way, much fell on the hands of this good young woman; which, when her mother saw, she left the town, and came to live near the farm: not that she might gain any advantages through her daughter's means, but that she might, from time to time, uphold her in well-doing.

Mrs. Taylor found no small difference in her housekeeping under Mary's care, and that of poor Hannah Brown; for Mary encouraged no persons to come about the house for what they could get, though she was ever willing to plead for persons in real want, and to make the best of any thing which was allowed for soup or broth for the poor. Mary, by her mother's management, contrived to save a few guineas every year, and when she had lived about seven years with Mrs. Taylor, she had saved as much as 20*l.*, and had a decent stock of linen, and other garments of a plain kind into the bargain.

About this time, old Esther Stephens dying, Mary was married to William, who, for many years past, had been enabled to lead a respectable life. The old cottage by the brook was repaired, the garden cleaned up and planted, the walls white-washed, and Mary and William, having put a little money together to buy furniture, the young couple found themselves as comfortably settled as they could ever have had reason to expect. Mary's excellent mother also became an inhabitant of the cottage, and by her piety and industry did all that in her lay to advance the temporal and spiritual happiness of her children.

CHAPTER XIII.

WRETCHEDNESS THE CERTAIN CONSEQUENCE OF UNREPENTED VICE AND DISHONESTY.

WILLIAM and Mary had been married two years, and had been blessed with one little healthy girl, when Mary, as was frequently the case, was one day sent for to the farm, and directed to take the place of the dairy-maid, who had been taken suddenly ill. Mary was always at home in the old kitchen or dairy, and was exceedingly busy with her work, when suddenly she heard the cry of a child, which though faint, and not at all resembling the voice of her own child, which had been left with its grandmother, filled her with some such painful feelings as mothers only know. She immediately ran to the yard door, expecting to see some poor beggar, with an infant in her arms: but, seeing no such person, she returned to her work, and had been busied with it some time when another faint cry reached her ear, and she now was aware that the sound proceeded from that end of the kitchen where the old casement window opened upon the private road which led to the gravel-pit.

Being directed by the sound, she ran to the window, and, throwing it open, saw a miserable, ragged woman lying on the dunghill or ash-heap, which the slovenly habits of country life still left under the window, and which had greatly increased in magnitude since Mary had ceased to preside over the kitchen of the farm. The unhappy stranger had laid her head upon the ashes, and misery and death were painted on such parts of her hollow cheeks, and sunken features, as were visible to Mary.

Near the head of this miserable creature, and on the top of the heap of rubbish, was placed a wretched infant, pale and meager; and though evidently as much as fourteen or sixteen months old, unable to support itself in an erect posture. Its little hands were busy in collecting such refuses of food as the careless servants had thrown out of the window together with the dust and

litter of the house; and at the moment in which Mary opened the window, it was conveying to its mouth a blackened and mouldy crust.

"What do you want?" said Mary, as she opened the window, and looked down on the wretched stranger: "good woman, have you no home? has this poor infant no father? what can have reduced you to this wretched condition?"

As she spoke, the woman looked up, and uttered a heavy groan, and the child renewed its faint and miserable cry.

The mistress was not in the house; but Mary knew that she was not one who would ever suffer any one to die for want at her door; she therefore took a porringer of soup from a kettle of the same which was boiling over the fire, and breaking some bread into it, went out of the house through the fold-yard, and behind the ricks into the lane, where she found the wretched wanderers, just as she had before seen them.

She tried to rouse the woman; but she had turned her face in such a direction that Mary could not obtain a view of it, neither could she get her to utter one word. She hastened, therefore, to cool the broth, and feed the child, who received it with the eagerness of one ready to perish: and while she was thus employed, some of the men-servants came up, and, at the entreaty of Mary, carried the miserable woman to an out-house, where they laid her on straw.

Clean and decent as Mary always kept herself, she found some unwillingness in her mind to lift up the miserable baby from the ash-heap; but while she hesitated, and the unhappy little creature held out its arms to be carried after its mother, she remembered these words of the prophet Ezekiel, "None eye pitied thee, to do any of these unto thee, to have compassion upon thee; but thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person;" and when she recollected them, she took up the baby, and carried it after its mother.

Can it be doubted, by any one who may have read this history, who this miserable woman was whom Mary found gasping on an ash-heap; and whose child was glad to appease its hunger where dogs would almost have refused to feed?

This unhappy woman was Hannah Brown; but as she expired within a very few hours of her arrival at the

farm, and as the use of speech was denied her during that time, it was never known how she had spent the seven years of her absence from the farm, nor who was the father of her miserable child. Hannah died in Farmer Taylor's out-house, and was committed to the dust in as humble and private a way as possible.

The poor infant was taken home by Mary and William, and they had just resolved to keep him with their own, and do the best they could for him, when Farmer Taylor informed them that the parish were willing to give them two shillings a week for his keep, and that the lady of the manor, having heard the story, had determined to add another shilling a week to that sum, and promised to send the little orphan a coat every year.

Several years are past since the death of Hannah Brown; but the good widow and her family are still living in the cottage by the brook, and the blessing of Heaven is shed on all its inhabitants: for, "I have been young, and now am old, but never did I see the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread!"

END OF ENGLISH MARY.

MY UNCLE TIMOTHY.

MY UNCLE TIMOTHY.

CHAPTER I.

The evil of a disputatious spirit—Description of my uncle's person and character—Maria's opinion of him and of the learned in general—His argument concerning the stage-coach which brought me from Oxford—Our first meeting.

I HAVE lately been led to meditate with attention upon the nature of that quality which, whether denominated pride, conceit, vanity, or self-love, consists, under every modification, in an inordinate love of self, and absence of that knowledge of our own hearts which is the only true foundation of humility.

The immediate and invariable effect of this state of mind is to spread a darkness over the understanding in certain particulars, though in others it may lead to strong efforts and partial exertions, especially in cases where the promise of praise and celebrity are held forth as the reward of these exertions. Notwithstanding which, this quality has a powerful tendency, not only to keep the mind in a state of ignorance in general, but to render its possessor more or less ridiculous; for true dignity consists in humility, and every false pretension, however skilfully made, subjects a man to the contempt of the unregenerate, and the pity of those who have been blessed with a correct insight into the real condition of the children of Adam in the present state of being.

Solomon says, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him" (Prov. xxvi. 12); and, undoubtedly, there is nothing which, from the beginning of time to the present day, has retarded the progress of improvement in the same degree as this feeling of self-importance, which reigns in the heart of the natural man, and which clings with

a deplorable tenacity to many an individual in whom we trust that the work of conversion has taken place.

Hence proceeds that want of Christian simplicity, that seeking of his own things so remarkable in many professors, and that niggard spirit with which we give honour to those who do not precisely belong to our own peculiar sect or party.

The present object, however, for which I take up my pen is to point out one especial consequence which very commonly proceeds from a want of self-knowledge in persons who, having received a regular education, and acquired a fluency of language, are thereby induced to treat all those whose acquirements, though perhaps fully equal to their own, may not have been obtained in the same manner, with a kind of contempt, as beings of an inferior order; rejecting all information which they might be enabled to impart, and controverting every opinion which they presume to utter: till at length, by force of indulgence, the habit of disputation takes entire possession of their minds, and the spirit of dogmatism keeps them in a state of constant warfare; shutting up every avenue of improvement, and sealing every source of information.

It is astonishing what power this disputatious spirit sometimes acquires; and to what absurdities it often leads those of whom we might expect better things; inducing the unfortunate being who is under its dominion not unseldom to forsake the cause of truth, and to endeavour

"To make the worse appear the better cause."

Having, however, stated my intentions with sufficient accuracy, I proceed to give my readers some little account of a man whom I both loved and honoured; who was in many respects a valuable and amiable character; but being unfortunately possessed with the spirit of dispute, he not unseldom rendered himself extemely disagreeable to his friends, and an object of utter aversion to strangers; and was never thoroughly understood as the kind-hearted creature he really was, till his body was brought low by sickness, and the pride of human intellect destroyed by a stroke of palsy.

My father possessed a handsome estate in the county of ——, an estate now in possession of my elder brother; I was his second son, and had one brother and

two sisters younger than myself; my mother was an excellent woman, a tender parent, pious without pretensions, and the perfect gentlewoman without being any thing of the fine lady; many of my early days were happily spent in the old family mansion, which was only the more endeared to me by my frequent absences at school.

My father had several brothers; two had died in infancy, one had perished at sea, another had been killed in the American war, and one only survived at the time of my being entered at the University of Oxford, this was my uncle Timothy; whom, however, I had never seen during my childhood, as he had always resided in the North, where he held a living, being a clergyman of the Church of England.

The rectory of the parish in which we resided was in the gift of our family; it was a rich benefice, and had always been intended for my uncle, who it was supposed would have entered into possession of it early in life; but the old rector had thought proper to keep his station at least fifteen years longer than the allotted allowance of man's life on earth, as established by the Psalmist: and, as he was a worthy man, no one, not even my uncle himself, ever, I have reason to think, expressed or felt a wish to see him out of the way: however, the long-expected event, to wit, the death of the good old gentleman, at length took place while I was at the University; and although some of my father's worldly neighbours advised him to keep the living for me, as I was to enter into holy orders in a few years, he rejected the proposal with due displeasure, and sent in all haste for his brother, who arrived during the interval between the Christmas and long vacation, on which occasion I received the following information from my sister:—

"Uncle Timothy is come—he cried for joy when he saw us all—he asked often after you, and says he longs to see you. We all love him already almost as much as a second father, but he is not much like papa, he is tall and thin, and wears a bushy wig of white hair; his face is pale, and he has rather a sharp nose, and gray eyes, but when he smiles his countenance is very pleasant, but his wig makes him look older than papa; he only came yesterday, and I will tell you more about him in the next letter."

In the next letter, however, nothing more was said

of uncle Timothy, but that he had got into his house, and that mamma was very glad it was so, for she had lately been troubled with headaches. These two circumstances being weighed together, were not a little perplexing; however, as the long vacation was near at hand, and as I knew that my letters to my sister were always subjected to the family inspection, I refrained from putting any questions in my epistles which might give offence; and resolved to postpone the solution of the difficulty which had arisen in my mind, till I should once again be so happy as to behold the fresh fields and woods which surrounded my father's mansion.

As soon as I had liberty to take my leave of Oxford, I engaged a corner in the stage-coach, and by means of travelling all night appeared at the breakfast table at the critical moment in which my mother was pouring out the first dish of tea, it being precisely twelve hours before I was expected. I shall not attempt to describe the cry of joy which resounded through the house at the sight of me, and the confusion which ensued at the breakfast-table: the presence of our father, who was a methodical and quiet man, soon, however, restored all to order, and while I was making up at once for supper and breakfast, I was amused with the history of all that had passed during my absence.

"And my uncle Timothy is settled in his house," I said. "What a pleasure it must be to have such a neighbour!"

An awkward pause followed this remark, my elder brother stooped and patted his grayhound, my father's eyelids fell, my sisters blushed, and my mother, without looking towards me, after a short dry cough, said, "Yes, my dear, it is always pleasant to have a brother at hand."

I looked round on all the beloved circle with some surprise, but was not so incapable of reading countenances as not to be aware that I had blundered upon something unpleasant; I therefore instantly changed the subject, and began to describe the velocity with which I had been hurried over the ground from Oxford, making one hundred miles to the neighbouring post town, from which I had walked, in less than eleven hours; and accounting for this extraordinary speed by saying that we were running against an opposition coach: things of this kind were more remarkable a few years

ago than they are now, and this my speedy journey afforded subject of discussion till the party broke up, and I was left in the breakfast-room with my sister.

"And now, dear Maria," I said, "now that we are alone, do explain the solemn pause which took place at breakfast. What is this uncle Timothy? Is he not liked?" "Not liked!" she answered, hesitatingly; "yes, it is impossible not to like him, or to love him: but there is one thing, Charles, which makes him very tiresome, he is constantly disputing; it is no matter what any one asserts, he always takes up the contrary side, and battles it out till every one is tired; then papa drops his eyelids, as you know how; mamma seems fatigued; William slips out of the room; Henry skulks after him; Harriet recollects something which must be immediately done at the other end of the house, and I alone am left to weather the storm, and, I assure you, though I love my uncle Timothy, I am always sorry to see him come in; however, now you are here, and have learned to reason and chop logic I shall leave him to you on these occasions."

My readers may be well assured that I thanked my sister for her kind intentions, on which she smilingly remarked that I spent my time very ill at the University if I had not learned to argue with credit to myself, and if I could not, on occasion, beat common sense out of the field, and now and then "make the worse appear the better cause." "Maria," I replied, "I perceive that you have not been sharpening your wit in vain, and I thank you in the name of the learned world in general for your high opinion of the uses to which we put our acquirements; and do you suppose that all we acquire from our books is the art of perplexing common sense with false reasonings?"

"Not all," she replied, "I hope you acquire some better things; but, jesting apart, I assure you, my dear brother, that till you have experienced it, you can hardly conceive how this spirit of contradiction in one excites it in another; till I knew my good uncle, I had no idea how very difficult it is to bear a constant petty opposition, and how painful and irritating it is to have every unimportant sentiment continually controverted.

"I have no doubt that your remark is just, Maria," I replied, "for it entirely agrees with the little experience I have myself had on the subject:" and then, still feeling a little hurt at the charge she had brought against

the learned world in general; though in a playful way; I was led in my own mind to make this reflection, that the love of disputation was an error into which persons of awakened intellect, and conscious of superior advantages of education, were much more likely to fall than those who had not that feeling of superiority over others: and although I knew not how my sister came to make this remark, I felt that the gentle blow she had given me was not so entirely the effect of a playful disposition as she wished me to think; however, I did not judge it right to add more upon the subject at that time, but begging her to prepare herself, I promised to accompany her in a walk to my uncle's house; being not a little impatient to see or rather to hear the good old gentleman, little doubting that whatever his talents for discussion might be, I, who was fresh from my logical studies, should be soon able to silence him by my superior talents in the same line.

While my sister was gone to assume her walking paraphernalia, I took up a book, and was lounging at my ease in a large bow-window of the breakfast-room, the blinds being down to exclude the sun, when suddenly my ear was caught by these words, "I tell you, brother, that it is as impossible that he should have made the journey in the time you speak of, as that I should fly to the moon tied to the tail of a paper kite;" I started up, conjecturing that my uncle Timothy was at hand, and placing myself in a proper post of observation behind the blinds, I saw my father coming up the gravel walk towards the house, accompanied by the good gentleman in question, whom I could have recognised anywhere from the portrait drawn in my sister's letter.

The two brothers seemed very deep in conversation, and when come close under the window, which was considerably raised from the garden, they stood still, my uncle detaining my father by a button of his coat, and I then heard my uncle exclaim with some vehemence, "But hear reason, brother James, only hear reason; we will allow that the horses might run eight miles an hour, and I defy them to go quicker up hill and down hill, taking one thing with another; now the eights in one hundred will go twelve times all the world round, and we may fairly reckon another hour for the odd four miles and the stoppages, be as quick as you will, and what, I ask you, comes of your eleven hours?"

What my father replied, I could not hear, for in proportion as my uncle heated in argument, he became louder and louder, repeating, "Eight miles, brother James, I say eight miles on an average up hill and down hill, is as much as any stage-coach in the United Kingdoms ever has made, or ever will make; and I will no more believe that Charles came from Oxford in the time he speaks of, than that the national debt will be paid next Michaelmas-day."—"Well, be it so," replied my father, in a tone of constrained good-humour, though evidently somewhat tinctured with dissatisfaction, "but don't you want to see this boy who maintains the truth of this miracle?"—"To be sure I do," said my uncle, releasing my father's button, "where is the brave fellow, lead on," and immediately the sound of their voices became more remote as the two honoured elders wheeled round to the door of the house, on which I hastened forward to meet my uncle Timothy, and was received with all the tokens of paternal tenderness by the good old man, who, notwithstanding his talent for disputation, possessed many qualities which rendered him at once amiable and respectable.

"I am glad to see thee, my boy, I am truly glad to see thee!" said the old gentleman, settling his wig, a motion which he generally made after any occasion of excitement, "and so like thy father, just what he was at thy age," and the tears trembled in the good man's eyes.

Such was my first meeting with my uncle, and as my sister soon appeared prepared for a walk, my uncle led the way, all impatience to show me the improvements he had made at the rectory.

CHAPTER II

The walk to the Rectory—My Uncle's gratitude to his Brother—The stage-coach dispute unfortunately renewed—My Sister's prudent interference offends my Uncle—His definition of logic, and lecture upon water-fowl, and the ignorance of young men in the present day—The view down the valley from my Uncle's study, where the two portraits occasion a second angry ebullition—A visit to the owl in the poultry-yard—Our return to dine at my Father's, where the subject of my journey from Oxford produces another violent dispute.

And now my reader may fancy me and my sister with our good uncle between us, slowly making our way through sundry green lanes, fair fields, and shady coppices, having taken a circular course, in order to protract the delight of a walk in the charming month of June, in company with relations who have long been separated, and amid regions of such bold and peculiar beauty, as are not unaptly described in the charming words of the poet—

> "Down in the dale, with many a rocky fall,
> The stream runs murmuring under the cool shade
> Of ashes, quivering aspens, poplars gray,
> The dark-hued alder, which, aslant or tall,
> Oak-like appears, or with its clustering young,
> Hides the swamp marsh, the bittern's lonely range;
> There too is seen the random withy known
> By fragrant blossom, robed in silvery down;
> And there the willow whose serener hue,
> A greener gloss to neighbouring hornbeam gives;
> These with a nameless and unnumbered band
> Of shrub or tree, with nature's unseen grace,
> Deck the calm vale and with a secret charm
> Favour the spirit of the softened scene,
> Or prompt the pious muse her truest airs."

During this our lingering route, all went on smoothly for a long time, my uncle Timothy being engaged in an account of his feelings on the reception of my father's letter, requesting his acceptance of the living now in his possession; of his delight on the occasion, his sense of gratitude to his brother, his emotion on leaving his former little flock in the north; with sundry other par-

ticulars, all of which composed a narrative of no ordinary interest to his auditors; particularly as during the course of the recital, the good old man evidenced so much kindness of heart, such pure and perfect disinterestedness, and such correct principles respecting religion, together with such vivacity of thought, that I was perfectly delighted with my newly found relation, and anticipated many a delightful hour spent in such society.

At length we were brought by our devious path into a meadow on the borders of a coppice, through which ran a little stream, whose gurgling murmurs mingled sweetly with the buzz of many bees, who were busy among the thymy herbage which covered the ground, and whose straw-thatched dwellings were just discernible, as they peeped from above the hedge of a cottage garden at some distance lower down the brook; in this meadow, which was part of the glebe, my uncle had placed a bench beneath the shade of the neighbouring wood; precisely in a situation to command the best view of the rectory, the gabled roofs of which, and certain of its Gothic and irregular casements were principally visible among the fragrant bowers and shades of the highly ornamented and fruitful garden, which had been the delight of the former occupant.

Our uncle directed us to take our seats on the bench, and then placing himself between us, he looked at one and another with vivacity, and then exultingly exclaimed, "See what it is to have a good, a kind brother! See what a place he has provided for my old age! but, Charles," he added, "I shall always consider you as my partner in this concern; when you are in orders you shall come and live in my house, and manage every thing your own way, only leave me my study and my old fashioned bed-room in the corner of that turreted part of the old roof, and I shall desire no more; then," added the old man with vivacity, "what are my brother's children but my own, what are these young creatures to my right and left but my son and daughter; I have no thought of marriage, the time for that is gone by, but my heart is not the more cold on that account, and I pray that it never may be rendered so, by age or any other cause." Thus the good man addressed us, and I observed the big tears falling one by one from my gentle sister's cheeks; insensibly, however, the conversation took a less tender

turn, and my uncle having for a short time discussed certain more ordinary subjects wherein we did not find it necessary to controvert any of his opinions, my sister unfortunately remarked, that they had been much surprised at breakfast time to see me drop in, not expecting me before the evening at the earliest.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman sharply, and turning quickly to me, "that reminds me: pray, nephew, do you carry a watch?"—"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Is it a good one?" said the old gentleman. "It is, I believe," I answered, as I drew it from my pocket, and held it up, glad of an opportunity of displaying a handsome chain and seals, of which I had lately become possessed. "And pray, sir," asked my uncle, evidently gathering heat as our questions and answers came more rapidly, "did you look at your watch at the moment of starting?"—"No, sir," I replied, "but I heard the bell of Queen's strike nine a moment before we started."

"If so, youngster," returned my uncle, "you ought not to be arrived by this time, for it is not now more than a quarter after ten."—"But I am here, sir, as you see!" I replied, unable to restrain a smile, which, though not intended as an offence, was observed by my uncle, who, being thereby not a little inflamed, rose from his seat, and, setting himself opposite to me in an attitude, "What!" he exclaimed, "and do you really mean to support this assertion, young man,—to wit: that you were conveyed from Oxford to this place, being one hundred and odd miles, in a common stage-coach, in the space of eleven hours? I tell you, sir, that the thing is impossible."

There is something very offensive to human nature in being flatly contradicted; it is what few can bear with temper, and much as a moment before I had loved my uncle, and much as I fancied I could have done for him, I now felt that, come what would of it, I must answer him and defend my wounded honour.

"Sir," I replied, "I can only assert the simple fact: it was precisely nine o'clock, by the clock of Queen's, when the coach started from the Star."

"By the clock of knaves!" said my uncle, in a kind of droll manner, by which I understood that he meant this turn upon me as a good joke, and then, instantly resuming his seriousness, "How did you know it was

nine, young man, and not six, seven, eight? I say, how did you know it, if you did not look at your watch?"

I gave several reasons, the chief of which was, that the coach was to set out at nine; the good man, however, took no notice of any one, but began to discuss with great strength and vehemence of language, voice, and gesture, the comparative velocity with which stage-coaches commonly move, according to the various roads over which they must needs pass in their different courses through the United Kingdoms: laying down the averages of their respectivc velocity with as much decision as if he had been employed by government as the inspector of these concerns, and had been solely occupied by the consideration of them through the greater part of his life, and coming, at length, to this conclusion, that I was certainly not less than twenty-four miles from Oxford at the hour in which I pretended to have started. While the old gentleman was uttering his oration, or soliloquy, or whatever else it might be called, for no one offered to answer him until he was compelled to pause for want of breath, I sat fuming and fretting, and wishing that my adversary had been a man of my own age, that I might have made him sensible that I was actually present, let the hour of the day be what it might; for I was precisely at that age when young gentlemen are apt to be most testy; however, I no sooner perceived a pause in this discourse than I also sprang up from my seat, looked defiance in my turn, and was about to utter, I know not what expressions of high displeasure, when my sister thought it right to interfere, and placing her hand on my mouth just as I had uttered these words, "and so, uncle, you would make me out a—," she made me swallow the next word, which was no doubt a very bulky one, for it stuck some time in my throat, and made me almost gasp for breath before I could inhale a fresh draught of air, by removing the gentle hand which had taken such a liberty with my lips: but in the mean time, my adversary had gathered strength, and according to the received custom of inveterate disputants, had felt himself inflamed by the interference of a third person, on whom he immediately directed all the artillery of his rhetoric, leaving me, the first offender, as one already vanquished. "So, Miss Maria," he said, fixing his eyes sharply upon her, "and so, my good niece, you must stop your

brother's mouth; what was that for? because you don't think me worth an answer!"—"No, uncle, no!" replied Maria, "you cannot think so."—"Well, child, well, what then was your reason for placing that saucy hand on his mouth?"—"Because I don't like him to dispute and argue: can't he take the opinions of his elders without controverting them." For this, poor Maria had to encounter the angry looks, not only of her uncle, but of the hot young collegian her brother. However, my uncle left me no time to speak, for, answering her quickly, "What do you mean by the word disputing, child?" he said. "Why, arguing, uncle, reasoning, discussing, controverting," replied Maria, "I don't like arguing or reasoning either."—"Do you hear that, Charles?" replied my uncle, laughing, and looking triumphantly at me: "oh! thou true woman, thou worthy daughter of grandmother Eve! so thou dost not like reasoning,—and pray what woman ever did?" With that he laughed, and I perceived by a certain little pouting appearance of my sister's under lip that she was going in her turn to be displeased, although she pointed with her foot to an orchis growing on the grass, and in order to turn the conversation into another channel, asked if it was any curious specimen of that tribe of plants.

My uncle would not suffer me to reply, for when the demon of dispute had got full possession of him, he never would let any other person in the company utter a word by his own good-will; he therefore, as I said, took up the question, and glancing contemptuously at the poor flower, at the same time drawing down the corners of his mouth, he said, "I imagine, niece, you are not deep in botany, otherwise you would know a common bloody butcher, as our country people call them, from a bee or fly orchis; but, be this as it may, you have not answered my question; tell me, I pray you, if you ever knew the woman who could be made to understand logic, in a word, who could ever comprehend a rational argument;" and having ceased to speak, he stood with an indescribable expression of cool contempt depicted on his countenance, waiting with assumed patience till she should condescend to give a reply: she, in the mean time, seeming determined not to speak.

At length the good gentleman's patience seeming to

be exhausted, he turned to me, and said, "Come, Charles, let us proceed with our walk; Miss Maria seems to be disposed to enjoy her own reflections." "Don't suppose I am angry, uncle," said Maria, "but you know I have often told you that I never will argue on any subject."

"A capital resolution, my good niece," returned my uncle, setting himself, as it were, again in an attitude of defiance; "And pray, my excellent girl, what do you mean by arguing? define, define; let us have a clear statement of your proposition."

"Uncle Timothy," replied Maria, "those are the very words which you always use at the commencement of a long discussion, and I have resolved more than once to become perfectly silent whenever you have recourse to that form of speech." "And wherefore?" asked my uncle. "Because, to be plain, uncle, I don't like disputations." "What do you mean by disputations?" returned the old gentleman. "Why angry dialogues," replied Maria, "in which each party maintains his own opinion, whether right or wrong, and remains as obstinately attached to it at the last as at the first."

"And pray, my good girl," said my uncle, "who will contend in favour of such dialogues,—none but a man without reason, or without temper; but while we condemn such unlettered and vulgar discussions, surely we must not confound them with those learned and enlightened efforts of reason by which, during the course of easy and social intercourse, error is detected and truth brought to light, and a man of education so enabled to show his superiority over those ignorant persons who have never been made acquainted with the art of reasoning."

My sister was silent, and I was about to propose a continuation of our walk, when my uncle, who had been eying her with a second look of contempt, suddenly turned to me, and said, "I wish, Charles, you would give your good sister some lessons in logic."—"Sir," I replied, "perhaps, as a female, she might be better employed with her needle."—"Very true, Charles," said my uncle, "very true, for the minds of women are not formed for argument, they have not clear perceptions on these subjects in general, but education might do something."

"Perhaps," interrupted Maria, "it is not so much because I cannot argue, uncle, as because I will not."

"You will not!" said my uncle, "and why is it that you will not, but because you have seen enough to feel that you cannot cope with those who reason scientifically: that you only expose your ignorance when you attempt to discuss any point, and thus betray your deficiencies: let me tell you, niece, that no one who has not entered into mathematical or logical studies, can reason satisfactorily, and I verily believe, that so far from knowing any thing of the art of reason, you could scarcely define the meaning of the word logic." Maria was silent again, on which my uncle, gathering heat till his face was flushed, and his lips almost in a foam, repeated aloud the following clause, which was nearly word for word what is found in the introduction of some of the elementary books on the subject of logic.

"Logic, Miss Maria, in the most extensive sense which it can with propriety be made to bear, may be considered as the science and also as the art of reasoning; it investigates and furnishes rules to secure the mind from error in its deductions; its most appropriate office is that of instituting an analysis by the process of the mind in reasoning; it guards the mind from the reception of error, and leads it to the adoption of truth. If such, then, is logic," proceeded my uncle, "if such, then, is the art of reasoning, what am I to think of you, if you utterly reject all logical discussions, and, like a true woman, resolve wholly to exclude from conversation all those processes of the mind by which truth is ascertained and error detected!" In this place, or hereabouts, my sister attempted to speak, but on my uncle's raising his voice still louder, she was silenced, and the good old gentleman left to descant at his leisure upon the advantages of an early acquaintance with the art of reasoning, and the natural superiority of men to women in respect to the powers of reason; concluding the whole with a look of contempt at his niece, and a flourish of his walking-stick, at the same time turning shortly round, for he had stood with his back to his own house while he uttered his declamation, and calling upon us to follow him, proceeded with great rapidity towards the rectory, his limbs being evidently propelled to additional exertions by the fervour of disputation, which had not as yet found time to evaporate.

I was about to follow as quickly as I could, when my sister held me a little back, saying, "Allow him to be

alone a few minutes, give him time to think of something else, or this logical discussion will last to the end of our walk."

"What! Maria," I said, "are you angry because you have been classed among that order of beings who are considered incapable of reason?"

"No," she replied, "I am not angry, but I am wearied; if you knew what I have suffered for the last few months from this spirit of dispute, you would not be surprised to find that this is a subject on which I am not a little sore. This is not the first time in which I have found myself engaged in an argument upon arguments, and a disputation concerning disputations; and I assure you that I have been more than once surprised into a very hot war of words, merely because I asserted that I had resolved never to dispute again."

Here we were interrupted by my uncle, who had proceeded, on the spring of the moment, to the other side of the little valley, without perceiving that we were not near him; but being arrived at a certain point of view, which he wished us to observe, had, in consequence, looked behind him and missed us, on which he set up such a shout as made the whole valley ring, and caused several water-fowl, who were in a little patch of marshy ground below, to spring up and fly from the place of alarm.

My uncle's eye was drawn to these objects by the sound of their heavy wings, and when we came up to him, we found that the water-fowl had flown away with the subject of our late argument; yet not without suggesting another subject of discussion, in which my uncle failed not to enlarge and descant with as much apparent familiarity with the matter in question, as if he had spent all his life amid wild ducks and herons, his eye being, in the mean time, directed towards me, waiting some remark from me, which I expected would have been the certain forerunner of a vehement debate; however, by pleading my utter unacquaintance with aquatic birds, I came off with a slight reproof, and a gentle hint respecting the ignorance of the young men of the present day, with respect to natural history and rural affairs: by this time we were entered the rectory garden, where all the sweets of paradise, together with the song of birds, and hum of bees, seemed to be assembled in one favoured spot; here my good uncle, in his delight and eagerness

to show me his possessions, and to show them as the gift of his brother, ceased for a short time to argue, and I had almost forgotten this his infirmity in the delight of seeing him thus happy, till on our entering his study, which was his favourite room, and deserved to be such—as independent of its store of rich and valuable authors, it commanded a view down the valley so gayly and so smilingly beautiful, as no man of taste might look upon without admiration, and no man of piety without gratitude—I perceived, by a certain little anxiety in my sister's usually placid countenance, that something was likely to be amiss, and before I could form any conjecture on the subject, the old gentleman burst out, at the same time casting a kind of sinister glance at my sister, who had run to the window and put her head out of it, as if resolved not to hear any thing that was passing within the room.

"Charles," said the old gentleman, fixing one hand on his side, and flourishing with the other, "nephew Charles, do you see those portraits on each side of the chimney-piece?"—"I do, uncle," I replied, directing my eye to the representation of a prim old lady in a mob cap, with a nosegay in her hand, on the right of the chimney, and a very suitable companion to the venerable dame in the figure of an old gentleman in a gold-laced suit on the left. "You see them, do you?" asked my uncle. "I do, sir," I replied, taking occasion to produce what we now call a quizzing-glass, with which I had furnished myself at Oxford, but had not yet ventured to sport in the country. "Your grandfather and grandmother, Charles," added my uncle, with a glance at my sister, which indicated a coming storm. "I understand as much," I replied, "there are similar pictures to these, you know, in our breakfast-room at the hall."

"Uncle," exclaimed my sister, at this moment drawing her head in from the window, "what have you done with the old doctor's owl, is it alive still?"—"Perish all owls," returned my uncle, in high indignation, and with a countenance of consummate contempt, and while I doubted what might have excited this storm, it burst upon my head, and I was made to know that I had fallen into the very same error into which my sister had stumbled before me, and the remembrance of which had occasioned the slight alteration of her countenance, which I had observed on her coming into the study.

"Similar portraits to those in your breakfast-room," said the old gentleman, "the very remark, the precise remark made by your sister, the very same; well may you use a glass, Master Charles, truly you need one, and a pair of spectacles would not misbecome Miss Maria:" then advancing several steps, he laid his hand on my shoulder, turned me towards the portraits, shouting at the same time in my ears, exclaiming, "Have not you enough tact, Mr. Oxonian, to distinguish between the hand of a Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the miserable sign-post daubings in your breakfast-parlour.

"*Oh tempora! oh mores!*—I will own I did not expect this of you; look, sir, look, at your grandfather's eye; is that the eye of a common dauber; look at the ruff round the old lady's neck, does it not stand out from the canvass as if it had come but yesterday out of the hands of the laundress; and those flowers in her hand, the very bees might settle on them. Let me tell you, nephew Charles, that I would not take two hundred pounds for these paintings, while those in that breakfast-parlour of yours are not worth picking up in the street, excepting for the purpose of hanging in a tree before the door of some ale-house." Here my good uncle, taking the portraits in question as his text, descanted largely upon the subject of portrait painting, using all the technical terms of the art with a fluency which astonished me, who had never heard of his taking a pencil in his hand; however, he spoke with so much decision, and with such rapidity, and used, as I have before said, so many scientific expressions, that he left little doubt in my mind at the time of his being thoroughly acquainted with the subject: in the mean time my sister and I remained perfectly silent, till the good man, having exhausted all the inflammatory feelings which the occasion had created, strode off to his poultry yard, of which he was excessively fond, bidding us follow him, and saying, it was wonderful to see how peacefully the owl lived with the chickens. "Then the owl is alive, uncle?" said my sister. "Who said he was not?" returned the old gentleman, marching on—"do you think I would cut short a single item of his day?" Thus passed a great part of our morning, and I do not recollect that we hit upon more than two disputatious points before we were safely housed in my father's dining-room; where my uncle, who generally contrived to avoid any

other discussions more important than those of beef and mutton, during the first course, remained awhile in a state of perfect tranquillity, till my elder brother unfortunately started the subject of my journey, and the time of my leaving Oxford, which sent us all abroad again; and after a hot argument for half an hour the ladies left the room. My father pretended to nod in his chair, for I cannot believe that he could sleep while such weighty arguments were flying about his head as those used by myself and my uncle; my two brothers fancied they had some business in the stable, and I alone was left to bear the whole brunt of my uncle's eloquence, by which I was presently so entirely carried away that I did not observe when my father made his escape; and when my younger sister called us to tea, she found us both standing in the window quoting Latin without mercy, and haranguing each other as loudly and vehemently as if we had been the two opposing candidates at a contested election. So violent, indeed, was our contention, that my sister spoke more than once before she could make us hear; but when she at length succeeded, she was taken up with no little asperity by my uncle, who seemed scarcely able to restrain himself from bidding her begone.

CHAPTER III.

The party adjourn to the tea-table—The subject changed, but the contention continued—My Uncle's definition of patriotism—The explanation between him and Mrs. Spires inflames his resentment—Maria's stratagem averts the rising storm—He disputes with Mrs. Hoskyns concerning dibbling—His intercourse with my Father's family—My Uncle sets out to visit the Bishop of his Diocess—Our walk to take places in the coach, with the descirption of our fellow-travellers.

NOTWITHSTANDING this unfortunate vein of contradiction which ran through the whole of my good uncle's composition, he was not an ill-natured man; and though he sometimes worked himself almost into a fever in the heat of argument, he frequently appeared perfectly calm after the most vehement discussion, and utterly

unconscious of the many rude things which he invariably broached when this wordy warfare ran to any extreme. He was, however, in consequence of long continued habit, of so inflammable a nature, that the smallest spark served to set him on fire; and as others did not forget his rudeness so suddenly as he did himself, he became an object of almost universal dislike.

But to proceed with my narrative. The entrance of my sister had put a stop to our argument: and my uncle, having set his wig in order, we followed her into the drawing-room, where the party round the tea-table was augmented by a farmer's wife, who had come by invitation to pay her compliments to the squire's lady, accompanied by her sister, the wife of a grocer in the next town, while the husband of the country lady was at the same time engaged with my father in the garden, as I saw through the open window.

There was a general stir in the room when we entered; the two ladies, viz. Mrs. Hoskyns and Mrs. Spires, rose and courtesied, and at the same time dropped their pocket-handkerchiefs, which had been spread on their knees to save their best gown. I showed as many college airs as I dared to sport in the honoured presence of my ever respected mother. My uncle bowed and smiled; my youngest brother picked up the handkerchiefs, my sister handed the tea, and in a few minutes we were all seated in due form, and a proper opportunity administered for Mrs. Hoskyns's remarks upon my astonishing growth and marvellous improvements, compliments which I received as the laws of good breeding direct, with certain inclinations of my head not quite amounting to bows, and a modest attempt at changing the subject by asking the grocer's lady after the health of her good man behind the counter.

My question had the desired effect; that is, it completely changed the tide of discourse, for Mr. Spires had been ill, and it was necessary to hear the whole history of his ailments, from their first appearance on the morrow of a corporation dinner up to the present day, with all that Mr. Mekin, the surgeon, had ordered to be done, or required to be left undone.

This history continued till the ladies had sipped their second dish of tea, and during the whole of this distress-

ing period there was no consolation whatever, excepting that my uncle Timothy was silent, and that while Mrs. Spires was speaking, it might be possible to shut one's ears, and think of something else; a species of relief which it was absolutely impossible to obtain when my uncle Timothy was holding forth.

The discussion respecting Mr. Spires's illness had proceeded for a considerable time, as I before said, when it was interrupted by Mrs. Hoskyns, who remarked that her poor brother-in-law was always ill after a corporation dinner, and wondered why he should persist in attending such meetings. "Why, sister, you know," said Mrs. Spires, "that my poor dear husband is one of the most loyal of men, and that he thinks it a duty he owes to his king to support the government of his country as much as is in his power. It might be taken amiss, madam, you know," she added, addressing my mother, "as Mr. Spires is one of the aldermen, and has served bailiff twice, if he did not attend when there is a dinner, and stand up, you know, for the laws of his country and the honour of the king."

"Pshaw," said my uncle Timothy, in an under tone which only reached my ear in an indistinct manner, as I was next to him, but made all the rest of the party look towards us. "Well but, sister," said Mrs. Hoskyns, "if it is to hurt him, I really think that Mr. Spires should altogether draw off from the corporation; for although a man ought to stand up for his country and the laws and the church, on all occasions, yet I have no notion, not I, of a man ruining his constitution in order to prove his loyalty." She called on my mother to corroborate her assertion. My uncle fidgeted in his seat, settled his wig, and looked defiance from beneath his bent brows. My sister evidently perceived the symptoms of the approaching storm, and in order to avert it began to make inquiries all around respecting the flavour of our tea—a thing which is not unseldom done by tea-makers of no great refinement, in the midst of a conversation of a much more agreeable nature than that which was supplied by the ailments and political opinions of Mr. Spires. On hearing my sister very politely, and with a smile, address each person in the company with the questions—"Is your tea agreeable?" "Shall I give you some more cream?" "Would you choose another lump of sugar?" I looked at her with amazement, and

was almost inclined to tell her that this excessive civility was not the order of the then present day, when suddenly perceiving what she was about, I attempted to help her by getting up, handing round the eatables, and playing the footman with no small degree of bustle. But by these manœuvres we only delayed the evil moment, for I was no sooner returned to my seat than the indefatigable Mrs. Spires again started the subject of her husband's loyalty, and his manner of displaying it by partaking of the dainties of every corporation dinner which came in his way; on which my uncle, rising from his chair, and standing in the middle of the circle exactly opposite the two strangers, began to reason with them on the absurdity of the idea which they entertained, that a person in the situation of Mr. Spires could possibly be doing any good to society in general by attending public dinners, and helping to consume that money which ought to be otherwise devoted.

The good old gentleman began his oration by defining the nature of true patriotism, and pointing out that it consisted in a readiness to give up all selfish considerations for the good of our country; all this was very well, and nothing could be said against it, but that it was as entirely beyond the comprehension of his auditors as if it had been delivered in High Dutch. But it is a well-known property of a thorough-paced arguer, that in the heat of disputation he always loses sight of the intellectual state of his adversary, and, like soldiers in the heat of battle, invariably levels his artillery above the heads of his opponents. Thus it was with my uncle Timothy on the occasion I am speaking of; and a vast deal of fine oratory had been expended, and the good old gentleman had already uttered certain very appropriate quotations from the best Latin authors, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Spires, who said, "I dare say, sir, that it is all right as you say, but Mr. Spires is all for his king and country, and it is a pity that a gentleman of your cloth should be on the contrary side." —"Madam," said my uncle, perfectly astonished into silence. "I hope no offence, sir," said the grocer's lady, "perhaps I misunderstood you; but those expressions, sir, which you made use of led to the mistake."—"What expressions have I used, madam," returned the old gentleman, "which could possibly lead you to suppose me an enemy to my king and country?" Mrs.

Spires reddened and looked round, as if afraid she had given offence, on which Mrs. Hoskyns, perceiving her embarrassment, took upon her to answer my uncle's question. "Why, sir," said she, "you must know that there are many in our neighbourhood who are not altogether so right-headed in these matters as they should be, sir, and Mrs. Spires hears a good deal about such folks by reason of her husband being a magistrate, and all that; and that is the reason why she does not like to hear folks talk about patriotism, which you know is all the same as rebellion, and contempt of the laws of the land; and so you see, sir, it is natural enough for her not to like to hear such words, though she meant no offence whatever to you, sir, or this present company."

While the good woman was speaking, every muscle in my uncle's face went through a revolution, and he had just exclaimed, "Is it possible that any woman on the face of the whole earth;" when my sister very dexterously contrived to overturn her work-basket in the centre of the circle, and to set certain balls of worsted of various colours, with which it was stored, to perform evolutions amid the legs of the tables and chairs, each ball in its progress leaving a lengthening yarn or tail behind it, which tails, as the various globes cut each other's orbits, became involved and entangled, insomuch so that it required all our skill to unravel their complicated perplexities; and as in the performance of these tasks we young people made as much noise as the occasion would allow, my uncle, in despair, after having uttered several broken ejaculations, walked out into the garden, and shortly afterward, peace being restored, the conversation again slid back into ordinary topics, in which I found so much of a somniferous nature, that I presently fell asleep on the sofa where I sat; and as I had not been in bed the night before, no offence was, I believe, taken at this my want of politeness. I was not, however, destined long to enjoy the luxury of rest, for I had scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, when I was roused by a loud and increasing sound of voices, and in a minute afterward, my uncle preceded Mr. Hoskyns and my father into the room, exclaiming with all his might in praise of some peculiar mode of dibbling which Mr. Hoskyns had condemned, and which my uncle thought proper to support. How this knotty point was decided I cannot say, for being excessively

fatigued I took French leave, and soon forgot my uncle and all his discussions in a sound sleep.

And now, my courteous reader, having carried you through one complete day in my uncle Timothy's company, I shall satisfy myself with merely saying, that as this day passed, so in like manner passed many more during the first month of my long vacation.

My uncle generally visited my father's house once a day, and took one or two meals with us. My father loved his brother with the tenderest affection; he was the only one remaining of his family; he also knew that he possessed many excellent qualities, that he was a generous and humane man, a man who in the pulpit yielded to few, his doctrine being excellent, and his delivery remarkably agreeable; he was therefore prepared to enjoy his society, and to bear with him as long as it was possible to do so. My mother was also desirous to make her husband's brother comfortable under his paternal roof; and the younger branches of the family were equally disposed to pay him every respect. But that which might have been a pleasure, namely, the reception of this good man during his daily visits, at length became a task so painful that it could only be endured by dividing the labour; and all this was owing, not to any actual vice in my uncle's character, but to that ignorance of self, that respect for his own opinions, that pride of feeling which rendered it impossible for him to admit the truth and propriety of any sentiment, which he had not the honour of first broaching in the company in which he happened to be.

There are many smooth-tongued all-accommodating persons in the world, who seem to be all things to all men, and have not an opinion independent of others; but my good uncle was precisely the reverse of this character, or appeared to be so, for he was, in fact, a man of settled and proper principle, judging from his actions, though judged by his words he was the veriest weathercock which can be imagined, although, contrary to the custom of these aerial beings, he always turned his face to the wind, and stood in proud defiance against every breeze which happened to blow.

I had been at home a little more than a month, when some little difficulty arose within the sphere of my uncle's pastoral concerns, which it was necessary to refer to the bishop of the diocess.

It happened that the bishop at that time was an exceedingly old man, very infirm, and obliged in consequence to leave much to his chaplain, who conducted himself in this situation of delegated authority with very great prudence and moderation. As the affair in question intimately affected the comfort of my uncle, it was thought right that a visit should be paid to the bishop, who was at that period at his palace in the county town; and as my father had a particular friend in the same town, he proposed that I should accompany the good man in his journey, and, as he was pleased to say, endeavour as much as in me lay to restrain him from those disputatious excesses by which he had already made himself so unpleasant to many of his friends in the country. I replied that I was quite willing to accompany my uncle, but that I wholly doubted my power of restraining him when the spirit of debate took possession of his mind. "Well," said my father, "you must do your best, Charles; though I confess that you are not half so clever in averting the storms which your good uncle is so fond of exciting, as your sister Maria, who has more stratagems in one day for bewildering the good man in the midst of an argument, than would enter into my head in the course of a century." Maria, who was present, looked grave at this remark, and observed, that she feared that her intercourse with her uncle Timothy might lead her to the practice of art, and put her upon such manœuvres as she never should have thought of had she not had to deal with one whom she at once loved and blushed for. It was, however, determined that I should accompany my uncle in his journey, and the time was calculated, in order to enable us to be present at a public meeting for the Bible Society, being the first meeting of the kind which had ever taken place in the city—for the Bible Society was then a new thing.

My uncle Timothy was much pleased when I proposed to accompany him on his journey, and we accordingly set off in high glee to walk to the next market-town, where we were to take our places in a heavy coach, by which we hoped to arrive at our journey's end at about three in the afternoon.

My uncle, during our walk, was in one of what my sister used to call his lucid intervals—occasions wherein, his vanity not being excited, his naturally tender feel-

ings had their full play, and his excellent principles their due influence.

Our way lay over a high and breezy common, from which, as our path stretched towards the little market-town, we had a continued view of the hall, the parsonage-house, and the village church, with the various little cottages, farm-houses, sunny lawns, meadows, and pasture-grounds which commonly compose the *tout ensemble* of a smiling English landscape. It was natural for my uncle, in contemplating this scene, to revert to the days of boyhood, to speak of his father and mother and brothers, now no more, and to dwell on the various occasions in which one and another of these beloved ones had been withdrawn from the present state of being to become members of the unseen world. Then taking the hint from this subject, he enlarged upon the miseries of human nature—miseries inflicted by sin—and the bright renovation of our hopes as revealed to us in Scripture. "I remember well," said the good man, looking down from a little eminence on which he had mounted upon his paternal mansion, "when my parents, now no more, used to sit in that alcove, at the end of the terraced walk, my mother with her knitting in her hand, and my father by her side, while I and my youthful brothers playing before them knew no care, and foresaw no evil. Where are these parents now? of these little brothers how many remain?" And the good old gentleman, his eyes brim-full with tears, repeated that exquisite passage in the book of Job, which contains more real pathos that can be found in all the combined writings of every merely human author:—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. For there is hope for a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he. As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more; they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

In conversation like this we beguiled the way till we arrived at the town, where we found the coach ready to start, and vacant places withinside, which we were glad to secure, as there were some symptoms of approaching rain.

Our fellow-travellers in the coach consisted of two elderly females, one of whom, a thin, stiff, upright person, with hard features, and dressed with remarkable neatness, afforded an amusing contrast with her neighbour, a woman of about her own age and rank in society—which was a little beneath that which is generally accounted genteel. This second female was of dimensions to fill up two-thirds of that side of the coach which was allotted to her share. Her dress was indicative of a larger allowance of money than of taste; and the rouge on her bloated cheeks, the ringlets of flaxen hair, which were meant to conceal the deep furrows of her forehead, the golden chains, rings, shawls, &c., which encumbered her whole person, set her down at once, in my opinion, in a point of view which might be called any thing but reputable.

My uncle had scarcely settled himself in his place before I found that he was busily engaged in physiognomizing the countenances of his opposite neighbours, his eyebrows being bent, and his features indicating no slight symptoms of contempt, especially of the lady of the rings and rouge, a feeling in which I was by no means behind-hand in participating, though I took care not to allow my sentiments to be made quite so apparent.

CHAPTER III.

Conversation in the coach—Mr. Smith of the Red House—My Uncle disputes with one of our fellow-travellers, and is abused by the other—Our arrival at Oxford, and introduction to a party of religious friends, with one of whom my Uncle engages in a violent controversy concerning mere forms and ceremonies.

While rumbling through the streets a few words only passed between myself and my uncle, but when we had left the stones and entered upon a fine bowling road, where the thunder of the wheels no longer supplied the

want of conversation, I addressed my opposite neighbour, whom I shall denominate the thin lady, with some observations on the weather, on which her rigid features relaxed, and she added her remarks to mine on the important subject with all requisite seriousness. Having duly discussed this interesting and universal topic, I was somewhat at a loss what subject next to touch upon, for I was sensible that there were not many ideas in common between myself and my respectable companion; when, suddenly a large new and flaming brick house, elegantly decorated with stone ornaments, and set forth with certain young plantations of Scotch firs and Lombardy poplars, burst upon our view. It was natural for me in my perplexity, desiring as I did to make up by my civility for my uncle's want of politeness, and not knowing what next to say, to avail myself of the relief offered by this conspicuous object, and to inquire, with a great deal of apparent solicitude, respecting this house and its inhabitants. I could not have been more fortunate in my inquiries; the old lady brightened up immediately, and assuming something of the air of one who has some piece of important intelligence to relate, replied, "It is the Red House, sir, and is just finished; it belongs to Mr. Smith. Sure, sir, you must come from a great distance, or you must have heard of Mr. Smith of the Red House." I pleaded ignorance, and begged that I might be made better acquainted with the history of this gentleman. This request was not made in vain. Being thus invited, the good old lady opened her store of information, and gave me the whole account of the family at the Red House; which agreeable discussion, with a few questions judiciously introduced on my part, held out for several miles, during which time my uncle sat biting his lips in an explicable manner; and the lady on the opposite direction seemed resolved to pour contempt upon us all together, by seeming wholly occupied with a London paper which she had produced with the sole purpose, as it would seem, of making us feel the utmost weight of her scorn.

At length my uncle began to hem and clear his throat, symptoms which always threatened an explosion, and then suddenly turning to me, "Nephew," said he, "I hope you are amused."—"Very much, sir," I replied, as coolly as I could, "there is considerable variety on

this road."—"I am glad you find it so," returned the old gentleman, and then raising his voice, "but surely, young man, you might find something more amusing to entertain your opposite neighbour with, than such uninteresting matters as have occupied you for the last half hour." A slight colour passed over the faded cheeks of the thin lady on hearing this sudden burst of rudeness; and the more portly dame seemed not a little to enjoy the scene, for she instantly dropped her newspaper and looked round with satisfaction. As to myself I was utterly confounded, and really apprehended for a moment that I had been acting a very absurd part, by entering into discourse with the humble and inoffensive person into whose society I had been thus accidentally thrown. It must be recollected that I was at that time a very young man, and had all the dread of making myself ridiculous which naturally attaches itself to an inexperienced person. However, as I was at a loss what to say, I resolved not to take any notice of my uncle's strange observation, and accordingly thrust my head out of the window to cool myself, for I felt my face all in a glow, and for some moments did not hear what was passing within; but a sudden shower which had come on forcing me to draw again into my shell, I became aware that my uncle and the thin lady were already completely set to. "Sure, sir," said the lady, whose cheeks were tinged wilh two deep spots of red, "sure, sir, there can be no great harm in a little innocent discourse with a fellow-traveller when one goes out to enjoy one's self. I am sure I said nothing improper to the young gentleman, as he can bear witness," and she looked at me to take her part. Being thus called upon, I could contain myself no longer and I spoke warmly, asking my uncle what satisfaction he promised himself from thus disturbing everybody's comfort. My uncle took no more notice of this question than if he had never heard it, but proceeded to ask the old lady what amusement she could derive, or any other woman, from hearing and retailing such unimportant matters as those which had come under her consideration during the last hour. The old lady bridled and looked at me, but seemed to be perfectly silenced by her astonishment at this sudden and violent attack; and in the mean time my uncle held forth, in a manner which would have done him credit in a proper place and on a

proper occasion, on the unprofitableness of such conversation as had passed, and the injury which is done to the mind by allowing it to be filled with such impertinences as those above enumerated.

This oration occupied some time, and as my uncle had introduced during the course thereof several arguments from Scripture, the good old lady, who could no more understand the drift of his discourse than the horses who were dragging us over the road, was unable to draw any other conclusion than that the gentleman, her fellow-traveller, suspected her of being an irreligious person; wherefore, as soon as a pause in the discourse gave her opportunity, she began her defence, saying, that she was truly sorry to fall under the censure of a person of his cloth, but that she was not conscious of deserving it; adding, that at ——, where they were going, she was well known to the minister of the parish, and that he would and could vouch for her; that there were few persons so constant at church as herself; that she never failed on Sacrament Sundays; that she fasted on Good Fridays and Ash Wednesdays; with many other et ceteras not needful to enumerate.

I observed the aspect with which my uncle hearkened to the old lady's defence, and was therefore prepared for what followed, which was a long discourse in favour of that religion whose seat is in the heart, with such an attack upon that which merely consists in forms and outward acts, that any intelligent person, who had heard him for the first time, would have classed him among the most violent of Antinomians, an utter enemy to all forms, a professed despiser of all outward acts of piety, and a fit companion for the Lady Guion, and other well-meaning but injudicious personages of the same kind. In vain did I attempt to arrest the good old gentleman in his flight; no hint, no interruption, no exhortation would suffice for the purpose; for becoming heated with his own arguments, and inflamed by his own vehemence, he seemed at length to consider mankind only in their spiritual nature, and wholly to forget that earthly beings and creatures of time cannot act or exist in the same manner as those who are neither shackled by time nor confined in a material case. The good old gentleman having, however, at length run himself out of breath, was obliged to pause for a moment, and during that pause I could not help, vexed as I was,

being amused by two short comments from the mouths of the two ladies, one of whom, viz. the thin lady, remarked, that she had been mistaken, having taken the gentleman for a clergyman of the Church of England; and the other, to wit, the more splendid dame, observing, with a smile of disgusting self-complacency, and a look of extreme scorn on her female companion, that she was altogether of the gentleman's opinion; that for her part she had always considered religion as a matter of feeling, and that she never thought any good of those who were for ever at their prayers: adding other impieties to which my good uncle had never dreamed of giving the smallest sanction.

Unpleasing, however, as the occasion was, it was impossible to restrain a smile at the appearance of unfeigned amazement and concentrated horror which was visible on every feature of my uncle's countenance, when he found himself thus addressed, as a friend and ally, by a creature so utterly hateful in outward semblance as was the lady in question. Had a serpent suddenly risen up from the cushions of the seat, and claimed brotherhood with him, he could scarcely have expressed less aversion; the very hairs of his wig seemed to stand on end, and after a few moments the storm burst, and in a strain of high and eloquent indignation, the good old gentleman made his companion understand that she had wholly mistaken him, and that she might be assured that he differed as widely from her in her religious opinions as in every other. Here again he went too far in the heat of argument, and in consequence he was saluted with such a torrent of coarse language as it was impossible to hear with sang-froid, although the person from whom it proceeded was scarcely worthy of notice; and I was considering how the next twenty miles were to be endured in this situation, when the coachman stopped to water the horses at a village inn, and the fat lady called to her travelling companion, a thin sallow man at the top of the coach, and declared her intention, as the shower had passed away, of finishing her journey on the outside, a move which I myself had meditated but a minute before, and had only been deterred from making by my unwillingness to forsake my uncle in his tribulation.

When the door of the coach had shut out the lady, and we had received her last glance of contempt as

she waddled round to the other side of the coach, we who were left within began, as it were, to plume ourselves afresh, like birds set free from a snare. The good lady opposite to me drew herself a little out of the corner into which she had been compressed by her late more ample neighbour, and looking at me with complacency, ventured at something like a smile; while my uncle, drawing himself up, uttered a loud and deep groan, finishing off in a tone which at once partook of the lamentable and the ridiculous. However, we all remained silent, and the coach going on, my uncle presently either really fell asleep or pretended to do so; on which the old lady ventured to hazard a few more anecdotes respecting the Red House, to which we were brought back by an actual renconter with one of the servants of the family, who, as he rode by the coach, nodded to my companion.

After such an event as this last it was impossible for my companion's ideas to get out of the precincts of the Red House, till the coach began to rattle over the stones of the town to which we were bound, and as my uncle remained perfectly still all this time, I, who was hardly more awake than the old gentleman, amused myself while the good lady continued to impart her namby-pamby information, with thinking that this Red House was something of an idol temple, or, as the Hindoo would call it, a Bhoot Khanna, to this respectable personage, whom I suspected, after a while, of being what the ladies call a dress-maker, and what we should denominate a sempstress, and perhaps one who enjoyed the honour of Mrs. Smith's patronage: and from hence I began to consider whether we, that is, the human race in general and in particular, have not each our idol temple, or object of veneration among our fellow-creatures, with whom it is as hard to part as it would have been to have delivered my friend of the stage-coach from her prepossessions in favour of the importance of Mr. Smith of the Red House.

My reader will not be surprised to hear, that while making these reflections, I suddenly found myself, in fancy, in the centre of the great quadrangle of Christ Church, with my eyes fixed on a procession of heads of colleges, &c. &c. I have, however, before hinted, that the rattling of the stones put an end to the thin lady's discussions, and with them to all our sleeping

and waking dreams, and in a few minutes afterward we found ourselves at the door of the house where we intended to take up our abode.

My father's friend was the rector of one of the parishes in the city, and at the period of which I speak, this gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Simmons, had just succeeded in establishing a Bible Society in the town, and the first meeting being about to take place the next day, several friends of religion of different denominations having at length found a solid spot of ground on which all persons who love the Lord might safely meet and rejoice together, were assembled in Mr. Simmons's parlour, and were just about to sit down to dinner at the moment when, having laid aside our travelling dresses, my uncle and I were ushered into the company.

Mrs. Simmons and one or two elderly plain-dressed women were the only females of the party, the rest of the company were gentlemen, all of whom wore clerical habits, with the exception of one or two of the Society of Friends. The dinner was plain and plentiful, the welcome hearty, and every one seemed inclined to be pleased with his neighbour.

I had been placed nearly opposite my uncle Timothy, and watched his countenance with some anxiety, for notwithstanding his late defeat, I could not hope that he would fail of finding some subject of argument in a company such as I perceived the present one to be.

I am fully convinced that a disputatious temper will always be found to be the effect of pride; a humble person may be firm where he has made up his mind, but he will have allowances to make for others, and will believe that there may be occasions in which one man's opinions may differ from another without either of the parties being deficient in sense, intelligence, or good principle. Nor would my good uncle have denied this point in theory, though in practice he acted as if he thought every individual little better than a fool who ventured to differ in the smallest degree from any sentiment which he chose to maintain: he had also a most keen perception of any contrarieties of opinion in another, however deeply involved within the lowest and most perplexed foldings of the heart of his neighbour, and was a very bloodhound in detecting and bringing such to light; but to allow the good gentleman to speak for himself, I proceed to say, that the good things spread

upon Mr. Simmons's hospitable board had the happy effect of keeping my uncle very quiet during the first course, though I now and then observed several threating glances shot from beneath his bent brows at one or other of the respectable gentlemen who occupied different places round the table; for these worthy men, supposing themselves to be all met on an occasion of brotherly love, and bound by one tie of Christian charity and holy zeal, were not cautious of touching in the course of conversation, on those slight particulars in which they differed one from another. At length during that interval commonly so full of nervous apprehensions to the lady of a house whose servants have not been fully initiated in the mysteries of giving entertainments, to wit, the critical epocha at which the more savoury dishes are disappearing, and the more delicate trifles are about to take their place, one of the company having made an observation which did not precisely coincide with my uncle's opinions respecting certain forms and ceremonies of our church, he burst forth, and fairly told all the company present that he thought nothing of any man's religion who did not think in these matters precisely as he did; growing warmer and more warm as his Christian brethren around the table politely and gently pleaded their own causes, and urged the non-importance, as to salvation, of those particulars which had given rise to the argument. My good uncle had now mounted his hobby-horse, and, like the hero of Cowper's ballad, went farther than he intended.

In vain did I wink, and nod, and exclaim, and mollify, and qualify; in vain did Mr. Simmons hem and cough, and begin and break off, and soothe, and soften; in vain did Mrs. Simmons recommend the pudding and the jellies, and use all those sundry arts of interruption so well understood by ladies when they wish to change a subject. All was to no purpose; my uncle was fairly set a-going, and having unfortunately fallen foul of a certain little gentleman in a long cravat and straight hair on the other side of the table, who was himself a little tinctured with the same demon of dispute as possessed my uncle, we were at length, that is, the rest of the company, compelled to sit quietly and eat our pudding and crack our nuts at our leisure, while the adverse parties discussed with no small vehemence and pertinacity the whole complicated business of church gov-

ernment, and the various merits of the Scots and English religious establishments. The two champions, in the mean time, continually acquiring new heat and vigour as they proceeded, and making stronger and more decided assertions, till on the one hand it might have been questioned by a stranger whether my uncle was not a Jesuit in disguise, and on the other that his adversary was not a pupil of one of those well-meaning persons of former times, who could discern heresy in a Gothic window, and symptoms of all that was evil in the figure of a pointed archway.

In the mean time every countenance round the table, to use a strong expression, seemed to gather blackness, and I believe, if I may judge by my own feelings, there were few persons present who did not feel some irritation, and something like the wish to side with one of the parties with a view to giving discomfort to the other; for such is human nature, which is as incapable of retaining perfect composure amid scenes of discord, as the sea to preserve a state of tranquillity when the winds of heaven are in a ferment.

The storm, however, did not rise so high, considering the nature of the subject and the positiveness of the disputants, as might have been expected, till after the ladies had left the room, when one or two of the company, who had hitherto been nearly silent, attempting to put in a word, my uncle raised his voice to a higher key than he had used at any time during the former part of the argument, and roundly asserted that he did not consider any of the company present competent to the argument; giving such reasons for his extraordinary assertion as savoured less of politeness than of party spirit, and hinting pretty plainly that he thought very little of any man's acquirements, either in general knowledge or divinity, who had not precisely gone through the same process of education as himself.

I saw more than one cheek in the company flush at this remark, and can answer for my own that they were all in a flame; but while I was really kept silent by shame and the very strength of my feelings, an elderly gentleman at the farther end of the table took upon himself to speak, and though repeatedly interrupted by my good uncle, seemed determined to make himself heard, and at length, by dint of perseverance, the rest of the party assisting his efforts, delivered himself somewhat to the following purpose: and first he alluded to the ob-

ject for which the company was met that day, namely, that of promoting the dispersion of the sacred Scriptures, and the cause of the Holy Gospel throughout all lands, and thence proceeded to enumerate the various points, and those of the most infinite importance, in which all the party had, as it were, but one mind and one heart.

"Have we not all," said he, "the same hope in Christ our Saviour, do we not all desire the sanctification of the same Holy Spirit? do we not all seek to become members of the same Head, to be equally blessed in death, and raised in the same glory? do we not all partake of the same nature? have we not all one Bible, one rule of life, one subject of hope, one cause of fear? and wherefore then should we, who are, we trust, the children of one Master, seek occasion for these little bickerings, these endless disputes and discussions on matters of no present moment, and thus introduce discord where all should be harmony and brotherly love? For shame, my brethren, for shame!" added the good man, looking around him, "how shall the children of this world know that we are His disciples unless we love one another? I hate these disputations," added he; "my experience, an experience of threescore and ten years, has taught me that they are more productive of rancour and bitterness among Christians than any other cause whatever, and tend more to the hardening the mind in error than can be well conceived by those who have not maturely considered the subject, and accurately observed what is passing among men."

The determination which the elderly gentleman had evinced that he would be heard, had for the moment silenced my uncle, who sat turning his glass upside down, and preparing an answer for the adversary who had thus suddenly sprung up,—an answer in which I knew that every imaginable argument in favour of arguments would be mustered in their full force, and with logical precision, in order that all gainsayers might at once be put to silence; when, foreseeing the renewal of the warfare, I thought it best, if possible, to cut the matter short by hinting that the hour was at hand which the bishop's chaplain had appointed for seeing us, and that we should barely have time to walk to the palace, and in order to give my plea its full weight, I took my watch

from my pocket, and declared that we had lingered in this agreeable company to a much later hour than I had at all suspected.

My uncle had a peculiar talent of throwing off at once one set of feelings and entering with eagerness into any other which might present themselves; the moment I brought forward the bishop's chaplain, he seemed at once to forget all that had but a moment before occupied his mind; all his mustered arguments now took flight, he rose in haste, bowed courteously to the company, thanked Mr. Simmons for his hospitality, and the next minute we found ourselves in the street; while I secretly congratulated myself on having effected so skilful a manœuvre, and brought away my good uncle on such easy terms.

CHAPTER IV.

Our visit to the Cathedral—My Uncle's argumentative attack upon the verger—He is offended by a note from the chaplain—The crowd in the street, and my Uncle's remarks upon the restless nature of youth; with the accident which quickly followed.

When got into the street I was quite at a loss what was to be done with the odd hour which hung upon our hands, for the fact was, that we were not to see the chaplain till seven o'clock, and it was actually little more than five at the moment Mr. Simmons's door was shut upon us.

Nevertheless, as I did not choose to acknowledge what I had done, I made no hesitation in accompanying my uncle towards the cathedral, near which the bishop's palace was situated.

I shall not trouble my friends with what passed between us as we sauntered along the great street of the city. Nor with the various manœuvres which I used to wear out the two hours which hung upon our hands, manœuvres which, notwithstanding the skill which I had acquired in the art of lounging, stood me in so little stead, that just as we were passing beneath an ancient Gothic gateway, by which we entered the ca-

thedral yard, we were saluted by the iron tongue of the clock in the great tower announcing the hour of six.

"Seven o'clock!" exclaimed my uncle, looking appalled, for he had a mighty way of looking amazed without occasion, "we shall be too late, Charles; make haste, boy, lead the way, you are at home here;" and the good gentleman pushed on right to the north, whereas the palace lay precisely in a southern direction.

"Stop, stop, sir!" I said, "through the cloisters, if you please, but there is no need of haste, we have mistaken the hour, it is only six." As I expected, my uncle charged me with inaccuracy, and asked me what could have induced me to disturb the agreeable party which we had just left, an hour before it was necessary. I soon, however, appeased his anger by proposing a visit to the interior of the cathedral, and the next moment all was as it should be, or at least I hoped so.

Now there are about all public buildings of any celebrity, certain persons who appropriate to themselves all the importance which is due to the building itself, or whatever is to be seen therein, either of antiquity, beauty, magnificence, honour, or dignity, whether real or imaginary. An individual of this class in a nobleman's house generally appears in the character of a gouty butler, or superannuated housekeeper. In a royal dwelling, of some antiquated major-domo, and in a cathedral he assumes the form of a verger, having commonly somewhat of the Gothic and venerable in his appearance, with as little sympathy with the feelings of those to whom he does the honours of the place, as if he were one of the images which adorned the walls in the days of papal magnificence.

Such a person as I have above described accosted us as soon as we entered within the time-honoured walls, and following our steps through every deviation, did all that in him lay to destroy the fine illusion and disturb the dreams of ancient days which places of this kind are apt to inspire.

My uncle for some time seemed to be wholly lost in his own speculations, and, as I did not wish to disturb him, I took upon me to make what replies were absolutely necessary to the sundry impertinences of our persecutor, whose ideas of religion being composed of what little he knew of the truth, together with certain old

traditions of less enlightened periods with which the ancient building was connected, offered as curious a specimen of spiritual darkness as well might be conceived in this enlightened age. Nevertheless, all passed on very smoothly till my uncle, awaking from his revery, and overhearing some blunder from our guide, suddenly burst forth, and, as it were, taking his text from what he had heard, began such an attack upon spiritual pride and sacerdotal pomp, that a stander-by might almost have fancied that the good gentleman was addressing the pope himself, and all the cardinals to boot. The verger stood in mute astonishment, and, as I plainly saw, took all that was said as an offence to himself; so that I really was considering how I could make my escape, and leave my uncle to carry on the war by himself, for I certainly felt that some dire disgrace would befall us before we were clear of the precincts of the cathedral. However, while meditating on these matters, a servant, whose livery marked him to belong to the family of the bishop, appeared at the farther end of the choir, looking round as if in search of some particular persons, and on seeing my uncle immediately advanced and delivered a note to him. This note was no sooner perused by the old gentleman than he handed it to me, exclaiming, "How very unfortunate we are, Charles; Mr. —— cannot see us this evening; and he has fixed the very hour to-morrow when I wish to be at the meeting." What more he would have added in the plenitude of his displeasure, against what he afterward called the insolence of office, I know not, for, taking him suddenly by the arm, and turning him round somewhat perhaps too roughly, considering our relative situation as uncle and nephew, I took upon me to deliver a very polite message to be conveyed to the chaplain, and hurried the good old gentleman out of the cathedral and through the gateway with all possible expedition, scarcely taking breath till I was out of hearing of the very jackdaws which inhabit the Gothic towers. "Bless me, Charles," said the good old gentleman, "how you speed it away! whither are you bound, my boy? you move as if you had the wings of Mercury attached to the heels of your boots." And then, exalting his voice, he began to make certain comments on what had passed in the cathedral, to which I thought it best to turn a deaf ear, and in order to turn the dis-

course looked up to the gateway through which we had just passed, and, for want of something better to say, compared it with some edifice of the same kind at Oxford.

When my uncle was not in the full-tide of argument, it was very easy to give a new turn to his thoughts; and indeed it was not altogether impossible for a person of address to turn him, even on these occasions, out of one direction into another, or, as the old proverb says, to "throw a tub to the whale," on which, while the monster vented his malice, an opportunity of escape might be afforded to those whom he before held in terror.

On the present occasion I had no other motive in throwing out this tub than that of preventing my uncle from inflaming himself against the bishop's chaplain, whom we expected to see the next day, by pursuing the subjects which he had commenced with the verger, and which, by-the-by, had no more to do with the chaplain, than it had with the Doge of Venice. Nevertheless, I was presently made to tremble at my own rashness; for, having by my unfortunate comparison presented old Oxford, with all her stately towers and Gothic halls, to the imagination of my uncle, he immediately began to descant on his affectionate remembrance of these scenes where so many of his youthful days had passed, and actually declared that it was his full purpose to make me a visit during the next term, and to renew my company and his acquaintance with all these beloved scenes.

It was with difficulty that I prevented myself from calling upon Fortune to avert this calamity; but recollecting that my parents would not easily excuse any want of respect on my part to my uncle, I made no reply to his proposal, but affected to be suddenly attracted by a concourse of persons who were just visible at the end of the very long street which extended itself from the gate of the cathedral-yard into the very heart of the town, and failed not to express a desire to know the occasion of this collection of the ignobile vulgus. My uncle accordingly obeyed the gentle impulse which I gave him in the direction of this concourse, for which, by-the-by, I cared as little as I should have done for an assembly of motes playing in a sunbeam; but, be this as it may, as we marched down the street the good man delivered sundry very excellent maxims on the restless

nature of youth, on its love of action, its hatred of quiet, its aptness to meddle and make in all scenes of confusion, and its natural incapacity of deriving pleasure from retirement, reflection, and tranquillity; neither did he fail to make the application (as might be expected) to his nephew, who happened at that moment to be the only young person at hand to receive it. Thus the time wore away till we drew near the place where the people were assembled, and found that it was the theatre, and that the concourse consisted of persons who were waiting for admittance.

We had scarcely entered within the sphere of these pleasure-seeking persons, before a dirty boy pushed a play-bill into our hands, shouting in a voice of no small shrillness, "For two nights only, gentlemen! Mr. Cooke and Miss ——, from Covent Garden Theatre. Hamlet to-night by Mr. Cooke himself, and Ophelia by Miss ——; doors to be opened immediately, gentlemen."—"Pshaw!" said my uncle, rejecting the bills; "push on, Charles—give way, good people!"—and, instead of turning back, as might have been the most prudent plan on such an occasion, considering my uncle's appearance in his bushy old-fashioned wig, his coal-skuttle hat, and clerical habit, he pushed on into the very heart of the mob (for my uncle was not a man to be intimidated by opposition, and it was no business of mine to forsake him on such an occasion), and by dint of elbowing and jostling, we at length succeeded so far that we found ourselves completely jammed into the very centre of the crowd, in a direct line with one of the chief avenues of the court of Thespis.

We soon discovered that it was as utterly impracticable to extricate ourselves from this situation, as it would have been to have torn the sun from the centre of the solar system; and as the noise was such that no arguments of my uncle could prevail, it seemed that we must be content to remain at least for some time where we were, though jolted and pushed on all sides.

To describe the indignation of my uncle in finding himself thus situated is past my power; I hoped at least, however, that he would have been silent, and wait quietly till he should be extricated from this ridiculous and not very creditable situation: but I hoped in vain, things were not to pass off quite so easily. It was a moment too full of excitement to allow the good gen-

tleman to be silent, and he actually, as soon as he could obtain breath, began to expatiate upon the absurdity of this eagerness displayed by those around him, for amusements of a nature so dangerous and destructive as those of the theatre; advising the people to go home and attend to their families, and save their money; with sundry other arguments, of which no worse could be said, but that they had certainly fallen in a wrong place, and stood no other chance than that of "pearls which are cast before swine." In return for his good advice, my uncle was assailed with several discordant bursts of laughter; but I did not hear any distinct reply of a rude or grossly affronting nature, as might have been expected, till a shrill female voice, issuing from beneath the very door-way of the theatre, reached our ears, and on looking in that direction, I beheld our female companion of the stage-coach, the lady of the flaxen wig, who, triumphing in our situation, had already begun such an attack on my good uncle as might be expected from such a one as we have described this person to be; but the doors at that instant being opened from within, every discussion was suddenly put an end to.

Situated as we were, we had nothing to do but to allow ourselves to be pushed forward by the crowd and to have extricated ourselves afterward as we could, as the multitude spread themselves through the inner passages into the different parts of the theatre, and in this manner I was prepared to act, but not so had my uncle determined. Feeling the press of the crowd, he stood still, and holding me firmly, he did his utmost to keep his ground, answering to all those who came in contact with him and desired him to give way, that he was not going to partake of the heathenish amusement within, that his business called him another way, that he was an Englishman, that no one had a right to compel him, &c., his words becoming thicker and more interrupted as the press became stronger, till at length, being separated from me by the very force of the crowd which were pushed on from behind, I saw him turned completely round, as if upon a pivot, and then lost sight of him.

A rush, like the rush of the sea, to which a multitude is most aptly compared in Scripture, then took place, and was suddenly followed by loud and appalling shrieks, amid which I could distinctly hear these words.—"The poor gentleman will be killed: he

will be trod to death." What followed I scarcely know, till I found myself extricated from the crowd, and standing before the door of the theatre with a few humane persons, who had remained without, the mass of the people having taken refuge within, where the horrors they had left behind would soon be forgotten amid those scenes of delusive pleasure with which these places so fatally abound.

Extended on the pavement, pale as death, and besmeared with blood, lay my unfortunate uncle; and at the moment I first beheld him, two persons who were nearest him were attempting to raise him from the ground. I could not move—I could not speak—I dared not ask if he were alive—and such were my feelings, that when I heard that he still breathed, though his leg was dreadfully fractured, I was relieved. Still, however, I was incapable of speaking; and when the humane persons above-mentioned asked who he was, and whither he was to be conveyed,—I could make no reply; and he would probably have been carried, without further inquiry, to the next public-house, had not two persons suddenly appeared running from an opposite house, in the first of whom I recognised the other companion of our journey, to wit, the thin lady; in the second, a stout elderly gentleman, who came puffing and blowing behind her, while his comely visage perfectly glowed with anxiously compassionate feelings.

My new friend, for such indeed she proved to be, exclaimed with unaffected horror when she found that the person whose accident she had witnessed from her window was no other than my poor uncle. She looked at him as he lay without motion in the arms of the persons who were lifting him up; and understanding that they were about to convey him to the next inn, expostulated against such a measure, and made a hearty and truly friendly offer of a room in her own house, which, as I before said, was only on the other side of the street. This kindness, so unexpected, and indeed so little deserved by us, unloosed my tongue, and I expressed my thankfulness in terms of the warmest gratitude. The poor sufferer was accordingly conveyed to the hospitable house, where he was laid on a comfortable bed in a neat apartment, where a surgeon being sent for, every relief was presently administered which circumstances would admit; and after a scene of much

hurry and agitation, I had the satisfaction of finding that my uncle had fallen into a deep sleep, thoroughly worn out with the exertions of the former, and the anguish of the latter part of the last twelve hours, and having taken a draught which had been prepared for him by his medical attendant.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Tristram recognised as our kind hostess, and Mr. Smith of the Red House introduced—Mr. Burns also visits my Uncle Timothy, who recovers and is removed—The gradual alteration in his character—Account of his last days and happy death.

And now being somewhat relieved from the miserable feelings which I had experienced from the moment of my uncle's accident, I had leisure to attend to the kind invitation of my hostess, who had requested me to partake of a roasted fowl and sausages, then set out in a small parlour, which I perceived communicated with a shop. And now, for the first time, I found that the person to whom we were so much obliged was a Miss or Mistress Tristram, a venerable spinster, who maintained herself, as I had suspected, by her needle, and who, though she possessed little that could attract or interest on an accidental rencounter, was one of the most worthy and tender-hearted of the human race. In company with her I found the respectable gentleman who had assisted in bringing my uncle over to her house, and had ever since been busying himself in performing such little services for us as lay in his power. To this gentleman Miss Tristram, after having explained her own name and rank in life, next introduced me, informing me that he was no less a person than Mr. Smith of the Red House himself; adding, with a certain look of importance, "You have not forgotten the Red House, to be sure, sir. I showed it to you this morning when I was so happy as to meet you and the good gentleman above stairs, in the coach." It was not merely by way of compliment that I replied, that the good fortune which attended our meeting was undoubtedly all on our side, and I took this occasion to express, what I really felt,

my deep sense of her very great kindness to perfect strangers. Neither can I think it necessary to add, that I informed her who we were, and gave her all requisite information respecting our family. On which Mr. Smith kindly undertook, when he returned home the next day, to prolong his ride, and inform my father in person of the accident which had befallen his brother, in order that he might soften the intelligence as much as truth would admit.

And now the smoking fowl being placed on the table with a bottle of port wine, I enjoyed, with no small appetite, the refreshments so hospitably tendered; and though Mr. Smith, who had evidently risen into a higher rank in life than he was originally intended for, and my good hostess, as I before remarked, could boast of nothing which in any way might attract the eye or win the ear, yet I could not help making many reflections to this purpose,—that he who despises another because he does not possess the same intellectual advantages of which he may be conscious in himself, is perhaps looking down upon a fellow-creature in many respects his superior, and trampling under his feet such valuable qualities as may render their possessor beloved in the eyes of his Maker, and precious in those of some one or other of his fellow-creatures; hence the folly and even the sin of that arrogance with which the wise in their own eyes condemn and criticise the sentiments and actions of their neighbours, and set up their own words and actions as the standards of human perfection. It is true that there are not many who carry their dogmatizing and disputatious spirit to the extreme which my poor uncle did; in polished society, indeed, there are few who contradict flatly, or who openly pour unqualified contempt on their neighbour's sentiments; yet I have too much reason to fear that the spirit which inspired this conduct in my revered uncle reigns with too much sway in many a heart, and that, even among those of whom we might hope better things, there is frequently a very predominant feeling of dislike for all those who differ from them in lesser matters, and a strong sentiment of contempt for such persons as betray an inferiority of education, or any incapacity of expressing their sentiments in a style as refined and elegant as that which they are themselves accustomed to use. Few of us have the candour to discern and to love merit wherever

it appears, in however ordinary or extraordinary a form, and few of us are capable of making allowances for the little defects or varieties which are occasioned either by want of education or a mode of instruction which has differed from our own. Pride and arrogance will meet with their punishments; and perhaps there is no error into which frail man may fall which is so liable to encounter constant mortifications as that of a disputatious spirit.

Such were the reflections which occupied my mind while I sat in Miss Tristram's parlour, and conversed with that kind woman and good Mr. Smith; and when I retired to rest the same train of thought occupied my mind till I fell into a deep sleep. Having been extremely fatigued when I laid down to rest, and fallen into that very heavy slumber which is often the consequence of violent agitation of the mind, I lay longer than usual, and when I awoke found that it was broad daylight. I arose in haste, and dressing myself as expeditiously as possible, made what speed I could to my uncle's chamber, where I found the old gentleman extended on his bed as I had left him, in a state of perfect composure, though low, and, to my surprise, a stranger in a clerical habit sitting by his bed. This person was no other than the worthy man who had addressed my relation with so much Christian sincerity the day before at Mr. Simmons's table. This gentleman, who was, as I afterward found, a venerable minister of the church of Scotland, bearing the name of Burns, had heard of my uncle's accident, and had hastened to render him the consolation and condolence which one brother in Christ is ever ready to administer to another. Early as it was he had found my uncle awake, and had already been engaged with him in prayer; and, as I afterward heard, had acknowledged himself much pleased on being assured, that although my uncle had met with his accident at the door of the theatre, nothing had been farther from his intention than to have partaken of the amusements of that place.

Were I to give a full account of all the acts of kindness which I and my uncle received while we remained under Miss Tristram's roof, not only from the good old lady herself, but also from that excellent man Mr. Burns, who was paying a visit of considerable length in the town, my little narrative would swell into an extensive

folio; I must therefore restrain the effusions of my grateful recollections, and content myself with simply stating, that many weeks passed before my uncle could be removed—that during that time I seldom left him—that I was enabled without difficulty to settle his affairs with the bishop's chaplain, who, by-the-by, appeared to be as obliging and amiable a man as I ever met with—that good Mr. Burns daily visited the poor sufferer, for my uncle suffered very much—that Miss Tristram proved herself the kindest of nurses—and that I verily believe the pious discourse of the venerable minister, with the Divine blessing, produced such an effect on the mind of my uncle as never was effaced; though I by no means presume to say that the effect was immediate, or that in consequence of the humble and pious tendency of Mr. Burns's discourse, he suddenly and decidedly ceased from his dogmatical and disputatious habits, but of this I am assured, that Mr. Burns was enabled to convince him of the evil of this habit, of its inconsistency with the character of the humble Christian, and of its decidedly evil influence on the enemies of religion. Never shall I forget the earnest and affectionate manner in which this excellent man pleaded the cause of humility, and described the character of a true Christian. "Where," said he, "is the place of the Christian? Where only is he safe? Where does his honour abide? Where is his hope, and where his resting-place, but at the foot of the cross. Is it not written, 'The servants of the Lord should not strive?' And again, Rom. xiv. 1, 2, 3, 'Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations. For one believeth that he may eat all things; another who is weak eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth, for God hath received him.'"

To such purpose did this good man continually converse while sitting by my uncle's bed, continually filling his mind with those calm and soothing doctrines of our blessed religion which are so peculiarly calculated to allay the fever of the passions, and regulate the high thoughts of the human heart.

At length the time arrived when my uncle might be removed, and having taken an affectionate leave of our truly kind friends in the city, I had the pleasure of once more beholding my good uncle in his own study, sur-

rounded by his books and pictures, and in a state to enjoy all the comforts of his friends' society.

The long vacation being now at an end, I returned to Oxford, not the worse, I trust, for the events of the few past months; at any rate, improved with respect to my knowledge of the truth from the conversation which I had heard, and somewhat humbled by having been brought to see that no talents or education could palliate the offensiveness of a disputatious and arrogant mode of conversation.

And here I had intended to close my little narrative, but my sister Martha, who is now become a respectable matron, assures me that I shall lose the good opinion of all my young readers, unless I conclude my short history with some account of the last days of my uncle Timothy, and inform them whether the good old gentleman ever ceased to dogmatize.

In obedience, therefore, to my sister, I shall add a few more little anecdotes of the old gentleman, and I shall do this with the more pleasure because the particulars I have to relate are of a sweet and consoling nature.

From the period of our adventures in the city of ——, I was not often at home, and in consequence saw little of my uncle, as he never put his proposed journey to Oxford into execution (for which by-the-by, I was not sorry); a short time, however, before I left the university, and was about to take orders, I was informed by a letter from home that my poor uncle had had a slight paralytic stroke; and as he was no longer able to perform divine service, my parents wished me, as soon as possible, to come and reside with him.

Before my ordination he had a second attack, and when at length I arrived at the rectory, I perceived that he was become quite an old man, if not so in years, yet decidedly so in constitution. I found him walking in his garden, leaning on the arm of his man-servant; he was pale and emaciated, yet, as I heard with pleasure, free from pain. The disease had affected his understanding in a slight degree, insomuch so that he talked more like a child than a person of mature age; but, notwithstanding which, there was such a simplicity in his manner, such a softness and tenderness in his feelings, and such an expression of benevolence in his countenance, that he never before appeared to me to be half so amiable as he did at that time. He addressed me in

the words of a tender father who sees a son again from whom he has been long separated; "You are come, dear boy," he said, "to help an old man who cannot help himself; this house is yours—all that is in it is yours—take care of my servants and poor people." He took me into his study and showed me his books, told me "they were all mine," and added, "I have done reading—I shall read no more—I want no book but one—I made a bad use of my knowledge, and now I have lost it all," and he put his hand to his forehead, adding, "but I am better without it."

"You have not lost that knowledge, sir," I answered, "which is alone worth having; you know the Saviour, and are acquainted with the goodness of God."

"True, Charles," he replied, "I thank God that I have been brought to know the Father through the Son, and I desire to know nothing else. I was arrogant, proud, conceited, foolish, when you first knew me, nephew, nor am I better now in any other respect than this, that I have been made to know myself better, and to find that all the boasted wisdom of man is no more than folly." The old gentleman would, probably, have added more, but we were summoned to the dining-room where, to my great astonishment, I beheld Miss Tristram seated at the head of the table.

I was glad to see my old friend, though I suppose that my looks betrayed some surprise, for my uncle immediately said, "What, Charles, were you not informed that Miss Tristram has, for some weeks past, been so kind as to take upon her the control of my household? It was an arrangement made by my sister, your good mother, who is, you know, ever anxious for my comfort." The old lady smiled, and recommended a fricassee made by her own hands, adding, with considerable humility, "that, as she had given up her business in town, and had not wherewithal to provide herself with a comfortable home, she had considered the introduction into my uncle's family as a kind interference of Him in whom the friendless ever find mercy." I shall conclude all mention of Miss Tristram by saying, that she continued to be a tender nurse and faithful housekeeper till her services were no longer required by my uncle, and after his death she still found a home in the rectory, rendering herself dear to all by her blameless conduct and unpresuming piety, and never giving me occasion to repent

of my allowing her to retain her station at my table, excepting on certain occasions, in which she now and then indulged herself in expatiating somewhat too largely on the never-failing subject of the Red House.

My uncle Timothy languished some years under the repeated attacks of his disorder, his intellects in the mean time gradually becoming more debilitated, yet, amid this ruin of intellect, I had the satisfaction, the infinite satisfaction, of observing the triumph of faith, of hope, and of charity; and all who knew the good old man were compelled to acknowledge that he was far more amiable in these his days of second childhood than he had ever been when the powers of his mind and his reasoning faculties were in the acmé of their perfection; for such is the grace of humility, that without it all other qualities are of little value, and, indeed, where this is wanting, learning and science only administer to contention, and intellectual excellence only serves to the enhancement of pride.

END OF VOL. VI.

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